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Midwest Review

"Great Oaks from little Acorns Grow"

Vol·3

Published for
The MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST
REFINING COMPANY

No·12

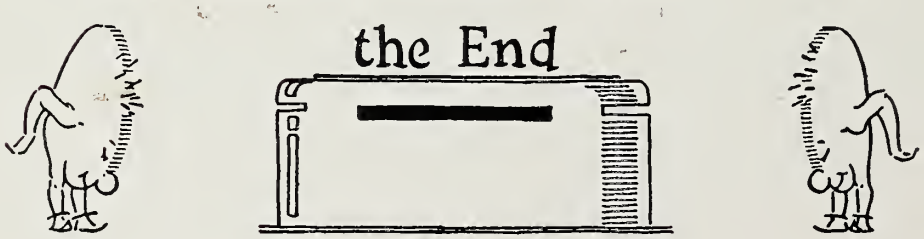
The Tale of a BUDGET.

Ten little dollars, standing in line—
One went for clothing, then there were nine.
Nine little dollars waiting for a date—
One went for groceries, then there were eight.

Eight little dollars, looking up to heaven —
One went for fuel, then there were seven.
Seven little dollars full of slippery tricks—
The landlord got one, and then there were six.

Six little dollars, very much alive—
The movies grabbed the end one, then there were five.
Five little dollars, feeling rather sore—
Smokes and candy got one, then there were four.

Four little dollars, ready for a spree—
Gasoline demanded one, then there were three.
Three little dollars, feeling pretty blue—
Doctor took the middle one, then there were two.
Two little dollars, their duty nearly done—
Insurance salesman called, then there was one.
One little dollar, lonesome as the dickens—
Savings bank got him, and ended all the kickin's.



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The Midwest Review

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An Appreciation

By J. Law, Teapot Station

The telegrams from our immediate superiors and the messages accompanying the photographs of Midwest officials in the December number of the Midwest Review carry a tone of sincerity that will hold through the next twelve months. The wishes for a Merry Xmas and Prosperous New Year and the thanks for the loyal cooperation of the Midwest family truly carry a slap on the back.

Cooperation is essential in any organization and the degree of enthusiasm with which each member undertakes his part depends largely on his loyalty to the leaders and his confidence in their ability. Teapot Station is a diminutive member of the Pipeline Department but our part is significant; so along with our thanks for the Xmas Greetings, the wishes for a prosperous New Year and the expressions of appreciation for loyal cooperation in 1922, we take this opportunity to declare ourselves for a wholehearted pursuit of our work in 1923. We are far enough away from town that there is nothing to distract our minds from our work and a goodly portion of our leisure hours go for studying technical books and magazines. We appreciate the value of preparation and intelligent application from the examples of those who have reached the heights. It would naturally follow that our jobs are not merely a means of existence but a rung in the ladder of accomplishment and service. Our intention is not to flaunt our virtues but to impress those over us with our desire for their success and for the success of the Midwest Refining Company.

We may or may not prove ourselves to be interesting conversationalists to those who visit us occasionally but to our officials especially we would like to convey the idea intended and attempted by an old negro preacher who was employed on a large Southern Plantation, to his employer who had just finished a race for the State senate. The negroes were gathered around the over-seers house waiting for news of the election and a few minutes after they had a favorable report by telephone, the owner drove up. The negroes stood gazing in silent awe until the old gray headed preacher emerged from the crowd and addressed his employer: "Well Cap'n Jule they tells me you is one of de high artificials, but we wants you to keep on comin' to de plantation 'cause we likes to excose (discourse) wid you."

There seems to be plenty of interest among members of the Midwest Family when it comes to getting the Review each month. They all want it and look for it, and that is most gratifying. But we need help. There should be something of a news interest in every number from every point in the organization. Can't you see to it that your point is represented, next month, and the next one and all succeeding months?

Thrift may be applied not only to your personal affairs, but it may easily be applied to the way in which you may be able to save the company's time and material. If you are thrifty with the affairs of your employer, you will be thrifty with your own.

Among your New Year's resolutions, make one even at this late date that you will observe Safety First throughout the whole of the year.

Learning, whether Speculative or Practical, is, in Popular or Mixt Governments, the Natural Source of Wealth and Honor.—Benjamin Franklin.

Courage and Common Sense

By L. A. REED

It is human nature to want to possess something. It may be stocks, bonds, farms, live stock, automobiles, or perchance a wife or husband. If you were to ask the average human being what he most of all desired, the answer would be, money; for he knows that with money he can gratify his ambition for other things, because of its purchasing power and the influence the possession of money has on his fellow men. How to secure this medium of exchange has been the one big problem of the ages. While the securing of money is quite some task, the saving of it is a greater one. This is especially true in this day and age when the multitude is striving to "keep up with the procession." Mayer A. Rothschild of the famous family of bankers is reported as saying, "it takes a great deal of boldness, mixed with a vast deal of caution, to aequire a great fortune; but then it takes ten times as much wit to keep it after you have got it as it took to make it."

Never having experienced the accumulation of the least semblance of a fortune, we are however willing to grant that his statement is true, and add that if it takes all the boldness, caution, and wit to make and keep a fortune, it requires a double portion of boldness, caution and wit on the part of the wage-earner to supply himself with the necessities of life and lay away a few dollars for the proverbial "Rainy Day."

There are untold numbers of American people that are unable, or at least think they are unable, to lay by in store any of their hard earned wages. This is often true, because of circumstances over which they have no control, but the writer is convinced that poor management, or the lack of any management at all, is the underlying cause for the failure of a large majority of the people of this country to accumulate a surplus.

Every right thinking man wants to have his family comfortably clothed, properly fed, well housed, enjoy wholesome amusement and his children educated. In order to accomplish all this and maintain a savings account it may necessitate denying himself and family of many luxuries that

the man who thinks only of today would possess and enjoy, and complain about hard times on the morrow.

The people of the United States spends every year for smokes, movies, candy, cosmetics, jewelry, furs, soft drinks, chewing gum, races and joy rides, the sum of $22,700,000,000.00. Against this we spend yearly—$1,000,000,000.00 for education. These figures seem to be out of proportion and leads one to believe that thrift is a lost art on the part of a large number of our

people, and that it was time to "about face" and devise some method for reducing expenses and lay by in store for that day when dark clouds hang low and adversity knocks at the door.

Reformers are prone to bewail conditions but offer no feasible remedy, leaving the dear public to work out their own salvation. This may be true of those who would preach thrift, and possibly do not practice what they preach.

There are methods of saving that are practical and that will bring successful results, but it will require Courage to put them into effect. Cervantes wrote "He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he who loses his courage loses all." Courage is a virtue. It is almost as important as truth, and greater than patience. Without courage no human being can attain success in any walk in life. Courage is born of Hope and Faith, it means perseverance, determination, stick-to-it-iveness, the never-say-die spirit. Courage is that which elevates men and women to the heights of fame and fortune, but we do not have to be great in a wordly sense to possess courage.

There was a time when Henry Ford was refused credit for the price of a chicken for his Thanksgiving dinner. Today his credit is good for all the chickens in the country. But it took a deal of courage to put across his automobile program. At seventeen years of age Peter Cooper was receiving a salary of $25.00 per year, with board, washing and mending thrown in. In two years he had saved $20.00 out of his wages. He mastered the coach building trade. In the course of time he had saved $500.00. His thoughts then turned to matrimony and he married Sarah Bedell. Peter Cooper was a common sense man. A common sense man is one who does nothing to make people think he is different from what he is. A common sense man needs a common sense woman to help him live a common sense life. Mrs. Cooper was a common sense woman; for fifty-seven years Peter and Sarah fought the battle of life and together they grew rich; rich in money, rich in knowledge, rich in experience, rich in love.

The biographies of the great men of this nation are filled with experiences of a similar nature. The sum of the whole matter resolves itself into two important factors if we would prosper. Courage and Common Sense. It requires Courage and Common Sense for a man to deny himself an automobile for joy riding purposes, when he cannot afford it, even though his neighbor has one. It requires Courage and Common Sense to restrict his family to one moving picture show per week when it has been their custom to patronize one every night in the week. It requires Courage and Common Sense to put into a savings account, a few dollars each pay day, when it has been the custom to spend every cent. It requires Courage and Common Sense to take out a life insurance policy at the sacrifice of some form of amusement. Dr. DeWitt Talmadge once said, "it is a crime for a married man not to carry life insurance for the protection of his family."

It requires Courage and Common Sense to keep an itemized account of your receipts and expenses, so that you may know just how you stand financially and see in black and white just where the money is going. It will show the mistakes in management. "To err is Human." All of us are liable to make mistakes, but if we profit by our mistakes, that is not make the same mistake twice, our mistakes become stepping stones to success.

As we start out on the New Year let us take an inventory of the mistakes of 1922, and see if we cannot profit by them in dealing with the problems of 1923. If we face the issue with Courage and Common Sense the result will be a Happy and Profitable New Year.

New Benefit Directors

As a result of the election held December 21, 1922, the following men will constitute the board of directors for the Midwest Employes Benefit Association, for the coming year:

Barney McCann, Denver (Reelected)
M. E. Diamond, Big Muddy (Reelected)
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek, (Reelected)
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
H. L. Hewey, Salt Creek Pipeline Dept.
D. C. Beck, Elk Basin.

The first meeting of the new board will be held in Casper some time in February.

Thrift

By T. A. Pedley, Secretary, Midwest Refining Co.

Before you can practice a virtue you must know what it is. When we speak of thrifty people we are apt to picture them living on cheap food, in cheap quarters, wearing shabby clothes, having little or no pleasures, and saving every cent possible. But that is not thrift—far from it. Thrift is surely a greater virtue than the mere saving of money.

The prudent man looks ahead and gets ready. The frugal man lives carefully and saves persistently. The economical man spends judiciously, buys wisely and **wastes nothing.** The industrious man works hard and saves hard; the miser hoards; but the man of thrift earns largely, spends wisely, plans carefully, manages economically and saves consistently. Thrift is all of prudence, economy, frugality and industry—and "then some." Thrift is that instinct of the dog that buries the bone he doesn't want for to-morrow's wants; the instinct of the squirrel that knows nutting is out of season in winter.

The Benefits of Thrift

To enumerate the benefits of thrift would be equivalent to enumerating the benefits of a sound body, for all that health is to the physical man thrift is to the temperamental and the material. Thrift is conducive to good habits, and inasmuch as good habits make good character, **thrift is good character.**

Thrift is the antidote for worry, which is the most distressing of human emotions. To worry about the future is common to man, but not to the animals—they work for the future and plan for it. Thrift avoids the worries of life as no other habit can. It is good medicine for the blues.

Thrift does for the individual what thrift does for the nation—it makes for strength. It is the surest foundation upon which a man can build. Note the successful men of your town. Do they waste their substance? Do they live beyond their means? Do they run into debt, gamble or try to keep up with the Jazz procession? Yea, verily, they are the frugal men, the solid men, the thrifty men. They have **managed well.**

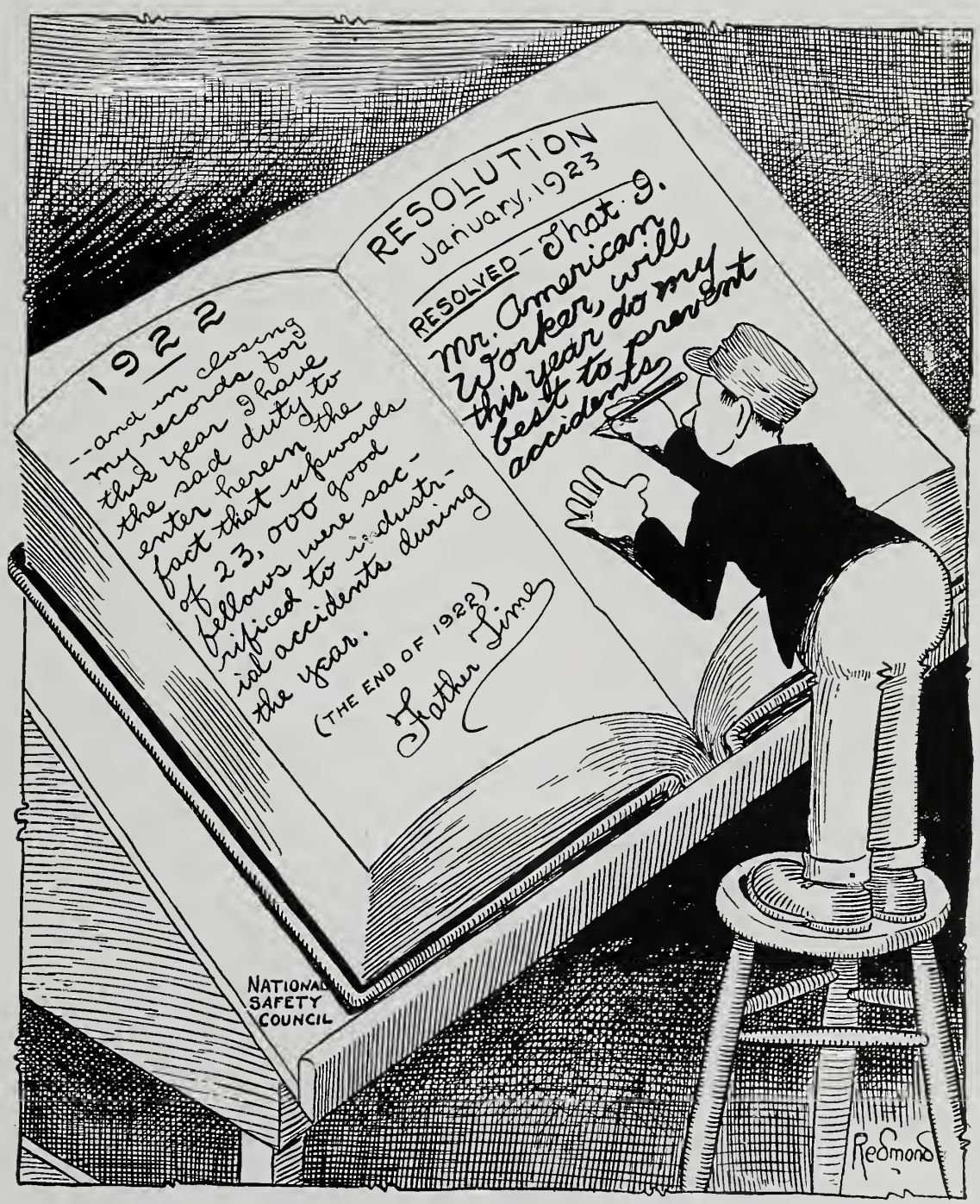
The thrifty man does not live on mush and milk, but on porterhouse—treated right. He does not wear shabby clothes, but well-tailored ones—and cares for them. He has few amusements, but good ones. He does not go out often, but goes well when he does,—and remembers it, because of the quality and the rareness. Theatres every night are tiresome.

This virtue of thrift is the most important habit you can cultivate, the most profitable and the most satisfactory. You can see what it does—it works here, not hereafter. **Waste** is the most costly evil you can tolerate in your material life. Thrift will get you further up life's ladder than any other quality, and waste will carry you down faster. Thrift of time will do more to give you an education than all the colleges, and thrift of food will make you better fed than a Broadway habitue. Thrift of money will make you independent of the loan shark, the pawnbroker and the landlord.

How to Cultivate Thrift

First learn to distinguish between luxuries and necessities. You do not need all you think you need, and certainly not all you buy. You want things because you see them—that is what shop windows are for. Second, learn to know good value. Learn where and when and how to buy. Learn to know good meat from bad, nourishing from the worthless. Learn to judge clothing and shoes, and buy good material —it pays in the end. Third, keep track of your expenses. Know how much it costs you to live, and how much you spend on various items of the household. Limit your "pleasure money" and choose wholesome pleasures. If you like the theatre, learn where to see the good plays at reasonable prices, and go consistently.

You must realize, early or late, that if you have one thing worth while you may have to do without other things not worth while. You must learn that sacrifice means satisfaction. Deny yourself little things to get the big. Save on cigars and drinks and ride in a car. Save on the car and own a home.


1922
--and in closing my records for this year I have the sad duty to enter herein the fact that upwards of 23,000 good fellows were sacrificed to industrial accidents during the year.
(THE END OF 1922)
Father Time
RESOLUTION
January, 1923
RESOLVED--That I, Mr. American Worker, will this year do my best to prevent accidents
NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL
Redmond

A Midwesterner's Budget Plan

By Penny Wise

A budget being a necessary thing to figure on certain expenditures during a given period in the future; it seems proper to run the household on the budget system.

We, (wife and myself) have accomplished something along this line and herewith pass on to our fellow-workers.

Using as a concrete example, an estimated monthly salary of $185 for a family of three;—

House rent	$ 50.00
Gas and Lights	8.00
Groceries, meats (foodstuffs)	45.00
Savings acct.	40.00
Church and charity	6.00
Clothes	12.00
Miscellaneous	7.00
	168.00
Balance of	17.00

can be placed in a special checking account till end of second month.

The miscellaneous amount will take in amusements, or social benefits not coming under head of church or charity.

Now presume we had called the Doctor for the child, or dental work has to be done, the tooth trouble not developing till after the budget has been compiled.

Our total bills of the above mentioned nature amount to $12.50 after drawing checks to amount of these, we find a balance remaining on the second pay day of $4.50, which is carried over to the savings acct. making the latter grow to the nice total of $44.50, and as the budget for the next month is already running true to form, you see we have $17.00 to put in next month's special account.

Some months you may not run even as high as your budget has presumed, on account of inclement weather, illness, or otherwise, you do not spend the amount set aside for amusements, so you see there are many ways to increase your savings account without being considered a "tight-wad."

Remember the above figures are mainly used for illustration, but it might help some to start in with them as a basis, knowing your own salary and expenses, but we hand this on, believing the home should be placed on a "KNOW HOW SAVINGS GROW" system.

In closing allow me;—"Never give out what does not come in."

"A penny in the purse is better than a friend at court" Barney McCann please note.

"Know when to spend, and when to spare, and when to buy, and thou shalt ne'er be bare."

New Salt Creek Cashier

Mr. J. E. Vreeland, formerly of Parkerton, arrived at Salt Creek early in the month to assume the important responsibilities connected with his new position as Midwest Cashier at Home Camp. Mr. Vreeland will have his office on the second floor of the new Club House and will handle the financial end of the Club House, the Company Theatre, the Drug Store and the Hospital.

In addition Mr. Vreeland will handle a Company fund for the purpose of cashing checks on pay-day. The new position will be a busy one and the work that Mr. Vreeland will do will be of tremendous help in bringing all of the ends of Midwest life at Home Camp to the highest degree of efficiency, and to the greatest point of service to employes.

Mr. Vreeland will bring his family out to Salt Creek in the near future.

Peake's Little Daughter Dies

Meredith, the beautiful little daughter of General Superintendent and Mrs. A. W. Peake of Casper, died January 6, after a few days' illness subsequent to an emergency operation for appendicitis. Mr. and Mrs. Peake took the body to California for burial. The whole hearted sympathy of the entire Midwest Family goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Peake in their sorrow.

It's What You Save Not What You Earn

By A Casper Midwest Stenographer

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things," and one of the most important is Thrift. Around the first of every year, after Christmas has flattened our bank rolls, we wonder what has become of our year's wages and we swear solemn swears (and some swears more sulphuric than solemn) that next year will find us on a better financial footing.

That is all right so long as it doesn't mean we are going to sit with our hands folded and wait for the boss to come along and beg us to accept a "raise," but by planning our expenditures and by a little careful thought we can "raise" our own pay, or at least make it elastic enough to stretch from one pay day to the next. "It's not what you earn—it's what you save."

Working out a budget is very interesting, though usually a case of "let George do it." Money is one of the most necessary things in life, yet it is one of which we dislike most to speak.

In our case, a family of two, we, like most newly married couples, started out several years ago with a firm resolve to keep a close record of expenditures, which resolve, contrary to the general rule, has actually been kept. In our experience, a budget is not as important as keeping an accurate record of expenditures, not only for the purpose of comparison but to see exactly where each dollar goes. You will be surprised, perhaps, to know that the popular supposition that the food item "is so high" is largely a myth and instead of being the largest item of expense, is, in reality, of small importance beside incidentals such as cleaning, pressing, shines, hair-cuts, parcel post, stamps, etc.,—a nickel here and a dime there, which perhaps escapes the notice of most persons. In our family on account of constant illness, our expense for physicians and medicine is, we believe, much larger than that of the average family while our amusement expense is correspondingly smaller.

We have found it possible for two people to live decently and maintain a Ford car, used for both business and pleasure, which driving takes the place of shows, ice-cream parlors, etc., during the summer, on $150.00 a month, but to do this we have to do about 90% of our own car repairs and upkeep. This requires close attention to details and the denial of many things but it can be and is being done. We began by taking this amount and figuring up the smallest amount possible under each heading, such as Groceries, Meat, Taxes, Insurance, Car Expense, Milk, Laundry, etc., allowing in each case a margin each month for emergencies and if the emergency is not too large one can get by nicely, keep out of debt and save some money. Each month we set aside this certain amount, or per cent, and give this item, say "Groceries," credit in a little ledger. Then the daily entries are made in a Household Expense book and the total of our expenditures for groceries for the month (we buy the "Cash and Carry Way") is charged up to this heading and if there is a balance, well and good, it will help out some month when there is a deficit. If we are "in the Red" —or, in other words, if we have exceeded our appropriation—it means "cut down" next month, or if it is to be a constant expense it means cut down on some other item in order to increase this particular one, (the object being to always live within this set amount). We take a few good magazines, two newspapers and keep up life, sickness and accident, furniture and automobile insurance. We also keep up, out of this amount, a Christmas Savings Club, which buys our Christmas gifts as well as our various gifts throughout the year, (exclusive of Charity, which has its own appropriation). As we are both working it necessitates hiring our laundry done, also our cleaning and pressing, together with a little general household help at regular intervals. We have found this pays.

More money can be saved through systematic saving of small amounts than through spasmodically putting larger amounts in the Bank. We have several little saving stunts:—we run three banks

(Continued on page 21)

Not Impossible—A Fact

By C. Stewart Wark

There is a man living in Brooklyn whose name is W. F. Hirsch. Today he is an executive who sits behind the proverbial mahogany desk. Mr. Hirsch has a one work recipe for success. It is "Budget."

Forty dollars a week isn't very much money. Maybe you are making about that much and think you are starving. If so, just listen to this story. It isn't the wild idea of a long-haired writer chap who never did bother much with reality. Instead we are confronted with hard facts.

Hirsch not only lived and supported a wife quite comfortably on forty dollars a week; he actually attributes his latter day success to that experience. Here is the budget he used:

Rent $40.00 A month's rent must not exceed a week's wages.

Food $50.00 Basis of $6.00 a week per person.

Clothing $16.00 Women need more clothes than men and they cost more.

Household $14.00 Laundry, coal, gas and other items not included in food.

Medical $7.00 Doctor, dentist, medicine, etc.

Recreation and Travel $10.00 Carfare, vacations, books, etc.

Benevolences $15.00 Ten per cent of income is a good rule though in some cases a smaller amount is justifiable.

Savings and Insurance $15.00 Get the habit of saving in the beginning. It will never be easier to acquire.

That is the budget; simple enough. Still it is the reason for one man's success in life. The identical plan followed up to the age of 60, with maturing insurance policies and savings properly invested in safe dividend paying securities makes certain for the remainder of life an income of $1,200 to $1,500 a year. Just as an experiment take your earnings and apportion them in the same way. Then sit back, scratch your head and growl, "Gosh, what a tough life this is."

But wait, brother! If that sacrifice means Success, isn't it worth while? You bet your life it is. Get at that Budget now. Then with visions of the mahogany desk upon which your heels will someday scratch, go to it.

New Council Members Elected

At the annual election held in December, three new members of the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council were elected. They were:

U. G. Shideler, Pipeline Department.

William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant.

F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Production Division.

Mr. Shideler was elected to serve out the unexpired term of Richard Pigg, and his term will expire in June, 1923. Mr. Breeden was elected to succeed Harry Phillips, resigned, and will serve one year. Mr. Koehler was elected to fill the vacancy in the Production department caused by the expiration of the term of Harry Traylor.

The Council as it now stands is composed of George Hoffman, Casper district; F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Production; William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant; U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipeline; all employe representatives. Harry Bossart, Production Department, H. L. Chandler, Pipeline Department; A. C. Andrews, Gas Plant and A. G. Fidel, Casper; all management representatives.

Dave Lewis Visiting

Dave Lewis, the popular superintendent of the Salt Creek field, left just before Christmas for Los Angeles, with Mrs. Lewis, and will spend two months in that section of the country. Dave accepted heavy bets before he left, that he would not learn to play golf. At any rate, he is entitled to if he wants to, as he has been pretty steadily on the job for some time and has earned a rest. Harry Bossart is looking after his work while he is away.

Some of the Storage Yard Workers

Franklin, The First Philanthropist

JOHN CLYDE OSWALD
Publisher—The American Printer

Benjamin Franklin may be said to have been the first American philanthropist. He was never a man of large means but out of what he had he gave liberally. He went to the rescue of all worthy public enterprises that came to his attention, one especially notable instance being his pledging of his credit to the government when Braddock's ill-fated expedition to Pittsburgh was in need of supplies and equipment and another his loan to the Continental Congress at a time when it was sorely in need.

He invented what he called the "endless loan" whereby small sums were made to do extra duty. Under this plan he would lend a sum to a worthy individual under an arrangement whereby the amount was not to be repaid to him but lent to some other individual similarly circumstanced and under the same agreement. In this way he expected the sums to go on for all time doing good where needed.

In his will he made bequests of one thousand pounds each to the cities of Boston and Philadelphia. From each of these sums loans at interest were to be made to "such young married artificers under the age of twenty-five years as have served an apprenticeship in said town and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures so as to obtain a good moral character from at least two respected citizens."

Franklin estimated that the sums at the

(Continued on page 15)

A Thought on Christmas from Parkerton

By A. C. Bentley, Big Muddy

This is the season universally thought of as one of great joy and thanksgiving. North and South, East and West glad carols of Christmas-tide are sung. In the large cities merchants prepare festive decorations and fill their stores with wares appropriate for the season. Churches arrange special features to celebrate the Birthday of The King. Fond memories take us back to the gay throngs and happy faces of the Christmas service, the grand celestial music, chimes and bells as they peal out the glad news of "Peace on earth good will toward men." Naturally our hearts turn in gratitude to the good God who has so wonderfully blessed us and made possible the coming of the Prince of Peace.

To those who live in an oil field where there is no sweet music of melodious chimes, one may be led to take a different attitude toward Christmas. Altho in one way or another the real reason why of Christmas will force itself upon us, tho we have forgotten to include Him on our list of friends who are to receive our gifts.

Parents sometimes feel that the Christmas tree festival and Santa Claus are only for the children; for themselves, they have long since passed into the mystical regions of childhood's fancy. This however was not the case this year at the Parkerton Community Christmas Tree on Christmas eve. The new gymnasium furnished an adequate place for the Christmas program. A large tree was beautifully decorated, on the platform, and piled high on either side were scores of toys so generously contributed by the Midwest Company. There were also piles of red bags, green bags and white bags filled with candy, nuts and fruit, so that each of the three hundred and fifty boys and girls of Parkerton might receive a treat. To the great satisfaction of the younger children a real Santa Claus assisted in the distribution of the gifts.

Preceding the distribution of the presents a short program was given to stimulate interest in the why of such festivities. The Parkerton Orchestra furnished some fine Christmas music. "Silent Night" was dramatized, two or three recitations were given, and at the close of the whole program the radio from the local Midwest office brought in a few fine Christmas carols. The gymnasium was taxed to its capacity, a conservative estimate of the attendance would be at least six hundred.

As a Community we wish to express to those of the Midwest and Ohio Oil Companies who helped to make our Christmas a very merry one, our great appreciation and thanks. The joy and satisfaction that were registered on the faces of all the children on receiving the gifts, well merited all effort on their behalf.

As we leave the festive season of Christmas behind and press on into the new year, there is some consolation in the thought that its spirit may ever tarry with us and help us,

To dare to go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road
To do his work, and to lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
To have and to give a glad New Year.

The children of Midwest Home Camp at Salt Creek, as is true the world over, love a pony.

The above shows (left to right) "Buddy" Estes, Mary Elizabeth Gore, Junior Gerhardt and Carl Gerhardt.

The pony belongs to little Miss Gore, who is in continual trouble settling the heavy question as to who shall ride.

Salt Creek Earthquake No Mystery

In connection with the recent earthquake in the Salt Creek fields of Wyoming a Negro preacher in Texas, where the earth also was disturbed in the same way, gave his congregation a realistic explanation of why these things come as a protest against interference with nature:

"Brethern an' sisters, we have received annudder warnin' not to go pesticatin' into de ways ob Providence. De earf, breddern, revolutes on its axles, an' it takes a right sma't ob grease to keep it lubricated. So de good Lord put petroleum inside de earf to keep de axles greased.

"Den, bye an' bye, long come all dese hyah ile companies, punchin' holes in de ground clear down into the bearin's, and quenscontly all de ile come squirtin' out. Fust thing we know dere's a hot box an' de earf squeaks an' rumbles an' grunts an' dat's de earfquake. If dey don't quit it purty soon der don't be no moah grease left and de earf will stick tight on its axles an' won't go 'round no moah."

This is more practical than the scientists' explanation and can be better understood, and in a way the application of it can be extended to other parts of the sphere.

Huegli, Gibbs and a Coyote

Gibbs and Huegli were out roaming the country o'er in Gibbs' car, looking for something, anything in the line of game. They were going along a lonely road when all of a sudden up jumped a huge animal startling both men. Huegli exclaimed "My God, look at the big jack rabbit, gimme my gun, quick!"

Out of the car he jumped, his trusty shot gun in hand. To his surprise the animal did not run but crouched low in the brush. Trembling in limb until his knees knocked together, sounding like a pair of castanets, our brave young hunter pressed forward, his heart rising higher and higher and beating so loudly that he wondered why it did not scare the animal, whatever it was.

Our hero finally decided that this mountain lion, which by that time he had assumed it to be, was waiting for him to approach a little closer so he could spring on him and therefore retreated in haste to the car. Gibbs by that time was out of the car and encouraging Huegli on, pushing him ahead of him all the time however, much like Alphonso and Gaston, "You first my dear."

Made bolder by the remarks of his comrade our brave little hunter approached his prey once more and braced for a quick retreat, pushed forward close enough to tickle the ears of his game with the muzzle of his shot gun, which he did and then closing his eyes pulled the trigger.

There was not enough of the animal's head left to determine its species so it was promptly proclaimed a mountain lion.

Our brave hunters after making sure the beast was dead, boldly grabbed it by its front paws and started in the direction of the car, to their surprise they came to a sudden stop and on investigating found a chain fastened to one of its hind legs with some kind of a clamp arrangement and also to a long spike driven into the ground, it was then they discovered why the "lion" had not run off.

After detaching the chain, they dropped the huge carcass over the hood of the car and raised the homeward bound pennant. Arriving in Casper they paraded up and down the street showing off their prize.

They wound up at the taxidermist where an order was given to dress the hide for a rug to adorn the House of Gibbs and it was there that our heros were informed that they had killed a huge Coyote but not a Mountain Lion.

Hospital Notes

Mike McKenna of the Salt Creek Consolidated Camp is recovering nicely from an operation at the Casper Private Hospital.

Walter Copeland and Rudolph Shuhart of the Salt Creek Gas Plant were injured in the same way. Both went to Casper at the same time, were operated the same day by the same doctor and attended by the same nurse. If our convictions are correct, both fell in love with her immediately upon regaining consciousness. They occupy the same room, which is about the nicest in the hospital and we are glad to say that at the time these lines are penned both are getting along fine.

Prize Thrift Story Winners

In accordance with the terms of the Prize Thrift Story Contest, announced in last month's issue of the Review, awards have been made as follows, and the prize stories follow:

First Prize, $5.00, Nathan Davis, Casper Field Garage.

Second Prize, $3.00, Name unknown, Salt Creek Field.

Third Prize, $2.00, Albert Russell, Denver Office.

First Prize Story

During the world war when the United States were selling War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps, my father bought my first War Savings Stamp for me. I had saved my money in a ten cent bank instead of buying chewing gum and candy, until I had saved enough money to buy a War Savings Stamp, then I would start in again and save my money until I had bought 20 War Savings Stamps. Then I went to work for the Midwest Refining Company as stock room helper at two dollars a day during the school vacation. I had saved up around one hundred and fifty dollars when I bought a Ford. I worked nights and Sundays on it then I sold it for three hundred dollars. I then saved my money until I had four hundred and eight dollars; then I bought ten shares of building and loan stock.

I now have two hundred sixty dollars toward buying another ten shares of building and loan stock which I hope to do by the end of nineteen twenty-three. I am now fifteen years old and I am working for three dollars a day. By the time I am twenty-one I hope to have between two and three thousand dollars.

—Nathan Davis, Casper Field Garage.

Second Prize Story

On the 31st day of May, 1899, I arrived in New York City, being 14 years old and weighed about 82 pounds. After looking the city over and trying to land a job, which was hard to get on account of my small size, I found work in a grocery store and truek farm in the suburbs. Here I got up at five o'clock in the morning and took care of a team of horses. Then I looked after a couple of hundred little chicks, took care of a bunch of laying hens, and turned the geese out in the grass. Then I had to go to the store and deliver milk and bread to about 15 families. After this I could go and eat breakfast myself. By this time customers would come and order their supply of groceries for the day. My boss also employed an experienced man who drove the delivery wagon, so I had to carry most of the orders to people who lived close to the store. Most of these orders, however, were coal. People buying it by the bushel, and these were rather heavy for me to carry. Should there be any idle time for me then I had to weed and take care of the vegetables in the truck patch. However, by 9 o'clock at night the store closed and business was over for the day, excepting on Saturday nights when we kept the doors open until midnight or later. For this work I received the sum of $5 a month and board and lodging. After receiving my first month's pay I heard from my parents who were living in Germany, that they had lost their only cow. So I sent them my full pay at once. The following month my clothes began to show signs of wear, and I used some of my next pay to replenish my wardrobe, but laid away a couple of dollars. About this time the father of my boss died, and the clerk collected a fairly large sum of money during the excitement and left without leaving any tracks behind. My boss decided to put me in his place, and raised my wages to $7 a month. By this time I had a fairly good command of the English language and could call on our customers and write out their wants. My health was good; the climate as well as the food agreed with me; my height and weight increased; also my wages, for soon I received $8, then $9, and finally $10 a month. A butcher who had a shop close by offered me a job at $12 a month whieh I accepted. The next month he raised my pay to $14 a month. During this time my father got into trouble with the police for hunting. He was condemned to pay a good sized fine. He wrote me about it and I sent him some money to help him pay the same. I also sent my mother and smaller brother some money to buy some presents with, and had a little over a hundred dollars in the bank.

Third Prize Story

There is an old song that goes something like this:

"Save up your pennies and save up your rocks,
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box."

But that's thrift—Saving, so to speak. But thrift is more than saving—it is systematic saving together with scientific management of one's funds.

How did I save my first hundred "Smackers"? With me it was years ago when I was a small laddie. But it took me some few years to get it, and like the building of Rome, it was not accomplished in a day. Furthermore, I am not saying that I always had or kept the first hundred after I had saved it.

I started to save my pennies when around six years of age. My mother gave me my first lessons. Having a strain of Scotch blood in my veins I got so tight that the bark on a tree had nothing on me. I "socked" everything that I could earn by doing errands and chores, together with what I could work my parents out of. As soon as I got five dollars saved up, my dad would put it in Savings Certificates. Thus in the course of a few years I had accumulated the first hundred.

However, of late years I have found that saving to be successful, must be *systematic*. Putting away part of one's salary at the start of each month—that is, putting it in something from which it cannot be easily withdrawn—is the best plan. The majority of banks in Denver now offer the Christmas Savings Plan. It is a good one. If you think you can't save, take up one of these plans, get the saving habit, and you'll be surprised.—*Albert Russell, Denver Office.*

Safety First in Cleaning Out

Frank Borsch says he has "been cleanin' 'em out" in Salt Creek for three years and has never had a fire. The reason is obvious, he takes no chances. A star rig is used which is operated by a gas engine, the exhaust is piped 20', and close to the engine where it is hot, is wrapped with asbestos. Mr. Borsch offers this suggestion to Midwest Employes and others in hopes that it may help them.

Salt Creek Midwest Band

On January 19th the Midwest Salt Creek Band, directed by Mr. William Schilling, gave a splendid concert at Home Camp Hall.

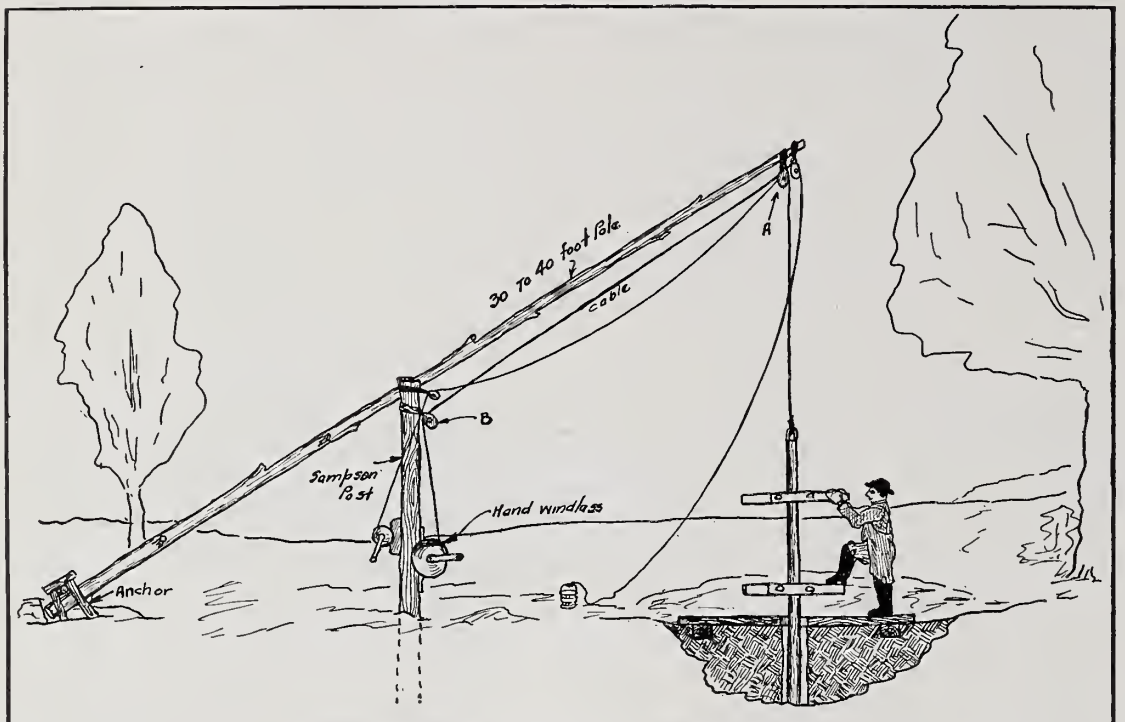
The program itself was remarkably fine, and varied from classical to popular in just the right proportions. Director "Bill" Schilling and all of the boys pulled together and made the evening one long to be remembered along entertainment lines at Salt Creek.

If you don't think the Salt Creek Band can play, read the program, and they put it across in perfect shape:

1. March—Gen. Lejuene.
2. Grand selection from Verdi's Opera, Macbeth.
3. Songs for Cornet and Trombone;
   a. Love's Old Sweet Song.
   b. In Old Madrid.
4. Lutspeil Overture—Keler Bela.
5. March—Selected.
6. March—Let's Go.
7. Selection, Robin Hood—de Koven.
8. Waltzes — Pleasant Memories — Bainhouse.
9. Popular Records;
   a. Three O'Clock in the Morning.
   b. I'm Just Wild About Harry.
10. March—Selected.

The Old Spring Pole Method

(The following article was written by C. S. Wright and Charles H. Bowers of the National Supply Co., and printed in the November "Push and Pull", that company's monthly magazine, and is reprinted in the Midwest Review by courtesy of that magazine.—(Editor)



SPRING POLE METHOD OF DRILLING

Many centuries ago small wells were sunk in Europe for the purpose of obtaining water and testing for minerals. They were used in the Province of Artois in the north of France, thus we have the name "Artesian" which is commonly spoken of in connection with water wells.

The modern method of cable drilling of oil wells is an application of steam to the methods employed by the Chinese ages ago, that is free falling tools suspended by a cable.

Oil in North America was first discovered by the Indians in the form of scum on lakes and ponds. They used it for medicinal purposes, and they obtained it by means of blankets soaked in the fluid and wrung out.

The first well drilled by application of steam for the express purpose of obtaining oil is near Titusville, Pennsylvania, credited to Col. E. L. Drake, in 1859, since that time more than 150,000 wells have been drilled in Pennsylvania and adjoining states not to mention the number in California, Texas, Oklahoma and other parts of the United States.

Our field engineer, Mr. Wright, tells us that the earliest method he has knowledge of was the old Spring Pole Method, a sketch of which is shown above.

The rig consisted of nothing but a stiff pole about 30 or 40 feet long, pivoted on a Samson Post with the heavier end anchored to the ground. The Samson Post stood about 10 feet above the ground.

The drill cable was run through a pulley hanging at the top of the pole as at "A" and then passed back through another pulley fastened at the top of the Sam-

son Post, thence to a hand windlass mounted on the post.

A light platform was laid for the operator to stand upon and a foot clamp fastened to the cable or tool (as the case might be) about 1 foot from the ground. There was another clamp about six feet from the ground. This was a hand clamp.

The up and down or drilling motion was produced by the operator stepping on the clamp and then releasing his weight.

The tools were suspended in the well so that when the operator stepped on the foot clamp, the tool would strike the bottom and when he released his weight the spring in the pole would raise the tools.

As he repeated this operation, he kept turning the cable by means of the hand clamp until he had walked around the hole a number of times then he would reverse his direction for the same number of turns. This gave rotation to the tool, which is necessary to keep the hole round and straight as the well deepened the tools were lowered by means of the hand windlass, the clamps readjusted and the stepping operation repeated.

The small line and bucket was the only means of bringing up the mud and sand that was worked loose by the drilling.

This was a very slow and laborious work and it was only possible to drill small and shallow wells by this method, but strange to say, this sort of a rig is still resorted to in rare instances in drilling water wells.

The drilling industry has experienced a constant ever improving change until the present day rigs are large and heavy mechanisms with many variations.

Even though they are all similar in general characteristics, it would be safe to say that in no two wells would the equipment be exactly the same. This wide variation is due to the general geographical conditions met with in the different fields and other causes too numerous to mention which may or may not be met with in the same locality.

WORK AND EARN. Put maximum energy into your job; this leads to recognition of your labor and to promotion, as well as to genuine happiness.

Franklin, the First Philanthropist

(Continued from page 9)

end of one hundred years would amount to 131,000 pounds each. He left directions for the use of 100,000 pounds of the amount and directed that the remaining 31,000 pounds should be lent in a similar way for another years. This later amount be estimated would have grown to 4,061,000 pounds.

Unfortunately the bequests were not managed as Benjamin Franklin would have managed them. At the end of a hundred years the amount adjudged by the courts to be available was $125,000 in Philadelphia, which were devoted to the needs of the Franklin Institute and $322,000 in Boston. By 1905 the sum had increased to something more than $400,000 which was matched by Andrew Carnegie with a like amount and the whole applied to the establishment of the Franklin Union.

This baby-antelope wanders around Midwest Home Camp at Salt Creek, very often establishing headquarters in front of the Midwest Commissary. It belongs to the Snider's of East Salt Creek and it has become so domesticated that it is a great pet and a general favorite with the children.

Who Wouldnt Be Thrifty for a Fine Bunch of Youngsters

like this ?

Dale, son of
L.A. Robinson,
Casper Storage Yard

Margaret, daughter of
Henry Heasler
Big Muddy

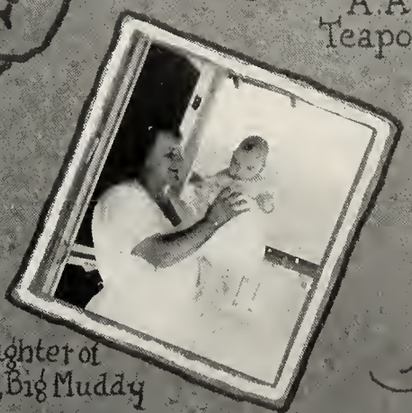
Lothia Lenore
daughter of
Benj. Shephard
Prpeline Dept.
Salt Creek.

DeLoyce, daughter of
A.A. Nelson
Teapot Station

Robert, son of Clarence Hall
Salt Creek Commissary

James Earnest, son of
R. Wade Casey, Denver office

Evelyn, daughter of
Frank Webber, Big Muddy



Margaret, daughter of
Jack Connors, Big Muddy

Janet Elizabeth, daughter of
John K. Anderson, Casper office.

Summary Past 3 Months Drilling Activities

By A. G. Fidel

October, 1922

Salt Creek Field: Seventeen Second Wall Creek completions by the Midwest during October, all but one flowing wells, and very good producers, the first 24 hours production of 16 wells being 16,396 barrels. Three of same were shut in, including the well that did not flow. The Company produced from 346 wells during the month, and on November 1st there was a total of 533 wells producing for all companies.

All work being concentrated on drilling of new wells, cleaning out and repair work attention was given to but two old wells during the month.

Big Muddy Field: Two wells completed in October, Whiteside 4 Well No. 4, with initial production of 64 barrels, and Whiteside 2, Well No. 8, with initial production of 100 barrels. Both wells flowed for a few days, but soon became pumpers, with decline in production. 130 wells provided production for the Company for 15 days or more during October. Paden No. 2 was plugged, and abandonment completed on October 21st. Rigging up to abandon Smith No. 4 started during October.

Cleaning out work in progress on two wells, with no test as yet on new production. Drilling deeper work completed on Whiteside 2 Well No. 5, which was deepened from 3175 to 3194 ft., with production increased from 20 to 72 barrels. Work of deepening two more wells under way.

Grass Creek Field: No new wells drilling. No drilling deeper work performed during the month. One well, No. 4 on Meeteetse 6 cleaned out. Production had entirely gone off in same, and when work completed, had increased to 5½ barrels. 76 wells furnished production for Midwest, and 32 for Mutual Oil Co., for whom we operate, during the month.

Nieber Dome Test Well: This well in Grass Creek district, on SW¼ 13-45-93, was cemented in 15½″ casing for second time October 5th, and job again found unsuccessful when cement drilled out and tested on 19th. Now carrying and underreaming 12½″ in wet hole, being 950 feet deep November 1st.

Elk Basin Field: Our production came from 53 wells during the month, with one completion in October. The new well, No. 14 on Elk 5, started off with production averaging 75 barrels daily. Well made a few flows before tubed and connected to power. Elk No. 11, Well No. 2 completed October 18th to 500 feet, to fulfill permit requirements and then shut down until next spring. Tip No. 2 Well 1 drilling at 295 feet Nov. 1st.

No cleaning out work done during month, except for opening up three water supply wells on Mack No. 3 claim.

Greybull-Torchlight Field: Eight wells in Greybull, and 10 in Torchlight continued to furnish our production during October. With advent of cold weather, however, it was decided on October 29th to discontinue operating Torchlight for the winter, considering it would not pay to work it.

Stone Point No. 3 well was only one cleaned out in October and put in condition, resulting in increased production.

Osage Field: The eight wells we had producing here averaged but ten barrels daily during the month up to October 18th when we discontinued pumping, and gave entire attention to abandoning of our remaining wells. Wells 2, 13, and 3, on NE¼ 24-46-64, and 1-A on NW¼ 19-46-64, abandoned up to Nov. 1st.

Baxter Basin Field: On October 9th at meeting of Executive Committee in Denver, decided to protect properties of our various companies here. This followed the discovery of large gas production in our test well on 11-17-104, and in well of Ohio on 16-16-104. Accordingly, arrangements rushed to build another camp and start immediate drilling of three new wells and erection of rig for the fourth.

Well being drilled on NE¼ 11-17-104, after mudding off small gas sand 2383-2411, drilled through shale break to second gas sand at 2418. On drilling 9 feet into same gas flow tested 29 million cubic feet. Well now shut down over winter to furnish fuel for other field operations. Three rigs erected during month, and rig

timbers placed on fourth location. Rigging up started on well on NE¼ 30-18-103, and well on NE¼ 2-17-104 was 35′ deep Nov. 1st.

Midway Test Well No. 2 NE¼ 25-35-79. On November 1st drilling at 4040′, made hole steadily all month.

Crowe Well No. 2 NW¼ 10-37-85, NOTCHES FIELD, 1575′ deep November 1st. Encountered shell at 1320-30, then hot water in lower Sundance at 1520-69, gradually filling hole. Now carrying and underreaming 12½″.

November

Salt Creek Field: 33 Second Wall Creek wells completed in November. This is the record, practically being the culmination of the 1922 drilling program, as on December 1st, according to agreement between various companies, all drilling was suspended until May 1, 1923. Conservation Committee granted extension of time, however, in which to finish six wells uncompleted that date.

1st 24 hour production, field gauge, on 32 of the new wells was 29,158 barrels. One well did not flow and same, with three or four others with an initial test of less than 75 barrels, will be shot before turned over to Pipe Line Department for its usual test. Work of cleaning out and repairing four wells also completed during the month. 382 wells were carried on December 1st as producing wells for the Midwest, and 532 for all companies in field.

Big Muddy Field: No wells completed in November, although good progress made on wells drilling. Pool No. 4 near 1st Wall Creek and almost completed December 1st. 133 wells produced for us during the month.

Drilling deeper work on three wells completed, namely, R. B. Whiteside No. 4, shot with 100 qts. and test of new production not yet made; Barber No. 7 with increase from 20 to 30 barrels, and Whiteside No. 3 Well No. 4, with increase from 20 to 50 barrels. A. E. Humphrey No. 32 cleaned out 28′, then Lakota sand plugged off, and 45 barrels now coming from Dakota. Abandonment work under way on two wells.

Grass Creek Field: No new wells drilling. Meeteetse 15 Well 12 drilled deeper, with no increase in production. Cleaning out work done on Meeteetse 15 Wells 8 and 13, with an increase in production from both.

76 wells furnished Midwest production and 32 Mutual, for whom we operate, during the month.

Nieber Dome Test Well: Drilling at 1,150 feet December 1st. This well has passed through a number of water sands, now drilling in 12½″ wet hole.

Elk Basin Field: No well completions in November. As soon as test well No. 1 on Tip 2 has completed 500 feet necessary to comply with present permit requirements, will shut down all drilling operations here until next spring. This was decided during the month.

Drilling deeper work on one well, No. 4 on Elk 6 completed, with increase from 0 to 32 bbls.

Greybull Torchlight Fields: Nine wells in Greybull Field furnished production during November. No new wells drilling, or cleaning out work performed. Torchlight shut down.

Osage Field: No wells operated by Midwest for production purposes, and abandoning of our five remaining wells here completed during the month, namely, wells 1 and 12 on NE¼ 24-46-64, and 6, 7, 12 on NW¼ 19-46-64.

Baxter Basin Field: Drilling under way on three wells during November, with well 11 on NE¼ 2-17-104 drilled to 510 feet and shut down over winter, after fulfilling first year's permit requirements.

Midway Test Well No. 2: 4415 feet deep December 1st and drilling. Landed 6¼″ at 4335 ft. 8 in. on November 23rd, now running 4½ in.

Crowe Well No. 2 Notches Field: Drilling at 1,905 feet, cemented 12½″ at 1,703 feet on 29th.

DECEMBER

Salt Creek Field: We completed one Second Wall Creek well during December, with initial tested production by Pipe Line Department of 579.86 barrels. Drilling still under way on five holdover Second Wall Creek sand wells. Also locations made for five First Wall Creek sand wells, which are to be drilled under requirements of Government, and with consent of Conservation Committee.

The Company on January 1st was producing from 460 wells and there was a total of 540 producing wells for all companies in the field. Drilling deeper and repair work was under way or completed on 17 wells during the month. It is the intention to keep a number of crews employed during the winter on cleaning out and well repair work.

Big Muddy Field: One well completed in December, Pool No. 4, at depth of 3,318 feet, with initial production of 25 bbls. Considered a small well, especially in view of its depth. Drilling under way on five other wells, and excellent progress made on each with few mishaps and little trouble experienced on any of them for some time.

R. B. Whiteside 44, which was drilled deeper and shot with 100 qts. last month, was put into condition and tested during December, with production found increased from former average of eight bbls. to 69 bbls. Drilling deeper work also completed on Whiteside 3 Well 5, with production increased from 20 to 45 bbls Cleaning out work under way on A. E. Humphrey 20, which was shot, and now being swabbed, and on R. B. Whiteside 38, on which work is not yet completed.

Abandonment work on Smith 4 completed December 19th, and work of abandoning two more wells being continued. The Company obtained production from 133 wells this month.

Grass Creek Field: No wells drilling. 76 wells furnished Midwest production, and 32 Mutual for the month. Cleaning out of three old wells completed, with production increased from 2½ to 5 barrels on Meeteetse 15 Well 2, and 0 to 22 barrels on Ridgley 14, and 0 to 27 barrels on Meeteetse 15 Well 14. Cleaning out work now under way on Ridgley 6 and Meeteetse 15, Well 15.

Nieber Dome Test Well: Reached a depth of 1,510 feet Jan. 1st, in 12½" hole. Expect to cement off water sands at around 1,600 feet.

Elk Basin Field: No well completions during December. Drilling deeper work completed on one well No. 5 Elk 6, which on being shot with 15 quarts, showed an increase from 10 to 35 barrels. Work under way on cleaning out one well, No. 5 on Elk 6, at end of month.

Greybull Field: No well work of any kind carried out in Greybull Field during December. We obtained production from nine wells here during the month. Torchlight Field shut down for the winter.

Baxter Basin Field: Our gas well still shut down to furnish fuel for our field operations. In addition to well on NE¼ 2 being suspended over winter, Well 6-X on NE¼ 30-18-103 was drilled to 513 feet during month, which fulfills present permit requirements, and same was also shut down on December 9th until next spring. Well 1-X NE¼ 36-18-104 was 760 feet deep Jan 1st, and it is intention to keep it going until completed. One new well, No. 29 SE¼ 25-18-104, located early in the month, and rigging up started Dec. 19th.

Midway Test Well No. 2: When 4,415 feet deep, and drilling 4½" hole, on December 5th the casing parted 880 feet from top, same due to defective pipe. Fished for same, swedged pipe, and jarred up on it with spear most of the month. Had string up three times, but pipe again parted in each instance, with tools lost on 19th. Now waiting for string of upset end rotary pipe to use in attempt to recover casing remaining in hole.

Crowe Well No. 2 Notches Field: Cement job at 1,703 feet successful, and drilling resumed Dec. 6th. About two weeks lost in fishing for and recovering bit and part of stem. Well drilling at 1,905 feet Jan. 1st.

New Gas Plant Superintendent

The following bulletin is self explanatory, and introduces a new member into the Midwest Family:

Effective January 1, 1923, Mr. P. G. Weidner has been appointed Superintendent Gas Plants of this company, with headquarters at Casper, Wyoming, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the prior appointment of Mr. W. R. Finney as Superintendent Gas Department.

Dated December 30, 1922, at Casper, Wyoming.

Approved: W. R. Finney
Superintendent Gas Department
R. A. Ellison
Vice President

It's What You Save, Not What You Earn

(Continued from page 7)

—in one we put dimes only, in another pennies and in another "Shaving Money." We bought five W. S. S. in a year and a half with pennies only. Every time my husband shaves he puts a quarter into the "Shaving Bank." If he hasn't the exact change it is put in at a later date because a record of each shave and shampoo, with the date, is kept. You must pay the barber, why not pay yourself? It's lots more fun.

As to keeping a strict account of our receipts and expenditures, the same principle applies in running a house as in running a business—accurate records must be kept if one is to know "where he is at." We kept track of our expenditures a long time before we tried budgeting. We found that a budget is more or less flexible—that is, conditions change, especially in Casper where rents are uncertain, taxes high, etc. With a budget, when rent goes up some other item must come down. The question naturally arises as to just how comfortably one must live in order to be as nearly 100% efficient as possible; an uncomfortable, unpleasant home will reflect its environment in one's work, which has a direct bearing upon the amount of salary one is able to earn, not to mention the joy of living which is everyone's birthright and not to be denied. To live within walking distance, although perhaps costing more, is not an extravagance, as it saves bus fare, lunch money of at least fifty cents a day per person, gives more time and it is better for you to walk a short distance every day.

Let me caution that one must be careful not to lose sight of progress in trying to keep within a budget. Neither is it a wise poliey to continually live up your pay and every time you get more money move into a larger house or buy the wife a fur coat. In Wyoming, as in most parts of the West, men and women are judged by what they are and do, rather than by the number of fur coats or automobiles in their families. I wonder how many of us have discovered the amusement and solid comfort to be derived from home study and self-advancement reading and work, rather than so many movies and jazz parties. Try it once—it won't hurt you and "You'll be surprised."

Big Muddy's Radio Pole

The picture herewith shows the high radio pole which has been erected in front of the Boarding House at Big Muddy. Paul Bebrick, the Big Muddy electrician may be seen on the pole fixing one of the aerials. The employes at Big Muddy took up a subscription and bought the radio outfit and are deriving a lot of pleasure from it.

Useful attainments in your Minority will procure Riches in Maturity, of which Writing and Accounts are not the meanest.—Benjamin Franklin.

For an Open-Work Gent

For Rent—Furnished room to gentleman looking both ways and well ventilated.

Enthusiasm and persistence are the keys to success in the oil game.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Nineteen twenty-three has lifted its head on the horizon of the cycles of recorded time. A new year you say. But what in reality makes January first the start of a new year any more than any other day? Custom and tradition might be your answer. Nevertheless, many people avail themselves of this day to take self inventories and "turn over new leaves," whereas, the same might be accomplished at any time, the fundamental principle being the start.

Most new resolves are easily, readily and eventually broken. But let us at this moment suggest one that it is well to start and keep it up. It is SAVING. Thrift is saving, but we might add systematic saving would be a better definition.

The Midwest Refining Company is devoting this first issue of the year to the subject of "Thrift." It desires to foster and cultivate thriftiness among its employes. Saving a definite part of one's salary every month is an excellent idea. It has been stated that a person who is not able to save at least a small part of his salary is not entitled to advancement in position or salary. Why? For the simple reason that if one is unable to manage their own affairs, what kind of a mess would they make with the management of those not their own.

Would it not then be well when you are wishing a Happy and Prosperous New Year to others, to make the start yourself in making it prosperous as well as Happy? Saving is as good a game as any other. Get into it with vim, vigor and pep, and you will get out of it, as the well known adage says "as much as you put in it."

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all the Midwest Family from the Denver Office not for the first of January alone, but for each of the succeeding 364 days.

Economy

The other day a big, black, burly looking culud gentleman burst up to the counter in one of the local telegraph offices and inquired: "What does yo' all charge for a roun' trip telegram to Birmingham, Alabama?"

Careless Mary

Mary drove her little flivver
In a way to make you shiver;
And when upon the gas she stepped
You saw that she was not adept.
Mary in the churchyard lies
'Neath green trees and sunny skies,
Her car refused to climb a pole,
That's why she's now in such a hole.
—Contributed.

Heard and Seen

When Mrs. Hunt's arm was injured recently she insisted she "just fell downstairs." There has been some conjecture as to the cause of the fall. One suggestion was that she was so stiff from taking the phonographic "Wallace Five" that she moved about awkwardly. Another was that her husband pushed her downstairs.

Through this column, the girls wish to extend their thanks to the Accounting Division for their generous treat of candy at Christmas time. Their kindness is only exceeded by their good looks.

Harry Kessler, Ted Mooberry and George Heuer were seen at one of the furniture stores looking at cedar chests. Harry is married, so we won't question him, he has artistic tastes and was probably invited to go along to express his opinion concerning the "Chests". What all are anxious to find out is whether it was Ted or George who made the purchase. Perhaps they don't realize that a diamond usually follows a gift like that. Watch your step boys, you seem to be slipping. When the candy and cigars are passed at some future date we will know the answer to the question, "Was it George or Ted?"

Mr. McAlpine got a new set of dishes for Christmas. What happened to your other set Mac? That sounds suspicious.

Muriel Stephens and Rick McNicholas were headliners in a minstrel show given recently. With two such artists, those who attended were well repaid.

If there was a prize for the noisiest team in the Bowling League, Big Muddy would carry away all the honors. And if pep, enthusiasm and team spirit help to make a winning team, they should be **"Champeens."**

Travelers

Archie Clark and "Mac" McAlpine recently journeyed into the wilds of Wyoming on business (no other reason would take them hither at this time of year). Archie went to Salt Creek and "Mac" to Elk Basin. They are back now, none the worse for the trip.

Heard in the Elevator

" 'Smatter Murph"?
"Eye full of sand"
" 'Stough on a windy day,"
"Yes, don't mind an eyeful, but not of sand."

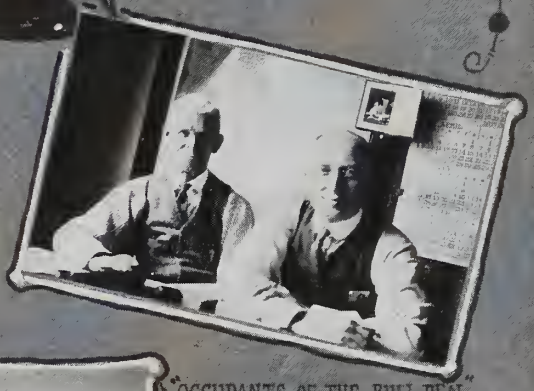
Our ILLUSTRATED REVIEW

Mr. L. G. Truby
Assistant-Secretary

Mr. Marsh and Mr. Kent
GEOLOGICAL ACCOUNTING DIVISION

Mr. Marsh, Mrs. James, Mr. Kent
Mr. Hickernell (sitting)

Mrs. James and Mr. Hickernell



"OCCUPANTS OF THE BULL PEN"
Mr. Parsons and Mr. Muehler

Mr. Frank Moore, of
the Denver office

Barney McCann Re-elected

We would like to be able to write the headlines for this article so as to string them out over one of our leading dailies' extras. But we have not that opportunity, so we must hold our remarks and enthusiasm to within the proper bounds. However, it is all about the annual election of our representative in the Midwest Employes' Benefit Association.

As was forecasted, our beloved "Barney" was re-elected to his third term with flying colors. A prince in every sense of the word, jovial, with a heart as big as they make them, it was hard to pick a man to beat "Barney". At the primaries, a host of names were mentioned with two, three or four votes each, but "Barney" swept into the lead with 127. Otto Krause was given the honor of being his opponent. Otto put forth a great effort to win. His campaign was well managed by "Battling Siki" Kirchberger. He ran on a wonderful platform

Barney McCann

which even included a stadium for the City of Denver. But, alas, poor Otto will have to be satisfied with similar laurels as those accorded Andy Gump on November 7th last. In the finals, "Barney" was acclaimed winner with 117 votes to Otto's 12.

The judging of the elections and the counting of the votes was in very capable hands. "Billy" Larkin, "Hy" Vervalin, "Jimmy" Izett, and "Argee" Cocanower composed the Board of Judges.

On the Sick List

Crawford May of the Sales Accounting Division has recently returned to work after being laid up several weeks with a case of blood-poisoning in one of his feet. We are glad to have the little fellow with us again.

Arthur Hughes of the Cost Accounting Division, was laid up several days during the holidays with a bad cold. He is on deck again, and we hope by the time this appears will be in tip-top shape.

Otto Krause and His Manager, "Battling Siki" Kirchberger

Recent Visitors

Col. Burke H. Sinclair, Director of Industrial Relations, and editor of the Review, was in Denver during a few days in December to make up the Christmas number. We think he did a good job, so come often, Burke.

Clarence Titus, formerly Secretary and Comptroller of the Midwest Refining Company, was in the Denver Office recently, while here on a visit from New York. We understand that he is now located permanently in New York City. However, he found time enough to spend the holidays at Colorado Springs and Denver.

The boys of the Sales Accounting Division were agreeably surprised recently when Jimmy Paulson dropped in to renew acquaintances. Jimmy was one of the first employes to this Division, but left the Company August 1st, 1919, and has been homesteading it near Kirtly, Wyoming, ever since. Come again, Jimmy, we're always glad to see you.

Dalrymple of Greybull was recently in the office to pay his respects to the "Percy Bresnahan" of Greybull. If you don't know, who "Percy Bresnahan" is, read "Main Street."

The holidays always bring the chickens home to eat Ma's turkey dinner. We note that Keleher, Freeland, and others were here at Christmas time. Mr. Merritt was also in the office during the holidays.

Dont's from the Bowler's Manual

1. Don't attempt to recover a ball that fails to loop the loop. Let the pin-setter do it. That's what he gets paid for.
2. Don't remove your ball from the rack until you are certain there are no balls returning.
3. Don't shout at a pin-setter. He can't hear you. If it is necessary to instruct a pin-setter use signs.
4. Don't throw a ball on the alley while the pin-setter is in the pit. Give him a chance to remove the deadwood; besides some of these birds are intelligent, and have heads much softer than a pin or ball.
5. Don't run in front of the player on the next alley. Give him a chance to deliver his ball. Interference of this kind is thoughtless and can be avoided.
6. Don't try to hook or curve your ball until you have acquired some degree of accuracy.
7. Don't try to see how hard you can hit the pins or how much speed you can get on the ball. Remember, accuracy first, speed next.
8. Don't get sore at splits; many of them are possible to make. Ask Henry Jones, he knows.

Bowling League Items

Shortly after going to press in the last issue of the Review, a second vote was taken among the bowlers, and it was decided to reorganize the Denver Office Bowling League by a vote of 25 to 5. The first season was, therefore, ended the night of November 29th, and a new season started the evening of December 6th. Individual scores and averages remained the same, but a third of the prize money is to be awarded according to the standings of the teams at the end of the first season. The balance will be awarded according to the second season. The standing of the teams after the games of November 29th is as follows:

Team	Captain	Won	Lost	%
Ferris Dome	W. S. Nicoll	22	8	.733
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark	17	13	.567
Cat Creek	O. C. Krause	17	13	.567
Alkali Butte	A. J. Hughes	17	13	.567
Derby Dome	R. G. Cocanower	9	21	.300
Big Muddy	Floyd Curran	8	22	.267

First High Team Series

Cat Creek 2353

Second High Team Series

Elk Basin 2255

First High Team Game

Elk Basin 822

Second High Team Game

Cat Creek 791

In reorganizing the new teams the same team names were kept, but new Captains were selected by the members of each team.

Frederick D. Anderson, President of the Denver Office Bowling League.

The new line-ups were as follows:

Alkali Butte	Derby Dome
R. E. Hamilton, Capt.	R. G. Cocanower, Capt.
Vic. McOsker	A. E. Johnson
W. L. Greiner	Ted Mooberry
R. E. Halfpenny	W. A. Elliott
E. E. Ewers	G. A. Kirchberger
Big Muddy	Elk Basin
W. S. Nicoll, Capt.	A. L. Clark, Capt.
L. G. Truby	R. P. McNicholas
O. C. Krause	S. S. Stebenne
R. O. Dietler	F. E. Marriott
O. E. Boyd	F. J. Curran
Cat Creek	Ferris Dome
M. E. McAlpine, Capt.	O. B. Mauldin, Capt.
A. J. Hughes	C. J. Barkdull
James Izett	H. A. Jones
J. E. Robinson	F. D. Anderson
Myron Vervalin	C. A. Grant

After the first round of games which ended January 3rd, the standing and averages of the teams and men are as follows:

Team	Captain	W.	L.	%	Pins	Av.
Big Muddy	W. S. Nicoll	12	3	800	10,804	720
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark	8	7	533	10,505	700
Cat Creek	M. E. McAlpine	7	8	467	10,749	716
Derby Dome	R. G. Cocanower	6	9	400	10,681	712
Ferris Dome	O. B. Mauldin	6	9	400	10,577	705
Alkili Butte	R. E. Hamilton	6	9	400	10,470	698

First High Team Series

Cat Creek 2278

Second High Team Series

Big Muddy 2256

First High Team Game

Ferris Dome 841

Second High Team Game

Big Muddy 790

Individual Records

Player	G.	Pins	Av.	Player	G.	Pins	Av.
Hughes	45	7466	165-9	Greiner	45	6112	135-8
Hamilton	39	6289	161-2	Elliott	45	6101	135-5
Krause	45	6686	148-5	Marriott	42	5678	135-1
Clark	42	6149	146-4	Izett	45	6041	134-2
Truby	39	5706	146-3	Barkdull	42	5535	131-7
Cocanower	42	6123	145-7	Boyd	42	5477	130-4
Nicoll	39	5672	145-4	Ewers	30	3909	130-3
Kirchberger	15	2165	144-3	Jones	45	5859	130-2
McAlpine	42	6043	143-8	Robinson	38	4804	126-4
Anderson	45	6449	143-3	Stebenne	42	5277	125-6
McNicholas	38	5449	143-3	Halfpenny	42	5217	124-2
Johnson	39	5412	138-7	Curran	45	5421	120-4
Mauldin	45	6222	138-2	Grant	42	4907	116-8
McOsker	36	4944	137-3	Vervalin	45	5230	116-2
Mooberry	27	3708	137-3	Dietler	43	4804	111-7

First Individual High Series

Hughes 578

Second Individual High Series

Hamilton 571

First Individual High Game

Hughes 223
Hamilton 223

Second Individual High Game

Hughes 223
Hamilton 223

Christmas Prize Money

Through the efforts of the president of the bowling league, Mr. F. D. Anderson, the Company donated fifty dollars as special prize money to be contested for on the Wednesday Evening prior to Christmas. This act added a great deal of interest to the games, and some great contests were waged.

The prizes, amounts and winners were as follows:

First High Team Series	2278	Cat Creek	$12.00
Second High Team Series	2205	Alkali Butte	8.00
First High Team Game	777	Cat Creek	5.00
Second High Team Game	770	Alkali Butte	4.00
Third High Team Game	739	Big Muddy	3.00
Fourth High Team Game	738	Elk Basin	2.00
First High Individual Series	551	A. J. Hughes	5.00
Second High Individual Series	520	O. C. Krause	3.00
First High Individual Game	213	A. J. Hughes	2.00
Second High Individual Game	208	O. C. Krause	2.00
Third High Individual Game	200	C. E. Boyd	1.00
Fourth High Individual Game	199	A. L. Clark	1.00
Sealed Prize (Greatest number of errors) R. O. Dietler			1.00
Consolation Prize (Greatest number of Splits) A. E. Johnson			1.00

The feature game of the evening was between Big Muddy and Elk Basin being won by the former 739 to 738. This game also determined third and fourth high team game.

All the boys thank the company for their kindness and generosity, also F. D. Anderson for his efforts.

Oh, Sweetheart!

There is one of our gallant young employes who perches himself on the ninth floor and whose identity we do not wish to disclose who is prone to use the epithets of "Sweetheart," "Dearie" and the like on one "he" individual who reposes on the eighth floor. Like for instance, when he sees fit to call his eighth floor friend on the telephone his address is something like "Hello, dear what can I do for you today."

To add to matters and create a plot there is situated in the same office with him a sweet young lady who is his chief assistant. Thus you can see that one not in on the game, might be greatly surprised should they drop into the office unexpectedly and find our hero swing love defying epithets with no one present but the sweet young lady. Such was the case a short time ago, when one of our austere members happened to drop into this office. Without looking up our ninth floor member thought it was his eighth floor friend so he says "Hello, sweetheart, what can I do for honeybunch." Then he looked up. Sometimes our sunsets are very highly colored and lovely to look at, but this young man's face outdid them, as the austere person looked from our hero's face to his assistants and back again. Oh, sweetheart!

Pick-Ups and Put-Outs

The boys of the Sales Accounting & Billing Division gave their boss, "Gene" Illius a lovely smoking set for Christmas. "Gene" was well pleased, and this made all the boys feel good. The boys also wish to express their thanks to their boss for his kind remembrances.

Ring W. Lardner recently wrote about some new winter sports which he advocates as good for the tired business man. However, he overlooked the one of office moving. Ask "Bill" Miller or "Lem" Jones about the benefits from such. They have just recently engineered moving the Geological Accounting Division and some others around the eighth and ninth floors.

New over-head indirect lights have just recently been installed on the eighth floor. They are sure "keen".

Miss Marjorie Moore has recently assumed duties with Company and is helping out in the Messenger and Purchasing Department. She is the daughter of Mrs. Moore who was formerly an employe of this company.

Talk about your commissary departments. Well, there are many of us in the Denver Office who benefitted materially by the kindness of the Company and the boys of the Purchasing Department in preparing and purchasing the ingredients for their Christmas Dinners. "Billy" and "Chubby" worked hard, and, no doubt, saved some of us a few "shekels."

Several persons of our "younger set" enjoyed themselves at a dance given at the Shirley-Savoy by the Sigma Theta Tau Sorority on the evening of December 29th. Among the young "Midwesters" present were noted Miss Dorothy Coleman; Messrs. Dallas Osborne, Olaf Mauldin, and George Huer. No doubt there were others, but our star reporter failed to report them.

Charlie Barkdull hied himself to Chicago on business, shortly before Christmas. We believe that Chicago is preferable to Salt Creek or Elk Basin at this time of year, anyhow.

Joyce de la Gardie spent the holidays in Chicago with his folks. He returned January second plus several accessories which proved that Santa Claus must have been good to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Merwin Bristol spent Christmas and the holidays in Merwin's old home town, Cheyenne. We understand that they enjoyed their visit immensely. There are worse places than Cheyenne.

Geological Department

We certainly hope Santa Claus was good to everyone of our Midwest friends and if we are to judge by the Denver office we feel sure that it was a wonderful holiday for all.

Of course, it is a treat in itself to have all the boys in from the field for Xmas, so that we are very happy to be together again; and as our

Denver Civic Center In Holiday Array

old friends, Congressman and Mrs. Froyd, arrived today for a visit we shall have a real reunion. (Funny that some folks are never satisfied until they monopolize all the titles.)

Old Saint Nick was more than generous to two of our young and handsome geologists for he left a charming young lady for each, so that we now have with us Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Allan. Mrs. Allan was formerly Miss Alice Dawson of Florida. We regret that Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Hageman insist on living in Montana, but as Mr. Hageman was transferred several months ago from the Casper office to the Billings office we feel that it would be asking too much to have them commute from Denver.

We surely wish you happiness, boys, and think you have proven yourselves bravadoes against old H. C. L. and "the long hard winter."

Harrison A. Schmitt, who joined our force in September, and who hails from Minneapolis, has been transferred to the Billings office under Mr. C. Max Bauer's direction, and while we shall certainly miss him very much, we are sure he will enjoy his work there.

D. E. Lounsbery spent the Xmas holidays at his home in Potter, New York, the first one spent at home for two or three years, as he returned only this past summer from several years' geological work in India.

Some of the boys may be interested in learning that Mr. H. J. Packard, formerly of the Midwest geological staff, was married several months ago at Addington, Oklahoma, and is now visiting with Mrs. Packard in Denver.

At the December election of the Rocky Mountain Association of Petroleum Geologists, Mr. C. A. Fisher was elected President, Messrs. Thos. S. Harrison and Dean E. Winchester, Vice-Presidents, and Mr. Charles M. Rath, of the Midwest Geological Department, Secretary.

It seems that our supply of holiday news has given out, but our wishes to everyone for the New Year are heartier than ever.

"We'd like to tell the story of crude oil, but it isn't refined."

Stenographic Department

Nothing of great importance from this neck of the woods, and nothing new except 1923.

F. J. Keleher made us a very pleasant call recently. He gave us the impression that he was hurrying back to Casper as he had a very serious case there.

Mrs. Goldie Lutz, after five years of faithful service, left the company on New Year's day, in order to take better care of her husband and her new home. May prosperity and peace attend her.

Miss Ethel Gannon has taken a position in this office in place of Mrs. Lutz resigned.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Teapot Station News

Well we are with you once more much to the surprise of ourselves as the rest of the Family. We wish to say that we have come out of our hole for good and have passed a New Years resolution to quit this so called state of hibernation.

We have been asleep so long, so far as the rest of the Family is concerned, that there are only a few of you who know that such a place as Teapot exists. It is like the old saying, "Out of sight, out of mind," but believe us we are striving for recognition and all we need is a little encouragement.

During the past month there have been several major operations successfully completed and probably the one of greatest importance to the hungry bunch of pipe-liners who do their bit under the generalship of John Lightfoot, was the complete annihilation of turkey that was put before them on Christmas day. Honest it was a feast fit for a king and was enjoyed as only a pipe-liner could enjoy it.

As Doc Flinn was absent we have no record of how many succumbed to the usual after effects, but we took notice that the paregoric bottle needed filling the next morning.

The engine room force is quite proud of its converted engine and when it was first put in service they all acted like a three year old with a new toy. This engine before conversion was a semi-Diesel, air injection type and while it was giving good service, there always was more or less delay in getting it started. Such delays are attendant with this type of engine and consequently are costly. To overcome this, it was decided to convert the engine to a pump injection type, a type that has seen rapid development since the war, and proved its advantages beyond a doubt.

Under the able supervision of R. A. Evans engineer for the De La Vergne Machine Co. the change was made in record time and the engine was immediately put in service. Since being put in service it has given us little or no trouble and the results have proved the expediency of the change, for we now have an engine that can be started on short time notice and can be run at a higher general efficiency all around.

John Lightfoot with the assistance of Steve Brooks and the hard eating pipe-liners have been laying lines to the Western Pipe Line Co's. storage tank here at Teapot and have been getting along nicely, weather conditions and every thing taken into consideration. The gang has made frequent trips to the tank farm at Casper and has done considerable work there and elsewhere along the pipe line, where leaks and breaks have occurred.

We see that Vic Leonard got his wife a Ford coupe for Christmas, which gives us a happy thought. We think our Mrs. might be able to use a morris chair, so one will be coming forthwith on her birthday. There is nothing like giving them something the whole family can enjoy.

We would like to ask MacDonald if he intends to run a taxi line into Teapot. He seems to be carrying passengers occasionally and it appears that it could at least be made an interesting business, even if it wasn't so profitable. Come around to us George we might help you drum up trade and get a passenger or two.

Lefty Thatcher is now gauging on the graveyard trick and he says he can't appreciate this rolling out in the middle of the night to climb up and down tanks just to see if the wind can blow you away. Keep it up old man for it is worth the effort. Every time you start up that ladder just think of it, as the ladder of life, and while the going is tough, the important part of the job has yet to be done when you have reached the top.

Storage Yard Notes

The employees of the Casper Storage Yard wish the rest of the members of the Midwest Family a very Happy and Prosperous New Year. Also we hope that the relations will be as harmonious in the future as they have been in the past.

George Goddrich has returned to us again. He transferred to Cat Creek field, but apparently he wasn't that much of an all night Tom for we saw his smiling face a short time later and he is again numbered amongst the Storage Yard bunch.

T. S. (Styvie) Daley, has recovered nicely from his recent illness, and is again checking material into the Storage Yard warehouse. We missed him while he was flirting with the fair nurses in the hospital, and a thought entered our heads that perhaps he might join the ranks of the benedicts; but nothing doing, he hasn't even mentioned said fair damsels.

Our old friend Mac, listed on the payroll as J. A. McBurney, has returned from his vacation. Poor Mac. He spent the first few days resting absolutely. He was sick in bed suffering from the effects of that fast lady Miss La Grippe. He is now back with us and does not look the worse for wear.

We take our hats off to Ol' John MacKendry. He picked the Holiday season for his vacation. That's using the old head. In that

way one can enjoy the season and not have to be thinking of the work that has to be performed the next day.

We take great pleasure at this time to announce the birth of a baby girl born to Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stewart. The baby was born on January 4th. The father is better known among the Midwest Family as Little Stew. Little Stew passed the M & O's and received the congratulations of the bunch.

Mr. E. K. (Andy) Anderson, Truckdriver, spent the Christmas Holidays with his parents in Denver. He advises that he spent a very enjoyable Christmas.

Mr. Knowles formerly of the Casper Storage Yards and now of Salt Creek, has discovered that a car runs much better on four wheels than when this position is reversed. We hope that no serious injury was incurred.

Will some disinterested person kindly advise which is the best state, Missouri or California? In your reply state why and wherefore. Also state which grows the best fruit. These questions are asked to settle an unfinished argument circulating about the above.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dunbar spent Christmas in Salt Creek, visiting with old friends.

Mr. Moss would like to know what will take the kerosene smell out of a perfectly good jug. You know, it gives vinegar a very bad taste.

We think we have solved the question, Why does Moonshine make a man talk. Authors always write about a full moon and an engagement ring, thereby a life sentence. If a full moon will give a life sentence is it any wonder that a quart will get him 90 days?

At the time Mr. Hughes was running for president, the remark was made that some men attract attention one way and others parted their whiskers in the middle. I think that there is a slight change with the passing years. Some young men wear peon pants others wear sideburns. Ain't I right Bob?

At the recent nomination and election Mr. Ray Hughes almost got on the Board of Directors—wait a minute not so fast, it was only for the Employees Benefit Association. We think that the Hughes family need more training in running. Well Ray we will wish you more luck next time.

Notches Field Notes

Harry Mills, who received a painful injury in November and was confined in the hospital for some time, is now back on the job and "tickled to death to be there" so he says.

Happy Jack Cochrane was foolish enough to try to stop the sand line lever in its upward flight with his ear and as a result, nearly had it torn off. He was confined in the hospital a few days as a result. We are very happy to say however that this injury was not serious.

Beau Brummel Eddie

This is the best one yet that we have had on our Eddie of the marcel wave.

On Saturday the 23rd of December, our Eddie and Jack Rutz "motored" in Jack's "Whoopie" to Glenrock to attend a dance. All went well and the boys had a glorious time, caused principally by five young ladies from Parkerton, who were helping the boys to have an enjoyable evening.

During the festivities it occurred to Jack that the return home would be much more pleasant if instead of Eddie he could have one of the handsome young ladies sitting beside him as far as Parkerton at least. He submitted the proposition to Eddie who fell for it at once, dreaming of the bliss that would be his riding six miles with four of the fair ones all to himself.

After the dance, Jack immediately grabbed one of the best lookers and headed west in his whoopie. Eddie leisurely sauntered out with his four fair maidens anticipating a most pleasant journey homeward.

Now, dear readers, we come to the climax of our story and we want you to imagine yourself in Eddie's shoes in order that you may get the full benefit of the shock even as Eddie got it.

For the benefit of those who are not intimately acquainted with Eddie, permit us to say that he is a regular "cave man" with the "wimmin" his slogan is "I like my women weak and my licker strong." It was at the very zenith of his cave man tendencies surrounded by the beautiful ladies that he approached the vehicle which was to convey "his court" homeward. Imagine Eddie's utter consternation when instead of the Rolls Royce that he expected he was led to an Overland of ancient vintage supervised over by a pair of watchful chaperons. Eddie was flabergasted, he didn't know what to say or do. Like a drowning man grabbing at a straw, he suggested to one of the young ladies that she might sit on his lap for the homeward journey as the car was considerably crowded.

"Not on your life young feller" exclaimed the chaperon. "You just climb right in here and sit on my knees. I'm here to chaperon and chaperon I does."

Eddie crestfallen, disappointed and silent climbed into the rear seat and made himself as heavy as possible on the knees of the chaperon while they bumped the bumps back to Parkerton.

Casper Field Garage

We all have known about the Company Caterpillar, the Storage Yard Crab and the Salt Creek "Funny Worm Division," but few I'll bet have heard about the "Leaping Beetle" and fewer are they who have had the pleasure and honor of looping around in it. The "Leaping Beetle" has a past and a future and in fact is a notorious insect, and had the guide of same kept his honorable promise the family would have had a fair reproduction of same in this issue of our good magazine. For instructions of how to control a Leaping Beetle call 1640 and ask for Hy Ladd.

We have never met Whitt's wife but we'll bet she's left handed. I think it would pay Whitt to wear goggles or to turn over a new book the first of the year.

Mr. Powell: "Hey there! Wheredagit that daug?"

Nathan D.: "Bought it; it's an Airedale."

Mr. Powell: "Some daug, 'right, I'd like t'ave one like him."

Nathan D.: "I know where ya can git one for $20.00."

Mr. Powell: "Twenty dollars! I want to swipe one."

Nathan D.: "I hate to see you steal but I'll tell you where you can swipe a good dog."

Ask Bill if he has succeeded yet.

Our new FWD S. 1. was received the other day. Bill Schilling could hardly wait for the lettering, and when told the number of said FWD he asked what the S stood for; obvious, Schilling, of course.

"Say, Allen, come across with the story of how you saved your first $100, or can you remember that far back?"

Allen—"I've only got $97.00 of it made now and I hate to work on their sympathy for the second prize."

John—"Only got $97.00 your foot. You've got the ninety-seventh hundred and just don't need the money or you'd be setting up nights to get the first prize."

We are going to hold a special turkey shoot for Stevenson, Miller, Cushman and Allen, but Stevenson is not to shoot first. Miller offered to make a bet if they'd allow him to shoot his sawed off twelve gauge.

Mr. Scottie McLennan rented a hall for a New Year's Dance but the ordinance said no public dances allowed without a license; must have been lonesome for Scotty and his girl.

Our old friend Walt Sellars saw an Underslung Ford bug at Farmington, New Mexico, and came home and built one; he then bet his stake that he could start behind Scottie and beat to the end of a one-track trail. Scottie thinking he had a cinch, willingly bet, for he knew no car could make time by pulling out in the sage brush. But Walt just ducked his head and drove under Scottie and had a mile lead before Scottie could figure out what kind of an insect that was.

Thrift is a habit that dictates that you shall earn more than you spend. If you are a thrifty person you are happy. When you are earning more than you spend, when you produce more than you consume, your life is a success, and you are filled with courage, ambition, and good will. If you are thrifty you are able to care for some other than yourself, to lend a hand to the sick. This is to live. "All wealth comes from labor applied to land," said Adam Smith. Loving labor and thrift go hand in hand; he who is not thrifty is a slave to circumstances. Thrift should be taught to children. Each child should have a savings account, either in a toy bank or a real one. Ben Franklin is our greatest example of Thrift. He wrote more about thrift and wrote better than any other man we know. He began practicing thrift when he was 12 years old and he practiced it all his life. He became the richest man in America in his day, richest in money, health, brains, good cheer, and influence. The girl, boy, man or woman who practices thrift is good in any community. Thrift is the basis of all other virtues. To spend less than you earn—This way lies happiness.

We take this opportunity to rectify an error in the Christmas number, in which Tom Clayton and Jack Corbridge were mentioned as attending Business College. The error was quite natural since Tom has been driving Whitie's car a lot, and the boys knowing Tom and Jack friends took it for granted that it was Tom driving and Jack huddled up in his fur collar. The fact is that Whitie Hoffman has been brushing up on his accounting, and has been putting in overtime. Of course, his showcase comes in handy for the overtime. He's a nice man tho, and I like him, and he deserves a good showcase. But from now on out we request the truck herder to look twice the first time to see who's inside outside the business college.

Holmes In The East

Joseph A. Holmes, assistant superintendent at Baxter Basin, spent the fore part of the year in Washington, D. C., called there by the illness and death of his sister. He returned to Baxter Basin January 6, visiting in Casper on his way home. Mr. Holmes has worked in the Midwest organization in Casper, Big Muddy, Grass Creek and Salt Creek.

POST-CHRISTMAS JOTTINGS FROM THE CASPER OFFICE

Someone tells us that Santa Claus comes only when it is dark—that being the case, he must have missed those among us who were "lit up."

'Stew bad—Santa didn't call at Apartment 3, Blackmore.

Ask Stan where he got his croup—were the sheets too short, Stan?

No one knows how near Norstrum got to Denver.

A "Wild Alarm" was registered at the home of our genial stock-room clerk, Mr. Yunck—registered on Russell's back—and Russell turned in.

Cornie: "Kelly will you please put on my rubbers?"

Sleepy voice from lower 8 (owner Stonie): "Aw, Kelly, won't you put on my shoes?"

Oh! that "After Christmas" Feeling!!!!

Christmas was observed at the home of Mrs. McAdams in a unique fashion—sort of a la Dunkard, as it were—the ceremony consisting of washing the feet of the Canine member of the family three times.

At 2 P. M.

Louise: "Mr. Ayres, you forgot something."

Mr. Ayres: Why, no, I think not. What is it?"

"Louise: "Here's Wayne."

Alas! Poor Kolinsky!

We're sorry for the Kolinsky,
He's very much abused.
No wonder he dislikes us—
Consider how he's used.
We slew his aunts and uncles,
His father and his mother,
His grandpapa, his grandmama,
His sister and his brother,
His young folks, his old folks—
We slaughtered one and all
To make a coat for Mabel Stearns
To motor in this fall.

Ask Stan and Pete their opinion of the new drink—Pepsodent.

WANTED—Babies to take care of during spare time Apply J. G. C., room 528.

Poor Gladys!—After placing mistletoe in every strategic spot in the house, every hint failed to "take"—she didn't get a single kiss.

Isn't that the Elephant's pin-feathers?

Chorus of voices: "Mr. Heerlein, may we have an extra day off Christmas?"

Mr. Heerlein: "Sure. Do you want it off your vacation or off your pay?"

We understand Eddie has developed a decided aversion to fat men who call him "young fellow" and insist on holding him on their laps when there are so many more attractive ways of arranging the "sit-uation."

* *
*
* Sincere appreciation is expressed by *
* the girls of the Accounting Division for *
* the generous gift of candy received from *
* the boys. *
*
* *

Newt Wilson Returns

Mr. N. S. Wilson, general manager, producing department, returned to Casper the first week in January, after a three months' sojourn in California, with Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Wilson is looking fine, and everyone is glad to see him back in the harness again.

He who thinks he cannot save on ten dollars a week will be just as certain to think that he cannot save when his salary is one hundred dollars a week. Saving is one of the strenuous virtues.

How Christmas Came to Elk Basin

You'd hardly expect it, and we were rather surprised ourselves, but Christmas Day came to us on December 25th as per usual and we were glad. You see Elk Basin is unique in many respects. First: We have been written up in the Survey Graphic and were given a glimpse of ourselves as others see us. The picture was interesting and amusing, and regardless, we are still here. Then we are peculiarly situated. On the east and south is the "Bench" and we have to cross it to get to either Powell or Frannie, our way out in that direction.

Going north, there's "Silver Tip," a rather restricted valley (hardly that) but thru it runs the road north to the valley towns and Billings. Now the point is this: It snows occasionally in this country and the Bench gets its share. It also blows here at times and the Bench gets rather more than its share of the wind. The result is a constant drifting of the snow and drifts will be created in a few minutes and are constantly changing, so that you may buck one set of drifts on your way to Powell and encounter an entirely new lot of them on your way back and you can never tell with any degree of certainty whether this will be the same day or some time next week. Which same holds good to a lesser degree for the Silver Tip road, and which same is more or less disconcerting, as you will admit. We have been marooned for days at a time and our mail brought in on horseback, and as I write, conditions are no better; we have had no road communication with Powell for a couple of days and the road to Frannie is a nightmare.

Consequently and because of which, we were glad when Christmas came to Elk Basin on schedule time and it made us happy.

We celebrated the day in various ways and had a good time. At the cook house, Miss Markey, our efficient Chef served a sumptuous turkey dinner with all the trimmings and those who partook had no regrets that Christmas found them in Elk Basin.

And then the kiddies had a grand and glorious time.

Mrs. P. G. Hardie devoted a great deal of time to teaching the young 'uns a Christmas Cantata, in which she was ably assisted by Mrs. E. S. Bach, who presided at the piano, and the result was an entertainment that will be remembered for many a day.

The performance was given in "Diamond Dick's" pool hall, where a stage was erected and everything. At the conclusion of the performance Santa Claus, in the person of Mr. G. M. Hall, distributed gifts to all of the children, each one being called by name and their response was immediate and vociferous.

There were a number of private dinner parties and in all respects, when Christmas came to Elk Basin, it found the good people in a merry mood and regardless of outside disturbing influences, a "good time was had by all."

Big Muddy Brieflets

Charles Sprittles who has been working in our Blacksmith Shop for some considerable time past left here a few weeks ago to launch out on his own account in the same line of work in Casper but reports go that Charley is less enamored with the possibility of making some easy money at this time without the necessary financial backing, so decided to return to Muddy where he is still to be found at the same old stand.

Charles Marshall, our Boiler Shop Foreman, with a crew of three men left here a few days ago for Frannie, Wyo., where they have been called to carry out some work for the Company at the Elk Basin Field.

Jay Cochrane who left here some weeks ago to drill a well for the Company at Arminto Notches Field unfortunately met with an accident by being struck on the back of the head with the brake lever at the well he was drilling. Fortunately for Jay (better known as Happy) a few days' confinement in the Casper Hospital sufficed to bring convalescence which brought the patient back to the old camping ground at Big Muddy where he is again working as usual. Happy who claims to be a Radio Operator was much surprised to find that we possessed a first-class radio equipment, installed at the Cook House, but it has been said by those who ought to know that Happy manipulates the machine too frequently and tries to give us two concerts at the same time—some music!

John Weigand, our Warehouseman, has bought himself a new Jewett roadster, a swell looker. John traded in his old Ford and seems well pleased with his purchase saying she's a dandy. Distance does not seem to count any more by the many trips that John is taking. John, like Bob Vidler whom we commented upon last month, has been absenting himself a great deal from camp, and we surmise he may be traveling the same road, and wind up in the same way.

Big Muddy basket ball team met a strong side from the Standard Oil Refinery Plant No. 3, who played a fast game, finally beating the home team 49 to 16. The defeat did not come as a great surprise as we have only lately started in and consequently have not had much practice, but with the present lineup we are getting into good playing shape and expect to give our opponents a good run for their money in future games. The Industrial Relations Department of the Midwest Refining Co. very kindly donated the basket ball suits for the players who were very ready to show their appreciation for this useful gift.

Clarence Markey who is connected with the Office Staff took a short vacation during the Christmas Holidays in order to visit his folks who reside at Huron, S. Dak. Clarence reports a good time and increased vigor for the duties in the future.

Get all you can; save all you can; and give all you can.—John Wesley.

Around Salt Creek

Mr. Frank Knudson, manager of the Midwest Gas Plant, returned shortly after the first of the year from a two weeks' vacation trip to his former home in Chicago, visiting with his mother and sisters.

Mr. William Whittle of the Gas Plant force at Salt Creek spent the Christmas vacation week in Denver, visiting with his parents and renewing acquaintance with his many friends at that point.

Mr. A. L. Clark, Chief Cost Accountant for the Midwest with office in Denver, spent several days early in the month on a business visit to the Salt Creek Gas Plant. While in the field Mr. Clark put into effect a new Cost-Accounting system for the Gas Plant Department.

Social life at the Gas Plant has been made interesting by the carrying out of a bi-monthly series of dances, held at the Gas Plant Club House. The turn-out for these affairs has been very representative and the evenings have been marked with an informal atmosphere of jovialness and good-fellowship that has put them in a class by themselves.

Mr. Fred Koehler, timekeeper for the Production Department of the Midwest at Salt Creek, has been hard to hold down for the last week since the arrival of healthy, hearty Fred Lewis Koehler, Junior. Both Mrs. Koehler and the baby are doing wonderfully well.

William Gilkinson of the Production Department at Salt Creek spent the two weeks over Christmas and New Years with his relatives and friends in Kansas.

Mr. Harry Bossart, acting superintendent of the Production Department at Salt Creek, spent two weeks visiting with his mother and brother in Colorado Springs, returning shortly after the first of the year to take up the heavy responsibilities devolving upon his shoulders in the absence of Mr. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Nowels of the Midwest Production Department at Home Camp, enjoyed the Christmas season at the former home of Mr. Nowels in Colorado Springs. Mr. Nowels is looking after the drilling records and has the petroleum maintenance work of the Production Department office at Salt Creek.

While making the return auto trip from Casper to the field, the Dodge roadster in which Mr. and Mrs. Nowels were riding, skidded at a bad turn and rolled over, pinning both of them underneath. The car was lifted off by truck drivers a few moments later, and by a miracle both escaped with scarcely a scratch.

Colonel and Mrs. Erwin A. Froyd are at home at the Plains Hotel in Cheyenne for the two months of the Wyoming Legislative Session. The Colonel's personality, character, ability and sound judgment we are sure will win him a host of friends and open up the way for him to play an important part in the deliberations of this year's State law-making session.

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipeline District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Chester Borsch, Secretary

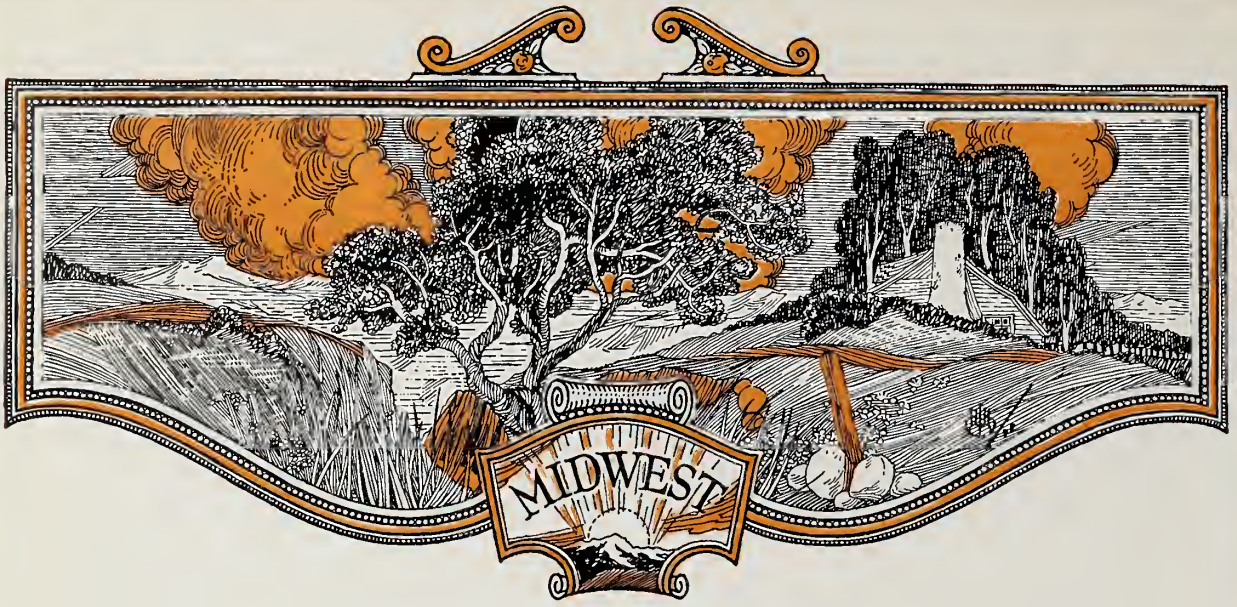
MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
D. C. Beck, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
M. E. Diamond, Big Muddy
H. L. Hewey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.
J. G. Crosskill, Treasurer
T. N. Shaw, Secretary



The Ten Thrift Commandments

1 Work and Earn
2 Make a Budget
3 Record your Expenditures
4 Have a Bank Account
5 Carry Life Insurance
6 Own your own Home
7 Make a Will
8 Pay your Bills Promptly
9 Invest in Safe Securities
10 Share with Others

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Vol. 4. February 1923 No. 1

BOULDER FALLS
NEAR DENVER

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

One Ounce Of Gold-

Pays Waqes for

TWENTY HOURS WORK in the UNITED STATES
FIFTY HOURS WORK in GREAT BRITAIN
NINETY HOURS WORK in JAPAN
ONE HUNDRED HOURS WORK in FRANCE
TWO HUNDRED HOURS WORK in GERMANY

This means that

Americans must maintain
their past record for hiqh
output per man to
guarantee prosperity
which will mean
jobs for all of us.

(American Educational Association)
Philadelphia

The Midwest Review

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The following brief article gives the attitude of a true Midwest man of Salt Creek. It is cooperative spirit and good will as mentioned here that makes life in the Salt Creek Midwest Community worth while.

"A steamship without a crew is a mighty helpless affair, although fitted with sufficiently powerful boilers, engines and all necessary equipment to glide thru the water at the rate of 30 knots an hour and carry a thousand passengers safely and comfortably to their destination. It would be as useless for travel as a fur overcoat in———well we won't say just where.

The next most helpless thing we think of would be the same steamship with a full crew in a careless and indifferent attitude toward their duties. Suppose the stoker should say, "We don't care whether we make steam or not," and the helmsman should say, "I don't care whether I steer this ship this way or that." How would you like to start on a trip under such conditions?

We, here in the Salt Creek Field, might be compared as a community to the crew of a steamship; We undoubtably have among us all the necessary talent and ability to organize and conduct all the necessary patriotic, social, and athletics necessary to make this a community with full steam ahead and our goal, the creation of the happiest oil field camp in the United States. We already have tennis courts, A base ball team, a brass band, a newspaper, a radio outfit, and the American Legion puts on athletic entertainments from time to itme. Let's all realize our duties and responsibilities, support what institutions we already have and work for any others that will make this a better and happier place to live.

MORAL:—If you think enough of Salt Creek to stay here and draw good wages, think enough more of it to spend some of your surplus time in improving instead of complaining about living conditions and boost for Salt Creek.

"As we journey through life let us live by the way."—Henry George.

By C. A. Wright.

Two grievous accidents happening within the last few weeks, which resulted in the death of four Midwest men, should serve to again impress upon every employe of the company, the absolute necessity of taking every precaution to avoid trouble. Boilers will blow up, gas will explode, boards with nails sticking up will lie around; timbers will fall from rigs; foreign particles will fly into eyes; a multitude of things may happen but there is very nearly always a human fault behind them somewhere. The individual who suffers is not by any means the man at fault every time. His disaster may have resulted from the carelessness of someone else. As long as you are working with materials or under conditions which are potentially dangerous, it is up to you to do your job carefully and without negligence. Accidents cannot be wholly eliminated, but they can be reduced to a mighty small minimum if every individual will do his share toward observing and practicing Safety First.

There are still a few points which fail to send in news to the Review. We should like once more to point out the absolute necessity for cooperation in the getting out of this magazine. No issue should go to press without something from each Midwest point. Get alive!

New Salt Creek Club House Opened

The handsome new club house for the Salt Creek field was formally opened to the Midwest family on the evening of January 27, and has proven to be one of the most popular and delightful places in the field. Every room of the splendid building is in use at all times. Mr. Vreeland is in charge of the finances of the club and occupies the cashier's office. Dad Johnson who has for a number of years been operating the pool hall for the company in the camp, is in general charge of the amusement features of the building.

The opening ceremonies were very simple. The Salt Creek band played, an informal dance was enjoyed, and the Salt Creek public in general wandered through the building enjoying the features.

In the basement, provision is made for the installation at some future date of bowling alleys and sooner or later these will be put in. In this basement also, is a splendid large room with maple floor for the use of the Boy Scouts and similar organizations which may be in the field. It is a fine room, large enough for drill purposes, well lighted, and with its own separate outside entrance. Store rooms are also located in the basement.

On the first floor, one enters the building through a spacious hall. To the right as you enter is the handsome barber shop, equipped with the very latest barber chairs and other equipment, the furniture and interior finish of the room being of white enamel, and everything thoroughly sanitary. No better equipped or more sanitary shop exists in the state.

To the left on the first floor, one enters the pool room through the angle devoted to the cigars, soft drinks and tobacco room. This sales room is equipped with handsome show and wall cases, a highly polished soft drink bar, equipped with sinks and ice boxes and all necessary appliances.

The pool room is furnished with the very best pool room furniture, including high metal chairs, cue and ball racks, and five fine new pool tables and one handsome billiard table.

The main room on the second floor is the club and card room which is directly in front of the stairway and at the end of the large hall. This room is large and well furnished with card tables and chairs. A cozy fireplace is in one end of the building. The front part of the second floor is devoted to the reading and writing rooms. In the writing room are numbers of writing desks and fully equipped for correspondence purposes. In the reading room are large comfortable chairs, magazine and book racks and another fine fireplace.

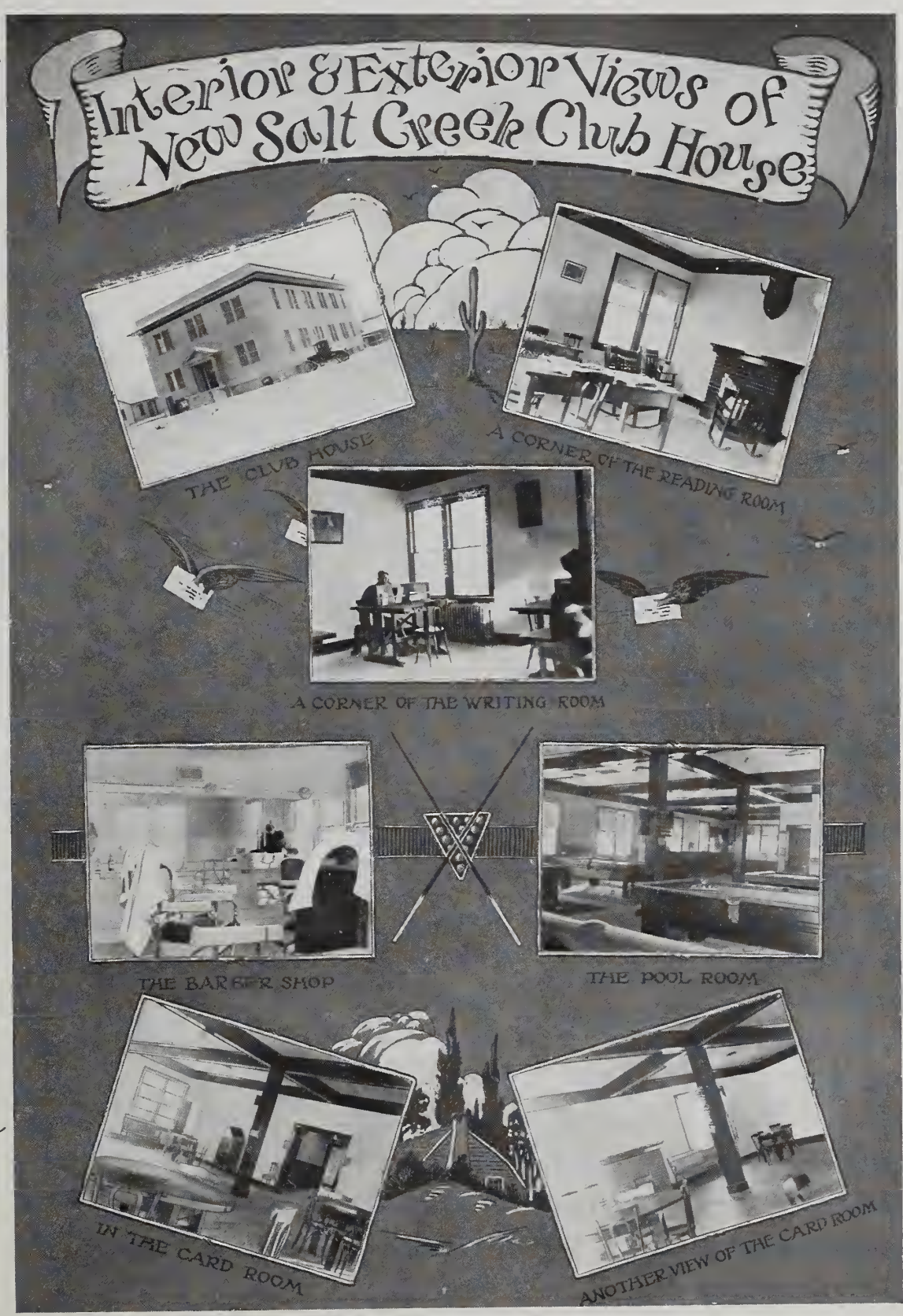
On the second floor also is a commodious conference room which is designed for use of the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council or any other meetings or conferences which may come up.

Each floor and the basement is equipped with sanitary wash rooms. The building as a whole is warm, heated with steam, is light and cheerful and appropriately decorated. James A. Paden, superintendent of construction, under whose direction the club house was built, is to be congratulated on the splendid workmanship used in the building. The Salt Creek employes are very appreciative of the good spirit of cooperation which prompted the company to erect and furnish this building.

Salt Creek Ladies Union

The Ladies Union of the Salt Creek Community Church held their annual meeting for the election of officers the past month with the result that the following ladies were elected: President, Mrs. George Zimmerman; Vice President, Mrs. S. B. Dixon; Secretary, Mrs. William Wiley; Treasurer, Mrs. W. K. Melton. After the business session a delightful social hour was enjoyed, followed by refreshments with Mesdames George Zimmerman, Harry Owens and Frank Smith acting as the hostesses of the afternoon.

A special Missionary Meeting was also held by the Ladies Union late in January. One of the features of the program was an unusually interesting talk on Hawaii, given by Miss Augusta Kreiner, of the Salt Creek schools, who spent a couple of years teaching in that land of palm trees and golden strands. The hostesses for this occasion were Mesdames Snow, Scott and Sheriff.


Interior & Exterior Views of New Salt Creek Club House
THE CLUB HOUSE
A CORNER OF THE READING ROOM
A CORNER OF THE WRITING ROOM
THE BARBER SHOP
THE POOL ROOM
IN THE CARD ROOM
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CARD ROOM

A Thought or Two on Taxes

By Harry Gunn, Midwest Tax Department

Proverbially, the certainty of taxes lines up with death. You can't beat either one. Taxes of any nature are but the payment of services rendered or to be rendered to the public. Sometimes we feel that the payment is pretty heavy, but we will have to put up with the condition until a new method is invented.

The oil industry occupies a very prominent place in connection with state and local taxes in Wyoming. In 1922, in thirteen counties of the state, the oil industry paid to state and local governments $984,-321.29, almost a million dollars. If we were to count royalties from government lands, we would find that the Salt Creek field for the current year will pay to the Federal and State governments approximately $10,000,000; and for the entire state, we will be far in excess of having contributed that amount toward the support of the government.

In Natrona county, for example, the state has received $183,167 as its share; the county $244,780; the city of Casper $311,878, and School District No. 2 got $350,945, of which $50,568 was payment on bonds already issued. These figures show that the tax money goes to the schools, towns and cities, and that the state and county get a relatively small portion.

Some state legislatures take a peculiar view in their attitude toward handling the tax burden. Instead of finding some means for lowering the expense of government, these bodies apparently consider their duty to be the raising of more money, and to place an additional burden upon a state's industries. The oil industry, in common with other industrial enterprises, is always perfectly willing to pay its just share of taxes, and to assume its just share of the burden. But oil industry employes and all others who are directly or indirectly interested in the oil industry, should feel it incumbent upon themselves to see that this industry is not called upon to bear more than its share of such a burden. When the oil industry, or any other industrial enterprise is unjustly levied upon, to the extent that it becomes penalized and depressed, then its moral, legal and economic interests become jeopardized and an unfair situation grows up. Industrial enterprises require much, it is true, but they give much, also. Without the industrial organization, natural resources in a great many instances would lie dormant; employment to thousands would not be available; thousands of dollars in wages and salaries, in royalties, and in purchase money, for supplies and material would not be expended. Thousands of individuals are benefited in this manner.

We in Wyoming, are bound by our constitution to place the income derived from our coal and oil lands in a permanent fund which is invested by the state authorities, and only the interest may be used for current expenses. It might seem the better course to retain this permanent fund, but to invest it in the bonds of our state, county, cities and school districts. If we must float such bonds, let us pay the interest and premiums to ourselves.

Taxes have been a matter of discussion and concern from the time of the Roman empire. There seems to be but one solution of the problem when such taxes become burdensome, and that is to place the various branches of the government on a better business basis. We should obtain a dollar's worth of material or service for every dollar of the people's tax money expended.

"The Yellow Terror," New Salt Creek Bus.

Economy and Thrift

"Save your pennies, work eight hours a day, write down how you spend every penny you receive, make a budget at the beginning of each year, and live within your budget, and don't run an automobile unless you can afford it."

This was the burden of advice given recently to the Young Men's Bible Class of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

"The best way to make money is to save it," he declared.

"Four fundamentals of Good Citizenship" was his topic. Here they are:

"Work.

"Practice economy and thrift.

"Show respect for authority and law.

"Show reverence for things that are sacred and holy."

L. A. Reed Courting

L. A. Reed of the Casper office has been compelled to go a-courting for about six weeks of January and February. Mr. Reed was drawn on the federal petit jury in Cheyenne, and has been getting both ears full of a choice assortment of bootlegging and other cases.

Everything You Say About Us You Are

A woman, tired of hearing men boast of their importance, dug up the following facts—that the "ingredients" of man, plus water are: fat enough for seven bars of soap, iron enough for a medium-sized nail, sugar enough to fill a shaker, lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop, phosphorus enough to make twenty-two match tips, magnesia enough for one dose, potassium enough to explode a toy cannon, sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas. This whole collection, she says, is worth 98 cents in a day when things are twice as high as they used to be.

Thrift In Building

By J. R. Paden, Superintendent of Construction.

Are standardized buildings practical?

Standardization in many of the details of buildings dates far back into ancient history, but many of the advantages of standardized buildings were not fully realized until the recent war, which caused such great demands for vast quantities of production that the use of standardized buildings by large industries became absolutely necessary due to the fact that it eliminated so much preliminary work; permitted quicker training of building mechanics; reduced the variety of materials; increased the unit labor production, and in general hastened the production of buildings which, in turn, was an important factor in winning the war.

There are two types of standardized buildings in extensive use. One is a permanent, substantial building designed for heavy duty over a long period of time, and the other is a light cheap building commonly called "portable" of which there are many designs and which is intended more for temporary occupancy, than permanent use. The latter type, if properly used, will fulfil every requirement that can reasonably be expected of it, and with proper care will last a long time. In designing a standardized building, the object is to make it meet the average requirements and it is unreasonable to expect that it will be faultless for every purpose for which it might be used.

An illustration may be had by comparing buildings with automobiles. I dare say there has never yet been a machine made with which the owner or driver could not find some fault.

The production of standardized buildings can also be compared to the production or manufacturing of automobiles. It does not require much thought to foresee the result, if a large automobile manufacturer was to change the design of each and every machine he produced.

It would require a large space to enumerate all the advantages of standardized building, but some of the more important are as follows:

They can be produced and put into service quicker and more economically.

They permit a more systematic provision of materials.

They make possible a well regulated and more efficient crew of builders in that the workman soon becomes thoroughly familiar with his work.

They automatically put costs on a solid basis and reduce guess work to a minimum.

They are much easier and cheaper to maintain, and when used for industrial housing purposes, they reduce dissatisfaction among tenants.

They permit clearer understanding to the purchaser.

Our company has already adopted several plans for standard buildings, among which are the three room cottage, four room cottage, six room bunk house, individual garage, 50-men boarding house, boiler house, and comfort station. No doubt there are numerous other building requirements that could be filled with a standard plan to advantage and suggestions along these lines are always welcome and given due consideration. Minor changes are frequently made necessary by the local conditions, such as fuel supply, etc., at the building site, but they need not affect the general plan.

While the painting is only a part of the building, it may be of interest to some of the readers to know that our company, in October, 1919, adopted standard colors for the exterior of all their field buildings. The standard colors are as follows: (Colors chosen from Patterson-Sargent Company catalogue of industrial paints.)

Pearl Gray, No. 2620.

Slate, No. 2700

Black.

And the application is as follows:

Cottages, bunk houses, boarding houses, etc., roof to be slate, body to be pearl gray, trimmed with black. Power houses, boiler houses, mechanical buildings, etc., roof and body to be slate trimmed with black.

In response to a question on the subject, one of our executive officers recently stated that he firmly believed in standardization

(*Continued to page 19*)

Midwest Standardized Buildings
Boiler House
Individual Garage
Comfort Station
Four Room Cottage
Three Room Cottage
50-man Boarding House
Six room Bunk House

The Midwest Joint Council Plan

By Gregory S. Powell, Salt Creek

For the past few months the searchlight of industrial progression has been directed toward the petroleum industry with special reference to the oil fields. And right now a great amount of thought, discussion and consideration is being applied to the general subject of living conditions—hours, working conditions and general welfare of the employees of the Midwest family in Wyoming and adjoining states.

The Midwest Company has a brief history that scarcely finds a parallel in recent years from the points of rapidity of growth and development, and from the point of gigantic strides in sphere of activity, and importance. From earliest beginning the Midwest Company carried an underlying tone and theme in attitude toward employees. The officials have believed and understood that their employees were human beings and as such were entitled to consideration.

Following out this underlying tone—

For three years a representative, co-operative, joint management and employee council system has been in effect, the whole purpose of which has been to bring into direct contact, for the good of all, the Management and the Employees. A mutual exchange of views directed toward an end, when the management and employees touch shoulders, is bound to be wholesome, effective, and broaden understanding on the part of both, provided this meeting is carried on frankly, fairly, with honesty of purpose and good judgment.

Living and working conditions—health, safety, hours of labor, wages, employment —educational and religious interests—recreation, entertainment—all are questions and matters of policy that a Joint Industrial Council can meet fairly and do much toward solving to the hearty satisfaction of all elements.

This Council is in effect, and a representative of both the management and employees of the three field departments, the Production, Gas Plant and Pipe Line, together with a management and employee representative of the Midwest Departments in Casper, is meeting once a month and is honestly facing all questions and problems that affect the Midwest Refining Company employees in their general welfare, with a good sense, judgment and frankness that has produced and is producing results. Representatives of the Industrial Organization of the Midwest also meet with the Joint Council and sit in ex-officio capacity but have no power or authority to vote, or take part in the deliberations except from an advisory standpoint.

The Midwest Refining Company desires all employees to understand this Joint Council Representative system and feel free to take up grievances and misunderstandings, or to bring any matter for the good of the employees or the Company as a whole to the attention of their respective Council Representative. These are not days of a Utopia. The Midwest is an industrial structure whose every employee is an important unit. The Company wants the best of everything for their employees and realize that satisfaction and happiness on the part of the workers is essential and will pay.

Fire in Boiler Shop

On the morning of January 17th, a serious conflagration was narrowly averted at the new Midwest Boiler Shop, just over the hill in Salt Creek bottom from Home Camp, when the presence of mind of Ray Freeman and his boys, together with a desperately hard ten-minute fight, saved the entire building from destruction. A knocked down National rig inside the building for repairs caught fire and with its timbers saturated with oil, it burned like a torch, the flames reaching the ceiling and the roof timbers were charred and smoking when the fire was downed.

Announcement

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Peake wish to express their deep appreciation for the help and sympathy shown by their friends in the Midwest Family during their recent bereavement.

Boiler Explosion Kills Three

A very sad aeeident occurred at the Salt Creek Gas Plant Power House on January 23, when three Midwest employes lost their lives from a boiler explosion. Walter Galbraith, Elmer Jensen and Charles Bennett were the victims and several others narrowly escaped injury.

Galbraith was on duty at the time and due to a low steam pressure had sent an S. O. S. to Ed Murray, foreman of the Power Plant. Jensen and Bennett had noticed the dimness of the lights and had volunteered their services. The steam pressure had been brought up to 175 lbs., and the men were just about to leave the plant for their homes when the boiler exploded.

Walter Galbraith left a wife and two ehildren living in Salt Creek.

Charles Bennett left a wife and ehild in Taft, California.

Elmer Jensen was unmarried and was the oldest of five ehildren, his father, mother and family residing in Omaha, Nebraska.

Midwest employes of Salt Creek have never had a greater shoek, and mourn keenly the loss of their eomrades.

Utter darkness settled over Gas Plant and Home Camp with the explosion, but the noise was not great enough to be heard any distanee and it was a few moments before the event was understood. The Gas Plant boys under the personal direetion of Mr. Andrews, as always, snapped home, and disregarding all personal safety jumped into the steam and still falling debris and recovered the badly burned bodies of Jensen and Galbraith, still living. They were immediately under way to the hospital under the direction of Dr. Roach who arrived within five minutes after the aeeident. The body of Bennett was recovered only after removing several feet of briek faeing and an autopsy brought out the fact that he was killed instantly due to a fraetured skull.

An emergency dynamo was going and light conneetions established at the hospital within twenty minutes and the grim battle with death was on.

With no chance for Galbraith and only a slim thread of hope for Jensen, Dr. Roach, with the able assistanee of his corps of nurses, fought desperately without a thought of yielding. Heart action was stimulated and circulation kept up by rubbing. The bodies of the two were eompletely swathed in salve and bandages. The torn scalp and lacerations of Galbraith and the wounds of Jensen were cleansed and mended. A eonsultation of doctors was called, with Dr. Camp of Casper making the run to the Field in one hour and ten minutes. But it was all so hopeless and at 10:40 Galbraith, with his brave wife and his boy and girl beside him, breathed his last. Jensen began to lose ground after midnight and passed away at 5:00 a. m. the following morning.

The last rites for the body of Galbraith were held in Casper on Friday, the 26th, and funeral services for Bennett were held on Saturday also in Casper, upon the arrival of his wife from California. Both serviees were effectively earried out by Rev. S. R. Sheriff, pastor of the Community Church of Salt Creek. Many ear loads of Salt Creek friends and fellow employes made the trip to Casper for the serviees on both days. The body of Jensen was taken to Omaha for its final resting plaee by the father of the deeeased.

This is the way homes are sometimes moved at Salt Creek. And during the recent migration from Home Camp Tent-Town to the New Chicago Camp, many were the families who ate breakfast at home at one location, dinner at another and supper that night in the new permanent location.

Big Muddy Divorced

Big Muddy, with all its good fellows like "Daddy" Klahr, Henry Humphrey, affectionately called "Humps," M. E. Diamond, Charlie Scott and all the rest of the bunch, is no longer a member of the Midwest Family. All Midwest interests in that camp and field, have passed over to the control of the Hamilton Oil Corporation, the change taking place February 1.

Big Muddy interests have been owned and operated by the Midwest for about seven years. At times the number of men employed in production work has run as high as 450 men, but since drilling has been more or less shut down and the property reduced to a basis of lease work principally, the number has dropped to about 125 men. The Big Muddy force has always been a good, hard working, loyal bunch of men, and the Midwest Family is going to miss them very much.

Salt Creek Hawaiian Play

Under the direction of Mrs. Estelle Culp and Miss Augusta Kreiner, and with all parts taken by Salt Creek High School and upper grade pupils, "Love Pirates of Hawaii," a musical comedy with catchy melodies, humorous situations, and clever acting, was carried over with big success on the night of January 20th, at the Midwest Salt Creek Hall. Richard Reilley, Jr., son of our well known "Dick" Reilley, carried the leading male role, and Charles Dougherty, now with the Boarding House force of the Midwest, did some clever work and good singing as leader of the pirate band. The leading parts for the girls were taken by the Misses Billy Snyder and Beulah Lehr and both of these young ladies performed very creditably. Extra numbers and dance features between the acts of the play added much to the evening's entertainment. To Mrs. Culp and Miss Kreiner, Eighth Grade and High School teachers, respectively, go the unstinted thanks and appreciation of the community for their devoted efforts in the producing of an entertainment carrying so much of enjoyment for all who saw it, and the house was packed to the doors.

T. F. Algeo Resigns

T. F. Algeo, formerly general superintendent for the Midwest Refining Company, but for the last few years in charge of the Sinclair oil interests in Wyoming, has resigned his position with that company. Mr. Algeo will remain in Casper, and it is said will enter business for himself.

Typical Salt Creek Scene—Sludge Burning.

He Was Right

"What is education?" said a man to a book salesman, thinking to end the interview. Half an hour later that man sat down and wrote us the salesman's reply. We pass it on.

"Education," said the salesman, "is the talisman that brings you luck when all else fails. Without education your money is worth nothing and life's chief prizes are out of your reach. Education is the difference between useful and comfortable living and the sort of living which merely checks off the days as they pass, without pride of accomplishment or hope for the future."

No Place to go but - - OUT

Hats Off to the Truck Drivers

By Ed Treglown, Casper Storage Yard

The American Telephone Company exploits the hardihood of their linemen. But what good would the telephone be, if the orders placed by telephone were undelivered?

We therefore want the Midwest Family to understand the hardships that often time have to be endured to deliver the material, foodstuffs, and miscellaneous supplies, for the operation of the field.

This is the time of the year, more especially that the truckdrivers pass thru the acid test. Authors have written, "A Man's Man," and "Where a Man's a Man" and artists have painted pictures "Where a Man's a Man" yet none of them ever wrote or painted about a truckdriver. The deeds of a railroad engineer have been told of and their hardships have been given to the reading public, that the public may know and appreciate the service given and rendered by these valuable servants of the country.

Those of us who are more or less intimately acquainted with the problems of transporting material realize the mettle of those responsible for the delivery of the material, and we think that with a little explicit information that others will agree that the drivers in the oil fields, are "A man's man."

At this time of the year when the ordinary human being has a great fondness for the warmth of the fireside and the calmness of the inside, these men are on the road. Not like a railroad engineer with a ribbon of steel guiding his train, but on a road that is often obliterated with the drifting snow, the windshield frosted over or with ice so hard and thick that it has to be removed with a knife, when the ditches are easier to find than the road is to keep; when snow and sleet drifts into the cab and into the engine; when the radiator freezes while the truck is moving; where drifts have to be bucked and roads kept open; where the only help is to be received from each other.

In the spring-time, when those of us who kept to the fireside and under cover are beginning to make preparation for the summer, these same men are out in the spring rains that tell of summer flowers and summer green, battling the mud and gumbo and trying to control a truck that is trying to invent new dances that shimmy, glide and slide.

In the summer-time when we keep to the shady side of the street and feel our feet sink into the soft pavement these men are out on a road that is sunk beneath a blanket of dust that fills their noses and mouths with the country that they once served and that is now being served to them in large portions. With the sun beating down on them and no shade for them to seek, the heat of the motor and the heat of the day is enough heat to make anything hard-boiled even a truckdriver.

Therefore we think that, though we "cuss" them and mean it; though they are "onery" and can't help it; though they are hard to get along with we can't get along without them, and we like them.

Therefore if there are any readers of this that have aspirations as an artist or an author, we would suggest that you come to Casper and use a truckdriver around which your artistic dream may be realized.

Get Your Magazines Bound

If you want your 1922 issues of the Midwest Review bound into a nice convenient book, send us in your complete file for the year and we will have it done for you. Depending upon the number received, the price will vary from $2.00 each to $2.75 each. The numbers will be bound with the front covers on, so do not tear them off. If you are short any numbers, let us know, and maybe we can supply the missing ones. Send the file in well wrapped, and send your name and address with it so we won't lose the numbers. If you want this book, do not delay. Send the magazines and your order to The Midwest Review, Box 1075, Casper.

Half A Dozen Midwest Truck Pilots
John Sturgeon
C.B. Kear
"Hocks" Matchews
"Heavy" Miller
Frank Butler
L.B. McCormick

January Drilling Activities

By A. G. Fidel

Salt Creek Field. The second completion of the six Second Wall Creek sand wells we received permission from Conservation Committee to continue drilling after December 1, 1922, was completed during January. This well was 24-A on NW¼ 3-39-79. Did not flow, so was shot with 80 quarts nitroglycerine, and on test by Pipe Line Department made an initial production of 710 barrels. This leaves drilling still under way on four hold-over second Wall Creek wells. Two first Wall Creek sand wells were also completed during the month, both of which did not flow. One well, 31-X, SW¼ 25-40-79, was shot with initial test of 186 barrels; the other, Well 32 SE¼ 24-40-79, had not yet been shot on Feb. 1st. Drilling now under way on four First Wall Creek wells.

The Company on February 1st was producing from 394 wells, and there was a total of 580 producing wells for all companies in the field. Cleaning out and repair work was completed on three wells during the month, and under way on several more Feb. 1st. Nitroglycerine shots were put off in a number of old wells on which production had entirely gone off or declined to less than 100 bbls. with satisfactory increases in production. We are getting several others ready to shoot as this is written.

Big Muddy Field. No wells completed in January in this field. However, A. E. Humphrey No. 34 had penetrated the thin layer of brown sand lying above First Wall Creek and should be completed within few days after the 1st. Well 35 same lease should also be finished shortly after. The rig on Whiteside 3 Well 8 was destroyed by fire on January 28th when a pocket of gas was struck at 2880′, causing derrick to become ignited from forge.

No new wells commenced during the month, leaving four under way Feb. 1st, and one, R. B. Whiteside No. 53 suspended, standing cemented in 12½″ at 1010′ since Nov. 27, 1922.

Cleaning out work was carried out on two wells during the month. One, A. E. Humphrey 20, which was shot in December, being swabbed out and production found to have been increased from 20 to 108 barrels. R. B. Whiteside No. 38, which had entirely discontinued producing, was cleaned out to 3147′, and resumed producing with initial test of 42 barrels.

Abandonment work on Rig 1 Well 2 was completed in January, and work on Fenix No. 3 is being continued.

All Midwest operations in Big Muddy Field were transferred to Hamilton Oil Corporation during the month, and that concern, identified with the Mutual Oil Company interests, assumed operations February 1st.

Grass Creek Field. No wells drilling. 75 wells furnished Midwest production and 32 produced 15 days or more for Mutual Company during the month. Cleaning out of three old wells completed, with production increased from 0 to 16 barrels on Ridgley Well 6, from 0 to 48 barrels on Ridgley 14, and from 4 to 14 barrels on Meeteetse 15 Well 15.

Nieber Dome Test Well. This well was drilled to 1602′, and on January 15th cemented in 12½″ hole. Expect to make water test and resume drilling right after Feb. 1st.

Elk Basin Field. No new drilling carried on here during the month. Two of our wells started last fall were drilled to 500′ to meet permit requirements, and are now shut down until next spring. Well 15 Elk 6 was drilled deeper 21′ into Second sand, with an increase in production from 4 to 12 barrels resulting. Well 14 on Elk 6 is also being drilled deeper, and will be shot when bottom of Second sand has been reached.

Greybull. Outside of pulling rods and keeping wells in condition, no drilling, cleaning out work, or repair work of any kind carried out here during January. Our production was obtained from eight wells during the month. Torchlight Field is shut down for the winter.

Baxter Basin Field. Our gas well on

NE¼ Sec. 11-17-104 is still shut down to furnish fuel for our field operations. Well 1-X NE¼ Sec. 36-18-104, was drilling at 1752′ Feb. 1st. Well 29, SE¼ Sec. 25-18-104, started spudding in January 9th and on Feb. 1st was drilling at 815′. There are also two Government permit wells in this field which were drilled the necessary 500′ to comply with first year's requirements, and then shut down until next spring.

Midway Test Well No. 2. Work suspended all month until string of 4½″ Upset end rotary pipe to be used in endeavor to recover the string of 4½″ casing dropped in the hole in December, arrived from the factory January 27th. Drilling jars and casing spear were connected to bottom of rotary pipe, hooked onto parted casing and now pulling out on same.

Crowe Well No. 2 Notches Field. Drilling was carried on steadily on this well all month. Same, which was 1905′ January 1st, was drilling at 2645′ Feb. 1st. Will cement off water making about two barrels an hour, encountered in sand at 1725-30 feet, with 10″ casing at about 2760′. On completion of cement job, expect to resume drilling into Tensleep sand expected at 2780′.

Interesting Old Relic

Above the fire-place in the reading room of the new Salt Creek Midwest Club House is a western relic, with a history. It is a large gun-rack, made in the form of a large oaken shield on which are mounted a beautiful pair of mountain sheep horns in the center with a splendidly matched pair of buffalo bull horns above and smaller but equally well matched pair of buffalo cow horns below. This gun-rack was made by the notorious Jim McCloud, alias "Driftwood Jim," while he was serving a term at Rawlins penitentiary for "sticking up" the Buffalo post office in the days of stage-coaches and six-shooters. The relic was a present to "Les" Snow, now known to intimate friends at Salt Creek as "John Law," from his old friend, "Driftwood Jim." The extent of the intimacy of these two in the old days is not known and there will be no attempt to surmise by the writer. Anyway the relic has been presented to the Club House by "Les" and is a very interesting and attractive adornment of the walls of the handsome gathering place of the boys of the Midwest family.

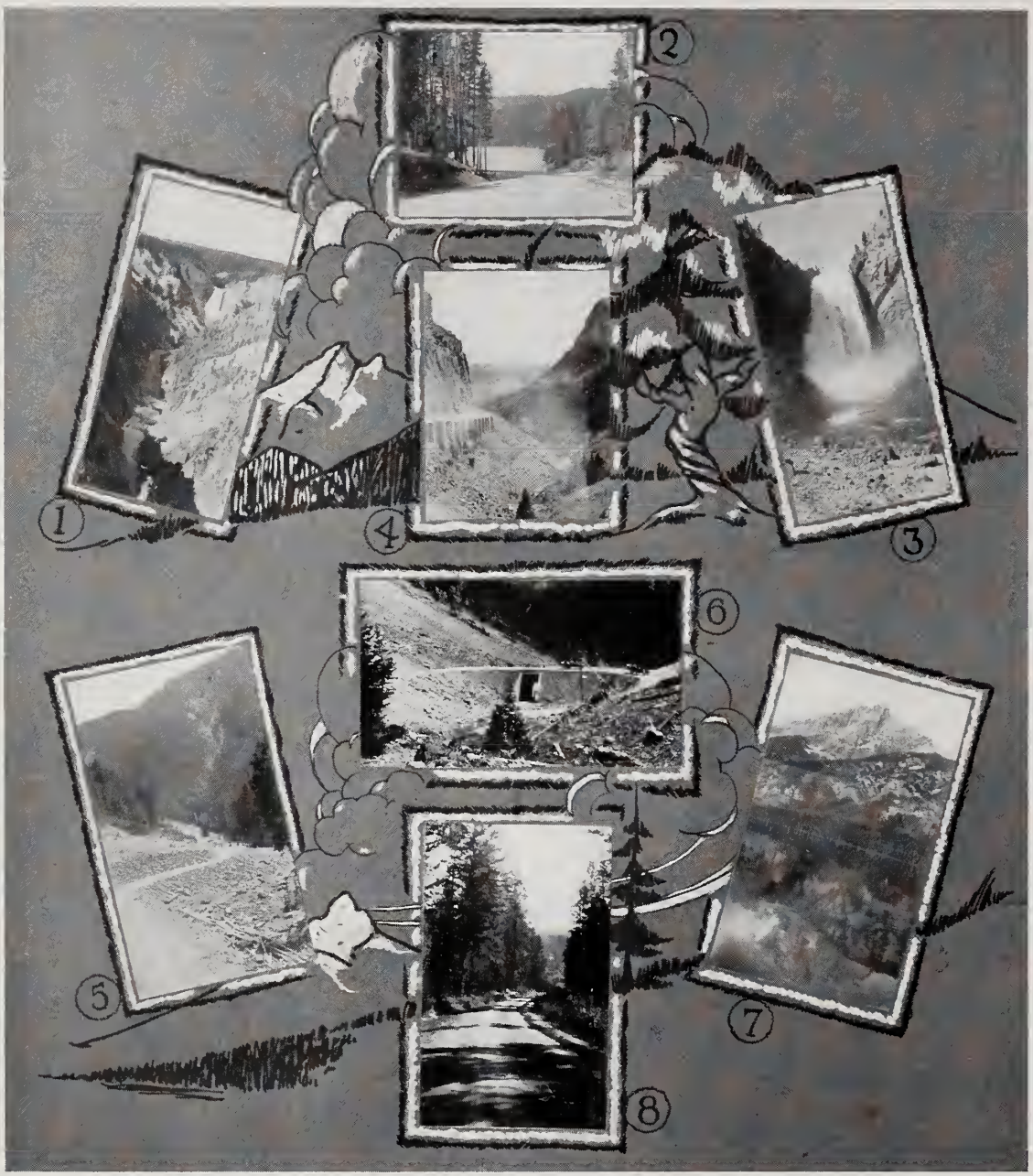
Enough is Enough

George Ade recently wrote one of his clever articles for the magazines on the subject of bachelors. One of the characters he mentioned must have been the bachelor attorney whose friend went to him one day for advice about a young woman whom he held in high esteem. He said: "Henry, I want to make a good impression, so I sent a bouquet of American Beauty roses to her this afternoon. When I call this evening to take her to the theatre, I am going to present her with a large box of chocolates; and after the show we will have a little supper. Now, Henry, is it alright to give her a little kiss when I leave her tonight?" "No! No!" said his lawyer friend, "you've done enough for the girl."

Jay: "A woman has just been arrested for carrying concealed weapons."
Bailey: "Where?"

Prominent Western States Officials

Ted Huegli "Kodaked as He Went" Through Yellowstone



The above pictures were taken by Ted Huegli of the Casper office on a trip to Yellowstone Park last year. No. 1 shows the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. No. 2—Sylvan Lake. No. 3—The Great Falls of the Yellowstone. No. 4—Golden Gate Canyon. No. 5—Sylvan Pass. No. 6—Spiral Hill. No. 7—The Grand Tetons. No. 8—Eastern Entrance to the Park.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

There are throughout our western country certain streams generally known in their localities by such names as "Sand Creek," "Dry Creek," or their like. It is almost proverbially a fact that in the fall of the year such streams are as void of water as the Sahara Desert, but in the spring are raging torrents. Such is the case with news in the Denver Office during the month of January. Our able assistant who pens our "Heard and Seen" column ably puts it in her first sentence, namely, that WORK—good, hard, heaps, stacks, and gobs of work—has been the chief item of interest in our locality. Semi-annual, annual, and special reports and statements by the score, and then some more make up our menu. And it is still going strong, and bids fair to keep up during the next nine hundred and ninety-seven days.

But in starting our column and proclaiming the fact that we have "no news" may be like the story of the late Nat M. Wills, entitled, "No News, or What Killed the Dog." We won't repeat it here, because you can hear it any time by obtaining the phonograph record containing it. However, we have a few items of interest stored away in the archives of our memory which might help fill up space, and give you something to digest when perusing this copy of the Review.

Several of our assistants have succumbed by the wayside with "writer's cramp" or some such distressing complaint, but a few faithful remain, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their assistance in gathering news items in the Denver Office.

Mr. H. G. Naylor Promoted

At a meeting of the Board of Directors on Friday, February 2nd, Mr. H. G. Naylor, our Traffic Manager, was elected a Vice President of our company by a unanimous vote. This is a well merited honor for Mr. Naylor, which he has gained by hard work. Mr. Naylor started his business career many years ago as an office boy, and has steadily progressed up the ladder. He has almost continually been connected with traffic work in the petroleum industry, having formerly been with the Continental Oil Company, and Standard Oil Company of California before coming to the Midwest. He is one of the best informed traffic men in the country and has a national reputation as such. We take this opportunity of extending to him the congratulations and best wishes of the Denver Office.

Radio Rex

During the holidays there appeared in the office of our Mr. T. A. Pedley one of the smartest pups we have seen. He answered to the name of "Radio Rex." He would answer at the slightest call, and if one said, "Do you want a bone?" he would come bounding out of his kennel on all fours. He was procured for Mr. Pedley by Mr. Miller, and made quite a hit with his master from the start. He was exhibited to all of the Denver Office, and met with their high approval. Mr. Pedley took him home after a few days, as he deemed that he could keep a better eye on him as Charlie Boyd and George Kirchberger were trying hard to wean him away from his master.

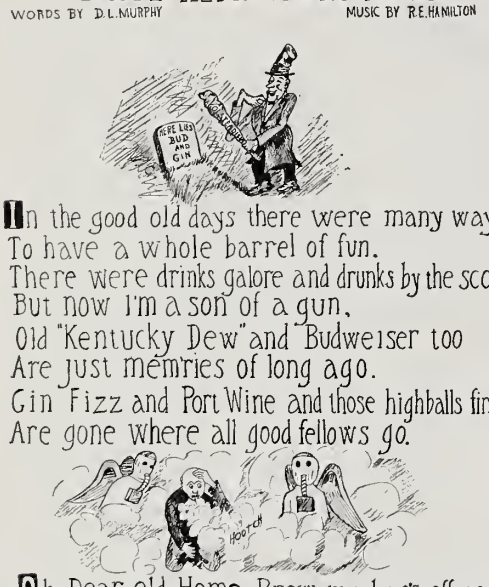
However, we might explain for our readers' benefit that "Radio Rex" was only a toy dog built and fashioned on the principle of radiation, but he was always good to get a laugh out of a person.

Work

All we have "Heard and Seen" this month is work. Everyone has been so busy that there was little time for gossip. However, we did hear that a good many have started bank accounts after reading the Thrift Number of The Review. "Day by day, in every way, we're getting richer and richer."

"Boy, Page Norman Kerry!"

A challenge was given and declined between Mr. Davis and Mr. Kaup recently, and we are surprised that Mr. Davis failed to take this chance to earn what he considered some easy money. The challenge was brought about by Mr. Davis giving Mr. Kaup some statistics as to his prowess on the typewriter, and Mr. Kaup, who jiggles ten wicked fingers himself, offered to take a test for the he-championship of the office. He even offered to hazard a few hard-earned bones on the result. Mr. Davis very magnanimously declined, saying he knew the result, and couldn't take Mr. Kaup's money. This was kind, but remember, Mr. Davis, you have to defend a title to hold it.


THOSE REMINISCENT BLUES
WORDS BY D.L.MURPHY
MUSIC BY R.E.HAMILTON
HERE LIES BUD AND GIN
In the good old days there were many ways
To have a whole barrel of fun.
There were drinks galore and drunks by the score;
But now I'm a son of a gun.
Old "Kentucky Dew" and "Budweiser too
Are just memories of long ago.
Gin Fizz and Port Wine and those highballs fine
Are gone where all good fellows go.
Hoorch
Oh Dear old Home Brew, my hats off to you.
I'll say you have one powerful kick
I tried you one time but no more for mine
For one solid week I was sick.
There's liquid fire and rusty barbed wire
In that drink that means sudden death;
Dynamite and Joy that spells "Hoorch" old boy.
And the angels will smell of your breath.

Stenographic Department

Just Thanks

Employes of the Midwest Refining Company gratefully acknowledge the favor extended which enables them to purchase fruit, eggs, etc., at nearly wholesale prices. It is a kindness which is greatly appreciated.

Fines in Fashion

It is a busy season for this department just at present, not only for "manual labor" but also for collecting "income taxes" which have been self-imposed for misdemeanors of various kinds. If a girl fails to respond to the call of the annunciator, she is fined; if she is caught sitting on a desk during office hours, another fine, and for other minor offenses, and many others not so minor, enough money is found in the "Community Chest" at the end of the month to aid one of the many worthy institutions.

A Visitor

Miss Sally Newell, a Casperite, made us a very pleasant call recently. She was formerly employed in this office, and we are always pleased to extend a welcome hand to Sally.

Pick-Ups and Put Outs

Saturday afternoon, January 20th, found some of the boys of the local office present at the Neighborhood House for a short workout at basketball. After a preliminary practice at basket shooting a short game was indulged in. Marriott, McOsker, McNicholas, Mauldin, Kirchberger, Johns and Russell reported, and all felt fine afterwards and expressed their desire to see this game taken up by more of the employes.

Gibbs of the Casper office was a visitor to the Denver Office while in this city recently.

Quite a few changes have taken place in the Accounting Division of the Denver Office during the last month. Dallas Osborne has been transferred from the Mailing Division to Ed. Ewers' department; Bill Southwell, who took his place, has now been transferred to the Filing Room, and Vic McOsker is to help Marsh. F. S. Kent who keeps the Merritt books will move to the Mutual Oil Company. Frank Neujahr takes Bill Southwell's place in the Mailing Room, and Joe Holton is the latest addition to the staff of messengers.

Mr. Hickernell who has been with this company for several years, left us a few weeks ago for a position with the Mid-Northern Oil Company at Billings, Montana. We hated to see "Hick" go, but we all wish him well in his new position.

Mr. D. L. Murphy has been transferred from the Sales Accounting Division to the Oil Producing Division. His place has been taken by Harry Kessler. The boys hated to lose Danny, but are making Harry take his place in first class style.

Mr. Robert Craig, formerly with the Sales Accounting Division, has recently graduated from North Denver High School. He has been put to work in the Traffic Department temporarily, but hopes soon to move to his old environments.

Mr. C. A. Peterson, who helps Nugent, has been laid up for several weeks with an opera-

tion upon his foot. Hard luck, we'll say. But we're hoping to see your smiling face soon, Pete, old boy.

W. S. "Billy" Nicoll made a flying trip to Casper during January, but was back in time to roll his share on the following Wednesday.

Bowling League "Busts"

Well, she goes merrily on. The reorganization has proven a success. There is only a difference of five games between the leaders, Big Muddy, and the tail-enders, Alkali Butte. Competition waxes warm, and the boys are rolling big. Hamilton has forged to the front in individual averages and at this writing is leading Art Hughes by six-tenths of a pin. We might state here that individual averages have been reorganized effective December 6th, as were the teams. This makes one complete season ending November 29th.

But we will make it short and sweet. The following statistics represent the standings at the close of the games Wednesday, January 31st, 1923:

Team Standing

Team	Captain	W	L	%	Total Pins	Av.
Big Muddy	W. S. Nicoll	17	10	630	18,965	702
Cat Creek	M. E. McAlpine	14	13	519	19,643	727
Derby Dome	R. G. Cocanower	13	14	482	19,310	715
Ferris Dome	O. B. Mauldin	13	14	482	19,267	713
Alkali Butte	R. E. Hamilton	12	15	444	19,078	706
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark	12	15	444	19,027	704

First High Team Series

Elk Basin 2316

Second High Team Series

Cat Creek 2278

First High Team Game

Ferris Dome 841

Second High Team Game

Alkali Butte 829

Individual Records

Player	Games	Pins	Av.	Player	Games	Pins	Av.
Hamilton	27	4584	169-7	H. Jones	27	3851	142-6
Hughes	27	4568	169-1	Truby	27	3837	142-1
Krause	27	4211	155-9	Marriott	24	3398	141-5
Anderson	27	4120	152-5	Greiner	27	3793	140-4
Mauldin	24	3623	150-9	Mooberry	27	3728	138-0
Elliott	27	4056	150-2	Stebenne	24	3298	137-4
Cocanower	21	3143	149-6	Ewers	27	3683	136-4
Clark	24	3561	148-3	Robinson	15	2026	135-0
Izett	27	3997	148-0	McOsker	27	3618	134-0
McAlpine	24	3550	147-9	Johnson	27	3612	133-7
Barkdull	21	3102	147-7	Curran	27	3543	131-2
McNic'las	26	3836	147-5	Vervalin	27	3504	129-7
Nicoll	27	3911	144-8	Grant	18	1888	128-1
Boyd	24	3454	143-9	Halfpenny	27	3400	125-9
K'chb'ger	27	3876	143-5	Dietler	21	2514	119-7

First High Individual Series

Hughes 638

Second High Individual Series

Hamilton 571

First High Individual Game

Hughes 225

Second High Individual Game

Hamilton 223

Special Matches

Several special bowling matches have been engaged in by our best bowlers making up a five man team and meeting all comers on Saturday afternoons. These teams always include our three aces, Hughes, Hamilton and Krause, the other two men varying. H. A. Jones, F. D. Anderson, A. L. Clark, Billy Nicoll, and Olaf Mauldin have all had a shot at places on these teams. To date our men have not been defeated. They hold victories over the Western Union team, and two victories over the Mutual Oil Company team. A good crowd always turns out to cheer them, and they will probably continue until the robins return.

Thrift In Building

(*Continued from page 6*)

"if care was taken not to go to seed on it." This could happen by the use of a standardized building for some purpose for which it was not adaptable, or by the continued use of it without revision, after parts of it had become obsolete, or more costly than a substitute which would serve the purpose fully as well. As our company is yet in the "sprouting stage" as far as the use of standardized buildings goes, it seems reasonable to expect a period of "growth" before the above mentioned "seed."

Merciless

"You say that this man has a grudge against you," demanded the judge.

"Yes, your honor," replied Bill the Beggar. "When I was blind he useta steal the pennies from my cup, and when I was a cripple he'd run down the street with my box of pencils."

"Anything else"?

"Yes, your honor. Once when I was deaf and dumb he shot off a firecracker underneath me."—American Legion Weekly.

Night Picture of Home Camp, taken from Hill just Northeast of Town by Ernest H. Sager.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Office Notes

Nonsense from the Accounting Department

"Oh, where, oh, where has Eddie's shirt gone?
Oh, where, oh, where can it be?
That white silk shirt with the pretty brown stripes,
Oh, where, oh, where can it be?"

They Are Telling This One on Lang These Days

One of our local coal dealers has adopted for his "slogan," which he has had printed on his stationery, the following motto, "It's a Black Business, but We Treat You White." Lang, upon receiving his bill recently for his supply of coal at the price of $13 per ton, enclosed his check in payment, and at the same time suggested that the merchant should change his motto to read, "It's a Dirty Business, but We Clean You Good."

Wonder why someone doesn't invent a thermometer to take the boss's temperature before asking him for a raise.

Rumor had it sometime ago that Jack Rutz had entered the bonds of matrimony and the Accounting Department has been eagerly looking for the usual candy and cigars. We understand they are still looking, for to this date no one has been able to locate either the above mentioned or that most essential part of a successful wedding—the bride.

Boy, if I gets a letter from those Klu Kluxes, I'se going to read it on the train.

Did This Ever Happen to You?

"Oo's icky honey bunch is oo?" she softly cooed. As he let go his hold on the steering wheel to grasp the opportunity properly, the car lunged into a ditch. Crawling out and digging the mud from his eyes, he gurgled, "Ooze!"

If Gabriel should attempt to blow his horn today there would be a lot of folks sitting around criticizing the music.

Peterson (At the Commissary)—"Say, I've got a new recipe—you take powdered sugar, lemons, etc., etc., etc.,————."

She Said It

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter, Mary; "Mr. Brown hung himself in the attic a few days ago."

"Oh, mother, don't go. You always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary; I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence.

"We've had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown " she said.

"Yes," replied the widow; "I have not been able to get the week's washing dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I should not think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice little attic to hang things in."

The girls of the Accounting Department have started a sewing club. We can understand why Mildred is so anxious to get her Hope Chest filled because we have all seen her diamond, but we cannot understand why Louise is so anxious about hers. Do you suppose she is keeping something from us?

We are all made of clay, but if you want to succeed, mix a little sand with it.

We understand J. G. C. received at least fifty answers to his ad in last month's Review—ages ranging from infancy to old age. Boys, it pays to advertise.

The accounting room will never seem the same with George Norstrum's sleekly marcelled head missing.

Still looking for something doing in the way of a party—how about it, Personnel Department? The 17th of March is coming, too.

Now that we have Harold Teen and his toreador trousers in our midst—who is going to impersonate Barney Google, Jiggs, Mutt and Jeff, and the rest of the funny page characters? What we want to know is—who is Hubert's Sheba?

We wonder why Snedden is so interested in Houses to Rent ads and furniture—is it because he got a raise?

Glovers and Kaylors are among the recent home buyers, Glovers buying in the Country Club Addition and Kaylors in the new Standard Addition.

Our Song Records for the Month

Mildred—"I'm just wild about Harry."
Jack Rutz—"When I get you alone tonight."
J. G. C.—"Rock-a-bye Baby."
Korn—"The wild, wild women are making a wild man out of me."
Snedden—"All I want is a cottage, some roses and you."

Wayne—"I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise."

Ted—"Where's that doggone, doggone dog of mine?"

Evelyn—"I'm a jazz baby."

Eddie—"One, two, three, four—gee, how I wish there were more." (But no chaperones.)

Archie—"I'm in love with a beautiful girl."

Gladys—"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

Pinkerton—"They go wild, simply wild over me."

Yunck—"Alcoholic Blues."

Kirke—"My wife won't let me."

Pennington—"Oh, Mother, I'm getting awfully wild."

We regret to say that we have observed the degrading influence exercised on some of the promising young men who have come to us all unsophisticated and pure and that they are becoming corrupted by contact with the older and more hard-boiled members of the Accounting Department. As a regretful instance to illustrate—when Jim Snedden came among us he didn't even know that swearing had been invented but after being here awhile, aside from developing a dreadful habit of talking to himself, he was heard to remark, "This is the worst gosh-darned transfer I ever damn saw. Ain't no more fit to be called a transfer in spite of hell." Will the blue-nosed reform committee please call a meeting and investigate this horrible condition?

Willie's ma saved up her change a nickel at a time.
Of course she knew what she was saving for.
And now and then his dad would add a quarter or a dime,
And then, one day, they spread it on the floor.

'Twas counted over many times, this pile of "chicken feed."
In even dollars there was just a score.
And now, from many worries, said the parents, we'll be freed.
We'll buy our son the things he's wishing for.

And so they went a-shopping and a pair of leggings bought;
And then a stocking hat, and mittens, too.
The strings upon their money purse were open—far from taut.
And little Willie's wardrobe quickly grew.

And now we see the youngster, and he's dressed up spic and span.
He's standing in a snow drift to his waist.
His little mind is thinking all the deviltry it can.
He'll give his clothes a full-sized Winter's taste.

Alas! The brand new leggings and the mitts are wringing wet.
They've shrunk until they look an awful sight.
And mother says, "They are the last new things you will get."
'Twas something else that Willie got that night.

Baxter Basin Field

Some people like variety; we have it.

After the minor operations of moving in material for five rigs, building derricks, rigging up and spudding in four wells against the handicap of cold weather with blizzards, the weather moderated so there was merely the small difficulty of thawing out the water lines every day. In January the weather man became quite benevolent and supplied warm sunny days, chinooks and small snowstorms in quick succession, but today we have with us eight inches of fresh snow which is being rapidly distributed by a high wind backed by zero temperature. We have variety.

Midwest field operations at this time consist in drilling Well No. 1 X, NE¼ Sec. 36-18-104 which has reached a depth of 1,780 feet, and Well No. 29 SE¼ Sec. 25-18-104 which is drilling at 815 feet. Well No. 29 is on the Western States lease and is the latest well to be started. Well No. 1 X is supposed to be very close to the top of the sand and we are expecting to see something go over the top of the derrick at any moment.

Well No. 6 X Sec. 30-18-103 and Well No. 11 Sec. 2-17-104 were drilled to 500 feet and shut down until weather conditions are more favorable for operating. Part of the rig material for Well No. 36, Sec. 10-16-104 is still buried in the snow on Aspen Mountain.

T. M. Guenin, our new superintendent, recently in charge at Osage, devised a new method of supplying water for drilling purposes. When the springs on Aspen Mountain froze so the natural supply of water was cut off, Mr. Guenin laid gas lines along the snow filled coulees near camp, and by means of flares fed from the gas lines, melted the snow banks. The water thus obtained was caught in small dams and pumped by Fairbanks Morse gas engines to the storage tanks at the wells. There has been little difficulty in providing a sufficient supply of water for the two wells now being drilled, and the scheme has the added advantage of materially reducing the length of water lines to the rigs.

A large dam is now almost completed in one of the coulees which will provide storage for an ample supply of water. This dam will also be used for a roadway to the well on Sec. 25, thereby cutting off several miles of travel.

Outside operations in the field have been hindered by snow and cold weather. Only two wells are being drilled, one by the Associated Oil Co., on Sec. 23-17-104 and the other by the Ohio Oil Co., on Sec. 21-16-104. The Associated well is now drilling at 2,790 feet after having been shut down to cement the 10 inch casing. The Ohio well resumed drilling at 2,325 feet. Three attempts were made to cement off caving formations and upon the failure of the last the 8¼" casing was run. To add to the difficulties of these two companies, the roads are so blocked with snow that the last three miles to the Associated well must be made by a bob sled, and the trip from Rock

Springs to the Ohio well is increased from twenty-five to forty-two miles.

Thomas Freebury and associates have erected a camp on the SE¼ Sec. 7-17-103 and expect to build a derrick as soon as the material can be moved to the location.

J. W. Stewart and Burke H. Sinclair broke all records for a quick trip from Casper to Baxter Basin during the latter part of January. They spent the night and the following morning in the field. At noon they completely shattered their former record by a getaway ahead of a snow storm. It was Colonel Sinclair's first visit to Baxter Basin and we regret that it had to be so short, because there was hardly time to express our appreciation for the Victrola and other equipment provided by his department. We trust he will be able to make a more extended visit shortly, but wish to call his attention to the fact that Jim Stewart and a snowstorm seem to pick the same day for their visits.

H. A. Stewart has been here for the past two weeks to help find the oil sand on Well 1 X, Sec. 36. We have also found him to be a handy man to get out at night to thaw water and gas lines.

Even though Baxter Basin is close to Rock Springs the field has been isolated by bad roads so amusements have been confined to Victrola music and the library with an occasional trip to town. The boys have started a fund to provide for a radio set with which we wish to keep in touch with the outside world, regardless of storms.

Storage Yard Notes

Truckdrivers, be sure and unhook gasoline hose from truck before leaving the filling station en route to the Storage Yard.

"Day by day, in every way,
I'll feed my cows Alfalfa Hay
By the 'Green Goggle' way."

Whitey says that Turkish baths are good things for the complexion and—other things.

We wish to announce with great regret the death of Mr. Tripp. Mr. Tripp has been in the employ of the company for some time, namely, since October 23rd, 1920. He was greatly respected by all of the fellows and those who knew him best. He was a member of the Golden Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M. of Colorado. He also had the honor, at one time, of being its Worshipful Master, the highest honor that could be conferred upon him by the members of his lodge. We are indeed sorry to have to part with so greatly a valued friend.

Mr. Chas Kear passed the cigars the other day. The occasion so celebrated was the arrival of a baby girl. Charlie was on the road between Salt Creek and Casper, and the news was broken gently to him. However, Charlie needed no stimulant as he informed us that this was the sixth. We accepted the cigars and he our best wishes, The mother and child are doing nicely, thank you.

Little Stew claims to have the hardest head. Ask him; he knows. A little thing like 4" extra heavy rotary pipe doesn't hurt his head only the skin.

Around Salt Creek

The garage and warehouse combined, of the Perkins Cementing Company, located just north of Midwest Home Camp, and destroyed by fire early this month, is soon to be replaced. The work will be done by the Midwest Building Department.

On January 19th, the Salt Creek Midwest Band, made up of twenty-two of the Midwest boys of the field and under the direction of our capable and versatile "Bill" Schilling, Engineer, Haydite Plant Superintendent, Good Roads Man, Racing Driver, Choir Leader, Champion Cigarette Moocher, and Band Master, gave a wonderfully fine concert. The program hit the high spots from a musical standpoint, and rendered popular hits and old favorite melodies as well as standard compositions of classical calibre. The program pleased everyone and was given absolutely free with the invitation to attend extended to the whole community.

Mr. William Welch, Assistant Pump Foreman for the Midwest, wandered around his old haunts in the country north of here several days early in January. The story of Will's early life in the Powder River has recently come to light but never above a whisper. We have never seen the handle of his gun but the veiled rumors are enough to make one shudder.

Al Norton, tool-dresser at the Northwestern Camp for the Midwest, made a vacation trip to his home in Minneapolis during January.

Gordon Crosskill, Midwest Cashier of Casper Office, gave the boys of the field several treats last month by dropping in on them with his presence. Gordon talks so much and is such a fun-loving character, that wherever he goes you would think a combined jazz-band-minstrel show and song-leader had broken in.

New shower-bath houses are being built at Northwestern and Canadian Camps of the Midwest in the Salt Creek field. Both houses will contain two showers, with hot and cold water and will greatly add to the convenience and light-heartedness (at least they will weigh lighter) of the boys.

Mr. B. H. Carnahan, formerly well known member of the Midwest Family at Salt Creek, in the capacity of head gauger for the Pipe Line Department, and now Chief Gauger for the District west of the Mississippi for the United States Bureau of Mines, was a Salt Creek business visitor both in January and early in February.

Mrs. Bruce Davis, mother of Miss Rachel Davis and Erwin R. Davis of the Midwest Main Office at Home Camp, is making an extended

visit with her daughter and son. Mrs. Davis is from Robinson, Illinois.

Mrs. Leslie Snow of Midwest Home Camp, is recuperating at the Private Hospital in Casper after an operation on her foot. Though doing wonderfully well it will be a month or two yet before Mrs. Snow will be able to be up and around again.

Mr. C. W. Jones, Superintendent of the Consolidated Lease of the Midwest in Salt Creek, had as his guest for a week in January, Mr. J. O. McGee, now of Twin Falls, Idaho. Mr. Jones and Mr. McGee are friends of long standing, dating back to a former joint residence in Florence, Colorado.

Mrs William Payne returned to her home at Midwest Main Camp, the middle of this month after undergoing an operation for appendicitis at the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota.

Reverend S. R. Sheriff, pastor of the Community Church at Salt Creek, has accepted a call from one of the large Presbyterian churches of Denver. He will leave for his new field and work early in March. Both Reverend Sheriff and Mrs. Sheriff will be greatly missed and they will leave a void in the religious welfare and social life of the community that will be extremely hard to fill.

William Foran of the Production Department Office of the Midwest at Home Camp, returned late in January from a two weeks' trip that included stops at Spokane, Seattle, and Portland. Mrs. Foran accompanied her husband as far as Three Forks, Montana, her former home, from which point, after a short visit, she left to attend the second semester of the University of Idaho, taking up postgraduate work.

Mr. A. W. Peake, General Superintendent of the field department, spent a few days early in the month in the Salt Creek field and, like a high powered dynamo working at top speed, covered more high spots and important business in twenty-four hours than any average man would be able to light on in twenty-four days.

On the second Saturday of February, the Social Dancing Club of Salt Creek inaugurated a new series of dances. Several of the prominent members of the Midwest Home Camp community sponsored the event. The music was good and if the first is the criterion of those to follow, a delightful series of affairs is in store for the followers and fans of the light fantastic at Salt Creek.

Several of the boys of Midwest Canadian Camp location in the Salt Creek field have gotten together and formed a boxing and wrestling club and on Friday night of each week, much merriment and good humored sport is furnished by the amateur bouts both to contestants and on-lookers. This is a wholesome method of entertainment that should be encouraged. It would be fine to have such an athletic club at every Midwest camp.

The Salt Creek Community Church will give a real old time colored minstrel show in the near future. A date has not been definitely set, but the work of rehearsals is going merrily forward and from all reports some of the supposed conservative members of Home Camp will be seen in a role that will change the calibre of their reputations altogether. Mr. William Sinclair, Superintendent of the Salt Creek Schools is directing the event.

Mrs. Laura Forth arrived in the field the middle of January to make an extended visit at the homes of her two sons, Messrs. Maurice and Ernest Forth, both of the Midwest Company at Home Camp.

Mr. Claude Whillock of warehouse and baseball fame at Midwest Home Camp is all "jined" up. Yes Sir, the big event took place at Clinton, Arkansas, early in this month and "Peg" (to his friends) has safely returned and is ensconced with his little wife, formerly Miss Sallie Pate, of Clinton, Arkansas, in one of the comfortable houses of Home Camp. The boys all say it's tough to lose "Peg," but we all wish him the best of luck on his voyage, we hope into calm and unruffled waters.

Mrs. L. A. Ward left Salt Creek in late January to spend the rest of the school year with her two daughters, the Misses Alice and Esther, who are attending the High School at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Eddie Maher, of the Salt Creek Midwest Commissary, is up and around and recovering in good shape after a serious accident in which he suffered such severe strains that he was confined to bed for almost a month.

Harry Graham, who has been with the field engineering department for several years, left Salt Creek for Arizona the middle of January to fight for a complete return of health. Harry was one of the most popular boys in the field and his hosts of friends here are pulling for him and hope that the friendly sun and the change of clime will bring him around to complete health and allow of his return to Salt Creek by the time spring opens up.

John Lessig of the Warehouse force at Home Camp, has passed thru an extremely critical attack of double pneumonia and is now able to be back at work. During the days of the middle of January when he was passing thru the crisis and his life was almost despaired of it was only the continued and capable care of Dr. Roach that pulled him thru.

Field Garage Notes

One of our boys found the free lunch, but couldn't locate the beer.

Mr. Duncan Q. McLennan better known as "Sparky" was off one day last month due to a little accident received while taking his lesson on making the hairpin turn with our stockroom man. Mr. McLennan says he'd rather not scare the girls, than to run the risk of paying damages, and besides he'd rather flivver out the Salt Creek Road where he is sure of a lift if the gears start missing.

Mr. Cecil Orval Thompson known as "Pinkie" complains of his toes getting tired about 11 o'clock every day. We of course thot he had been doing the toe dance for some "Queen" evenings; but he informed us that his wife bought him some $4.95 wool under-

wear at Scott's sale which keep him on tiptoes all the time. Mr. Thompson is from the Dark Hills of South Dakota. From his dress the boys all thot that Scottie was from the Dark Mountains as well as Thompson, but Scottie had the laugh; he's an M. C. fresh from the bonny fields.

Wife—"When I get a car, I want one which will suit me."

Hubby—"Then, Dear, you'd better buy a runabout."

She wears a wrist watch round her knee,
So I'm content to lie
Beside her on the sandy beach,
And watch the moments fly.

Scottie—"What do you think of my new shoes, Luke?"

Luke—"They are immense."

My Ford cost me $17.78 last month, Floop, how's it with you?

Mechanical applicant for a job—"Need any more men?"

Foreman—"Are you a mechanic?"

Applicant—"Yes Sir."

Foreman—"All right; tell me what a bolt is."

Applicant—"A bolt is a piece of mechanism about so long or longer, with a bunch of iron on one end and a number of scratches on the other. A nut differs; it is very much different. It is a hole with a square piece of iron around it, and wrinkles on the inside of the hole."

Foreman—"Good. Now tell us what a bearing is."

We have a couple of single men at the garage but they all have seen too much, in the shape of results; such as bad eyes (Whittenburg and Al), burnt hands, (Stevenson), cut hands (Stewart) and smashed domes and bipeds (McLennan) to ever marry, or if they should, should pick some weakling or cripple.

One of the boys composed a sheepherd and camp tender's sonnet, but declines to produce same for this issue.

Teapot Station News

While we have ourselves draped about the radiator and last year's "beary" hung across our shoulders to help ward off the gentle zephyrs that blow under the door, we will try and keep Teapot in the swim, as has been our aim from the beginning.

We are glad to welcome back to Teapot Bill Donaldson and Fred Russell. Bill is with us again after being laid up with injuries incurred in a wreck on the Salt Creek road last August. Fred reports that he spent a wonderful time and most of his money in various Pacific coast towns, but for all of his pleasures is glad to get back to Casper and consequently Teapot.

We believe if Mr. Van Zant of Casper would call on Soper and Tucker he could interest them in a car. At first they thought they would get one of those popular priced cars and spend the difference, but Bill has decided that nothing under a Marmon would do.

Harry Holmes has established "The Swedish Dumb Friends' League" and it is progressing rapidly. The purpose of the league is to take care of all stray dogs, cats, or other beasts that should wander into camp without a home, friends, or satisfied appetite. We highly endorse the organization, thinking that its purpose is one of great benefit to the community, but there seems to be some who don't think as we do, for there is a great deal of shining up of guns and the saving of old shoes, presumably for the first all-night serenade that is expected to take place.

The topic for greatest discussion around here in the past few weeks has been the diagnosis and the proper treatment of a sick horse. Many volunteered their services and many others were recommended. After much deliberation it was decided to throw the responsibility on one of three parties, namely, Deacon Kincaid, Doc. Flinn, or ourselves.

Kincaid it was thought was ineligible for he never saw anything but a team of oxen until he left Arkansas. As for Doc., he had some experiences with horses back in the grain belt. His experiences were limited, however, to that period of his life when he tied the lines around the whip socket and let Dobbin use his own discretion. It finally came to us, and our services were not required as the only horses we were at all familiar with were those found in that fascinating sennegambion pastime of gallopin' dominoes. The horse is getting along nicely as it is studying auto-suggestion under the tutelage of Albright and Dad Weed.

Someone was asking us the other day how it was that Chas. Baxter was the only one who had lace curtains in his window. We don't know other than it has been rumored he has subscribed to "Good Housekeeping" and wants to get in practice. We would like to advise him, he is taking the wrong course and that it would be best to be dumb on such matters, for if he don't he'll miss many a Saturday afternoon ball game or an evening with the "Jolly Fellows Club."

The latest enterprise that has hit Teapot is Tucker and MacDonald, Dancing Instructors De Luxe. Their business should flourish for it is a well known fact they both shake a mean hoof.

Things we would like to see:

Bill Donaldson when he couldn't tell a story.

Doc. Flinn when he was unable to whistle.

Kincaid weighing 190 pounds.

Chas. Baxter without a moustache.

I. L. Stewart in a number seven shoe.

Bill Tucker weighing 135 pounds.

Fred Soper as an orthodox Mormon.

Frank Leonard when he wouldn't roll the bones.

Lefty Thatcher when he wasn't bumming "Copenhagen."

L. K. Merian win a game of pitch.

J. Law with a plug of chewin' in his mouth telling friend wife it's a toothache.

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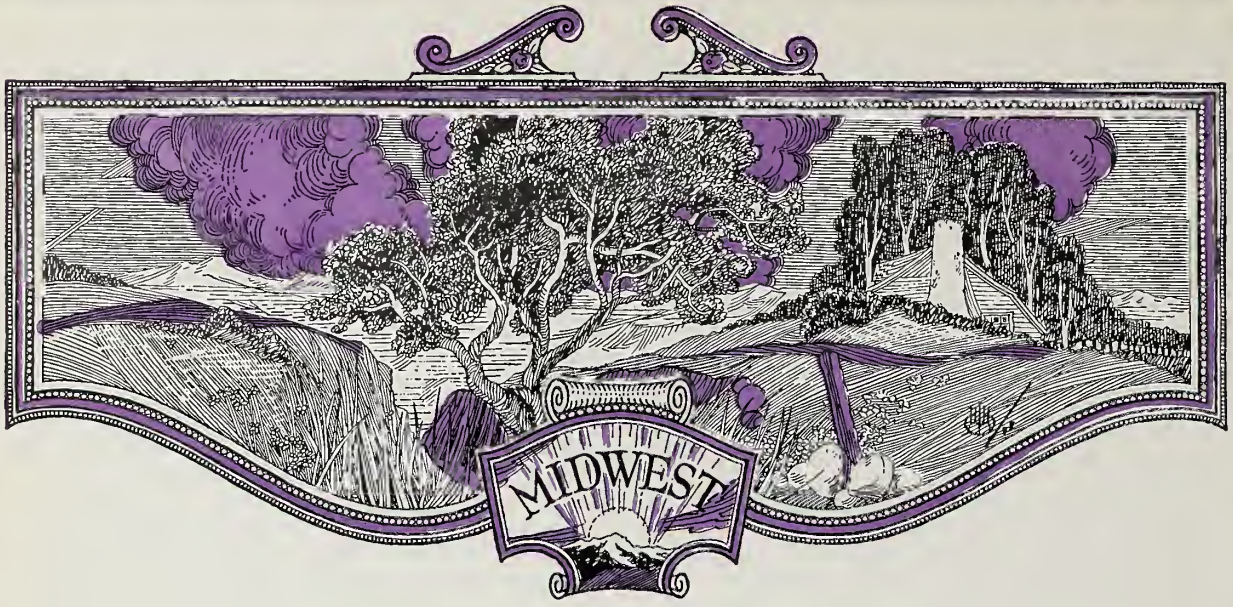

SOME BEST THINGS

THE BEST LAW—
The Golden Rule.

THE BEST EDUCATION—
Self-knowledge.

THE BEST PHILOSOPHY—
A contented mind.

THE BEST MEDICINE—
Cheerfulness and temperance.

THE BEST WAR—
The fight against one's own weakness.

THE BEST MUSIC—
The laughter of a child.

THE BEST ART—
Painting a smile upon the brow of a child.

THE BEST SCIENCE—
Extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.

THE BEST TELEGRAPHY—
Flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

THE BEST BIOGRAPHY—
The life that writes charity in the biggest letters.

THE BEST MATHEMATICS—
Multiplying the joys and dividing the sorrows of others.

—*Selected.*

The MIDWEST REVIEW

VOL. 4 MARCH, 1923 NO. 2

Our Energetic Production Vice President

PUBLISHED *for the* MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

GIVE SERVICE

Rudyard Kipling

If you stop to find out what your wages will be,
And how they will clothe and feed you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the sea,
For the sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command,
And argue with people about you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the land,
For the land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done,
And boast what your labor is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on earth, dear.

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By this time, information has been pretty generally circulated among the employes of The Midwest Refining Company concerning the privilege of purchasing Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Stock and the Midwest Refining Company desires to devote considerable space in this issue to give additional publicity to the details of this plan.

All Midwest Refining Company employees, who have been in the employ of the Company not less than one year, prior to April 1, 1923, will be accorded the privilege of purchasing Standard Stock. Employees who are eligible are not obliged, in any way, to accept this privilege, but the Review would like to urge that every eligible employee carefully consider the plan and weigh carefully the question of the amount he can afford to have taken from his wages to be invested in such stock.

In order to avoid fluctuations in the market price of the stock and to enable an employee to know how much stock is being purchased for him, the price at which stock shall be bought during each year of the plan has been fixed at whatever may be the average price of the stock for the period of six months prior to March 31 of each year.

Pamphlets explaining this plan have been circulated throughout the organization. Read this pamphlet carefully; likewise, read the information contained in this article and if there are any points which you do not understand, consult with your superintendent or chief clerk. The members of your Joint Industrial Council will also be able to explain this matter to you.

The plan to help employees purchase its stock has been worked out by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and put into effect by the Midwest Refining Company with the single purpose of benefiting those employees who wish, through systematic saving, to become partners in the business.

Not only will the Midwest employees, as well as the Standard employees, who accept this plan have a definite ownership in the business, but they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they participate in every saving they effect.

While on their jobs, their earnings from this investment will be exactly the same ratio as that of the largest investor in the Capital Stock of the Company.

You are given this opportunity to invest your savings in Standard Stock under conditions which are entirely to your advantage and can in a few years have an income which will go a long ways toward making worry unnecessary. The man who, month by month, sees his savings grow and knows that, as they reach a point where profitable investment is possible, they will be invested in a business which is successful, is freer of mind, more contented, and more productive than he could be if this anchor to windward did not exist.

Everyone knows that it is easier to earn money than it is to save it, and those who have had the greatest experience know best how much easier it is to save money than it is to invest it in such a way as to keep the principal safe and make certain that it earns a fair, equitable return.

The plan herein outlined is designed and intended to provide the machinery with which any employee of The Midwest Refining Company, as well as the worker for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) can accomplish all of these things.

By indicating his desire to do so, any

employee can systematically save any part up to 20%, (One-fifth) of his earnings, and to every dollar he sets aside the Company will add fifty cents. This means that you receive an immediate return of 50% on the money you save and that this return is at once invested in stock of the Company.

As soon as your savings have reached an amount sufficient to buy one or more shares of stock, the purchase is made and dividends declared are added to your savings to buy more stock. At the end of the period for which this privilege is extended, which in the case of The Midwest Refining Company employee is three years from April 1, 1923, all of the stock thus purchased is delivered to the employee together with any uninvested money that may be held for his account.

It seems to us that this is a real business opportunity. You save your money systematically—it is invested for you, and at the end of the three year period, you are handed back every dollar you have saved plus the added 50% which the Company has contributed and also all dividends paid on the stock since the day of purchase. This proposition should certainly appeal to the frugal, far-seeing, ambitious employee whatever his position in life may be.

There is nothing compulsory in the acceptance of this plan, and its acceptance or rejection has absolutely nothing to do in any way with a man's employment or with the tenure of his position with the Company.

Remember, only employees who have been with The Midwest Refining Company for one year prior to April 1, 1923, are eligible to participate, and remember, further, this plan begins April 1, 1923 and ends April 1, 1926.

The article following this explains in full the details of the plan.

The Stock Purchase Plan

Following is a copy of the plan offered by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for the purchase of its stock, such plans being offered exclusively to employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and The Midwest Refining Company.

Read this plan over carefully and if there is any point whatever that is not clear, take the point to your local superintendent, chief clerk, or representative on the Council.

Note particularly your rights in case you leave the employ of the Company or in case you go on a vacation or leave of absence. It is important that you consider such points since your term of employment determines your participation in the plan and when you once enter into this, you do not want to jeopardize in any way your rights under the plan.

Purposes

1. The purposes of this Plan are to enable the Employees of the Company and those actively engaged in the conduct of its business to become stockholders therein on favorable terms, and to assist them in paying for their stock.

Term of the Plan

2. The Plan shall be in operation during the term of five years, from March 31st, 1921, unless sooner terminated in the manner hereinafter provided.

The Funds

3. The purposes of the Plan shall be carried out through the establishment and operation of several Funds, created by individual deposits by the several Employees and by the Company as hereinafter provided. To such individual deposits shall be added whatever interest is earned by the several Funds and the proportionate amount of whatever dividends are received from stocks held as herein provided.

The Trustees and Their Powers

4. The several Funds shall be administered by three Trustees, to be appointed by the Board of Directors of the Company. The said Board shall have power, in case of death, resignation or inability to act of any of said Trustees, to appoint a new Trustee, or new Trustees, to fill such vacancy, and shall also at all times have power of removal and substitution of any Trustee, or Trustees, and any such new Trustee, or Trustees, shall have the same power and authority as is vested in each of the three original Trustees. The Trustees shall not be held personally responsible, except for their willful misconduct or gross neglect, and the Trustees shall not be required to give bond. The Trustees shall not charge or be paid any compensation for their service as such. The Trustees shall have power:

(a) To receive all moneys deposited by the Employees and by the Company under this Plan.

(b) To invest the several Funds from time to time, as far as practicable, by the purchase from the Company of its Capital Stock, at prices to be fixed as herein provided.

(c) To pay, satisfy and discharge, out of such Trust Funds, any taxes or assessments that may from time to time be fixed or imposed thereon by any lawful authority, and also the reasonable and necessary expenses incurred in the administration of the Funds, not however, including any charge for office or clerical expense in connection therewith.

(d) To adopt, and from time to time, alter and amend, rules and regulations for the carrying into execution of this Plan, and their decision shall be final as to all questions or interpretation and applications of the Plan, accounting, values, interest, withdrawals, accruals, and as to all other matters arising in the administration of the Plan.

Eligibility

5. The term "Employee," as used herein, means any person who on March 31, 1921, or at any time thereafter during the existence of this Plan, has been in the continuous and exclusive service of the Company more than one year, and shall be regarded by the Trustees as permanently employed, or as being actively engaged for a like period of time in the conduct of its business, and includes officers and directors.

> The term "Employee," shall also mean and include any employee, officer or director of the Midwest Refining Company, a Maine corporation, who had been in the like continuous and exclusive service of that company for the period of more than one year prior to March 31, 1923, or at any time thereafter during the existence of this plan, or whose employment by this company and by that company together has been continuous and exclusive for a like period, and also any employee, officer or director of this company who has been in the like employment by that company and by this company together for the period of one year or more.

The Trustees shall be the sole judges as to who is such Employee, or who has been thus actively engaged in the conduct of the Company's business. All Employees as thus defined and so determined shall be eligible to share in the benefits of the Plan.

Participation by the Employee

6. Any Employee may become a participant under this Plan by making deposits therein in the following manner:

He shall authorize the Company to deduct from the amount due him as current compensation for services on each pay day, whether monthly or otherwise, a sum not in excess of 20% thereof, and to pay the same over to the Trustees, to be placed to his credit, which deduction and payment over shall thereupon be made.

The Company's Deposits

7. When any such deposit shall be made by or on behalf of the Employee, the Company shall, out of its own moneys, pay to the Trustees a sum equal to 50% of his deposit.

Price of Stock

8. The price at which the Trustees may from time to time purchase stock from the Company, for the purposes of the several Funds, shall be fixed by the Directors as of March 31st of each year during the period covered by the Plan. Such price shall be substantially the average market price of the stock during the previous six months; provided, however, that in no case shall the price be fixed below the par value of the stock. The price so fixed shall govern as to all such purchases during the ensuing year.

Title to Stock Purchased

9. The stock so purchased shall be issued in the name of the Trustees, who shall hold title to the same and shall possess all voting and other rights pertaining thereto. Said stock shall be apportioned to the depositing Employees upon the termination of the Plan in proportion to their deposits, and according to the time they have been respectively participants in the Funds. Separate accounts shall be kept of the amounts deposited by each Employee and by the Company, and the Employee shall have no interest whatsoever in the stock or in the deposits made by the Company until the final termination of the Plan, or until a termination of the Plan as to him upon his withdrawal, whereby he is given stock as hereinafter provided.

Withdrawals

10. Withdrawals may be made as follows:

(a) An Employee who remains in the service of the Company, may, if he so elects, withdraw from the Plan at any time, and shall thereupon be entitled to receive back from the Trustees the amount of money deposited by him, with interest at the rate of 6% per annum, or at the option of the Trustees, the equivalent thereof in the stock of the Company, to be reckoned at the average cost of such stock to the Trustees during the period that he may have made deposits. Such withdrawing Employee shall not be eligible to again participate in the Plan for the period of one year.

(b) An Employee who leaves the service of the Company voluntarily, or is discharged for good cause (of which the Trustees shall be the sole judges), shall thereupon cease to be a participant in the Plan, and his account shall be closed by returning to him the amount he has deposited with interest at the rate of 6% per annum, or, at the option of the Trustees, by assigning to him the equivalent thereof in the stock of the Company, to be reckoned at the average cost thereof to the Trustees during the period that he may have been a participant in the Plan.

(c) In case of the death of a participating Employee while in the service of the Company, his administrators, executors, heirs, or beneficiaries under his will, shall receive in stock at the average cost thereof to the Trustees,

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Evaporation Losses in Field Storage Tanks

By H. T. Morley

Since the beginning of the petroleum industry it has been known that there is a loss in standing or "shrinkage" from lease storage tanks. Pumpers and lease men have noticed that the amount of oil in tanks after a period of standing was less than the volume originally turned in. The reason for this shrinkage was rightly assigned to evaporation as well as change of temperature but the loss was considered inevitable and part of the game. It has not been until recent years that the problem has been studied to determine the exact extent and nature of this loss and efforts made to find methods that will aid in its prevention.

The Bureau of Mines has been the pioneer along the general subject of oil conservation and so has done considerable investigating in recent years of losses which result from evaporation. This bureau has made tests in numerous fields of California and the Mid-Continent for the purpose of determining (1) the amount of the loss in all the various handlings which petroleum receives in its progress from the well to the consumer; (2) the relationship of the losses to the physical properties of the various grades of crude oil; (3) the variation in the amount evaporated at different seasons of the year. Various bulletins and reports have been issued by the Bureau of Mines on this subject which establish the general conclusion that in practically all cases the expense of making tanks gas-tight is more than compensated by the volume of the lighter products of petroleum which are saved. The most complete work on this subject is issued in Bureau of Mines Bulletin 200, by J. H. Wiggins.

The Midwest Refining Company has made efforts to determine the amount of the losses by evaporation in the fields of the Rocky Mountain Region, and tests have been made in the last year at Grass Creek, Elk Basin, and Salt Creek, Wyoming, and Cat Creek, Montana. This article is the result of tests which were made during parts of February, March and April, 1922, at the Grass Creek field. The tests were made by the writer under the supervision of Mr. Estabrook and with the cooperation of Mr. Bechtel and Mr. Waltz. Mr. Waltz gave his active assistance in carrying on the tests.

To better understand the reason for the procedure and results obtained, it is necessary to know the causes of evaporation and the properties of liquids which bear relationship to the rate at which they will evaporate.

All liquids evaporate to a greater or less extent. If the liquid is contained in a closed vessel a pressure which varies with different liquids and temperature is set up against the top of the container by the vapor from the liquid. This is called "vapor pressure." In the process of vaporizing, a certain amount of heat is absorbed from the surroundings. This is the "latent heat of vaporization." The amount of heat consumed in vaporizing varies with different liquids, for instance, only one-eighth as much heat is required for the vaporizing of gasoline as for water. Vapor pressure governs the amount of vapor from a liquid which will be absorbed by a given volume of air. The vapor pressure of gasoline for example, is much greater than that of water. When the amount of vapor which the air will absorb from the liquid has been taken up, an equilibrium is reached and no more evaporation will take place until more air is admitted or the temperature is increased. This equilibrium is never obtained in an open vessel, as exemplified in the usual type of field storage tanks, and evaporation goes on indefinitely. In the case of evaporating crude oil in a closed vessel, the mixture above the oil is gasoline vapor and air. It is evident that if tanks are covered with an absolutely gas-tight roof and no air is allowed to enter, the only evaporation will be the volume of vapor necessary to saturate the mixture above the oil. With increase in temperature the gasoline vapor air mixture expands forcing more gas vapor into the mixture and increasing the vapor pressure. This pressure must be taken care

of by a regulator on the tank. The effect of increase and decrease in vapor pressure with changes of temperature is shown by the "breathing" which occurs through small openings in large tanks. In this phenomenon, air enters the tank and gas vapor escapes alternately through the same opening. It can be seen from the above that in order to practically eliminate evaporation loss, it is necessary to store oil in tanks which are gas-tight and also to maintain as nearly an even temperature and pressure in the tank as possible.

The particular properties of crude oil which determine their vapor pressure and consequently the rate at which they will evaporate are—the percentage of gasoline, the initial boiling point, and viscosity. Since gasoline has a higher vapor pressure than the other fractions which go to make up petroleum, it is evident that crude oil with high gasoline content will have a higher rate of vaporization. The initial boiling point is the temperature at which a liquid will begin to boil. Obviously a crude oil with low initial boiling point requires less heat to bring it to the point of maximum evaporation than one of higher initial boiling point. The boiling point is governed by the latent heat of vaporization of the liquid. Viscosity is the capability of a liquid to flow. It varies inversely with the gravity and temperature. Light oil of high Baume gravity has least viscosity and viscosity decreases with heating. The effect of viscosity is more evident in heavy oils than in the lighter grades and in the case of heavy of high viscosity tends to retard the rate of evaporation.

From the time that oil is taken from the well until it is used by the consumer it is handled many times and at each handling it is subjected to loss in volume and gravity through evaporation. From the well it is run into a flow tank or "gun barrel" where most of the water and basic sediment is settled out; from there it goes to a storage tank where the remaining impurities are removed. The volume is measured for the first time in the storage tank just before the oil is turned over to the pipeline company and by this time the entire loss by the evaporation from lease handling has taken place. The pipeline company delivers this oil to a gathering tank in the field. From this tank it usually goes by pipeline either to the refinery or to a tank at the railroad point where it is loaded in tank cars and shipped to the refinery. At the refinery it is stored again until being subjected to the refining process. At each of these points of handling a loss occurs by evaporation. It has been found in tests made by the Bureau of Mines that the average total loss by evaporation for all seasons from the time oil comes from the well until it is turned into the refining plant is 6.2% of the original volume. 3.5% or more than half of the loss occurs before the oil leaves the lease storage tanks. It is this loss that is here dealt with.

In handling oil on the lease in the old style storage tank several agencies combine to produce a maximum of evaporation. After coming from the well and before leaving the lease, oil is usually run through two tanks, the flow tank and the field storage tank. In each instance the oil is "splashed" into the tank. That is, it enters through a pipe which extends not more than a foot or two into the tank from the top and falls the rest of the way. This produces a finely divided spray which is the best condition for easy evaporation. The loss while passing through the flow tank is at the greatest rate because at this point the oil has just left the well and has its maximum gasoline content and gravity. The tanks have vents in the roof for inlet oil and steam lines and for gauging purposes and these can not be tightly closed. Also, the decks of the tanks usually are not closely bolted to the walls. These openings allow the free circulation of air and no resisting pressure is offered to the pressure of the evaporating gasoline. The continued circulation of air causes the greatest loss by evaporation, the reason for which has been explained. This fact is borne out by observations which have shown evaporation to be less on a hot still day than on a cold windy day.

In the Rocky Mountain fields, it is necessary to heat oil to settle out the impurities before it is turned into the pipeline.

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Baxter Basin Holdup

Man hunting was all the rage in Baxter Basin during the past month. It all started when a couple of Oklahoma bad men, armed to the teeth, oozed in the front and back doors of the Midwest day bunk house one evening and requested the boys to "Stick 'em up.". They stuck 'em up.

The desperados removed most of the valuables from our husky pipe liners, skinners and truck drivers, left them lined against a wall trying to touch the ceiling, and after ordering them to stay put for thirty minutes, beat it for the sage brush.

Intermission for 29½ minutes.

Some time was lost in convincing the inmates of the other bunkhouses that a holdup had actually taken place, but when it finally soaked in, we got action.

Holmes' arsenal and other firearms were passed around and parties were started in all directions trying to pick up the bandits' trail in the scattered snow patches. It was first thought that they were mounted, due to the distance from town, but their trail was finally picked up leading toward town on foot, and Tom Guenin and posse took up the trail in his car.

At the top of the big hill as the car swung around a little turn, the desperados were seen crouching behind some sage brush, a short distance from the road, and having no authority for their arrest the posse proceeded to town and picked up the local police force for reinforcements. They then returned toward camp and found the bad men ensconced beneath one of the highway bridges, where they had taken refuge on seeing the lights of the approaching car. After considerable argument the posse convinced the embattled stickups that it would be a lot healthier to come out and give themselves up, which they did.

The wheels of justice turned quickly and the following day the prisoners were taken to Green River and sentenced to serve from two and one half to seven years in the shirt factory in Rawlins.

New Pastor For Salt Creek

Rev. W. E. Patton, formerly of Lingle, Wyoming, arrived in Salt Creek on the 10th of March to step into the pastorate of the Community Church, at Home Camp of the Midwest, the place made vacant by the leaving of Rev. S. R. Sheriff, who accepted a call to the First Avenue Presbyterian Church in Denver.

Mr. Patton, a graduate of Princeton University and Princeton Theological Seminary, has been a resident of Wyoming for about ten years and has gotten used to the sage brush atmosphere and the diversity and freedom of western ways. He promises to step into the religious work of Salt Creek with an unusually clear understanding and realization of the needs of the community. Mrs. Patton and their three children will come on to make Salt Creek their home sometime next month. The family will live in the manse-house at Home Camp made available by the Midwest company.

The new seats for the Salt Creek Midwest Community Church have arrived and this addition will finish the needs of the interior of the church building, which will now comfortably seat two hundred people.

Rev. Sheriff Leaves

Rev. S. R. Sheriff, former pastor of the Community Church at Salt Creek left early in the month to take up his new work, as minister for the First Avenue Presbyterian Church of Denver, one of the large protestant organizations of that city. Mrs. Sheriff and their two children accompanied him. The Sheriffs have made a host of friends at Salt Creek and they will be greatly missed. They will leave a big gap not only in the religious life of the community, but in the social and welfare ends as well.

An Over-all View
Kitchen View~and open for Inspection at all times.
The Salt Creek Midwest Hotel where 500 men are fed three times a day with the smoothness and dispatch of a well-oiled machine
Two Interior views showing— Dining Room and tables so smooth and shiney they would do as mirrors.

A New Oil Saver

Those interested in the storage problem of crude and refined products will find the following paper of much value:

"The Evaporation and Fire Loss Problem—Sealite," by J. M. Jennings of the Development Department, Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Read at the third annual meeting of the American Peroleum Institute, St. Louis, Missouri, December 6th to 8th, 1922, page 122, Vol. III, No. 62 of the Bulletin of the American Petroleum Institute.

"SEALITE" is the trade name for a patented mixture of glucose, corn starch, glycerine, calcium chloride and glue which are mixed in agitators to form a dense solution weighing 11 pounds per gallon. This is then put through a mechanical beater, whipping in air and reducing the weight to 4½ pounds per gallon. Oil averages 7½ pounds per gallon, so that the beaten Scalite readily floats on crude oil or refined products.

Sealite is pumped or poured on the free surface of the oil to a depth of one inch, requiring 232 pounds of fluid for a tank 10 feet in diameter at a cost of eight to fourteen cents per pound applied or three to five cents per barrel of oil protected.

Evaporation loss, in average steel tanks, is about 6% yearly for gasoline, 3% for the first year's storage of crude and 2% for the second year. Sealite reduces these losses to 20% of above values.

Sealite has been under field test for 2½ years protecting eight million barrels of light oil. In addition to its function of minimizing evaporation, it prevents fires. Tops of tanks have been blown off by igniting an explosive mixture of gases beneath them while the Sealite has prevented ignition of the oil it covered. Fires have been built on top of the Sealite—oil has been poured and ignited on its surface. It has been swept away and the exposed oil ignited with the same result in each case—the Sealite returns over the ignited portion and smothers the fire.

Water destroys the effectiveness of Sealite by action upon its soluble constituents, hence tanks must be rainproof. If thus protected and not subject to mechanical agitation or evolution of wild gas, the minimum effective life of Sealite is about one year.

Field Men Meet in Casper

On Friday, March 2, field superintendents, chief clerks and others interested from all Midwest points, were called together in Casper for the purpose of having the Stock Purchase plan explained to them, so that they might go back to their various fields as missionaries in the matter of explaining the details of the plan to their various employes.

The meeting was held in the office of N. S. Wilson, general manager, producing department, and was attended by about thirty men. In addition to the representatives from the Casper offices, Storage Yard, Machine shops, etc., representatives from outside included the following:

C. J. Barkdull, Denver office; L. L. Bechtel and R. M. Waltz, Grass Creek; P. L. Eddy, Paul Hardie and E. S. Bach, Elk Basin; Harry Bossart and W. J. Portis, Salt Creek.

The meeting was addressed by T. S. Cooke, Rocky Mountain manager for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), who is located at the Casper refinery.

Rig just north of Midwest Home Camp, Collapsed a few weeks ago while pulling casing. Doesn't look much like a derrick in this picture.

Take Care of Your Eyes

How many are there who depend upon your eyes for their comfort and happiness? Your wife and children and maybe others look to you to provide them with the necessities of life. Upon your ability to produce rests their welfare. And of the five senses, none is more vital as a breadwinner than that of seeing. Minus your eyes you become—for the time being at least—a non-producer, a liability, instead of a virile capable worker.

Do you appreeiate your eyes? Nearly 200,000 persons in industry suffer eye injuries yearly. A substantial majority of these are unnecessary. Unnecessary because for a moment goggles were laid aside; because a shield was neglected; because someone forgot or was careless, or scorned to wear the protection provided.

Why do men object to wearing goggles? Some say "They are too heavy. They hurt my nose. They hurt my ears. They look funny. The lenses get cloudy. They're in the way."

Poor excuses, all of them. Do they try to get goggles that are satisfactory, or do they just throw them aside saying, "I'll take a chance?"

What happens when goggles or face masks are not worn and an eye is lost? Pain and suffering, disfigurement of features, loss of earning power, life long regret. We who have eyes look with pity on those who have one or none to see with. BUT unless we profit by their example we are in danger.

Do things sometimes look blurred to you? How often do you have headache or eye ache; do your eyes feel puffy and watery or inflamed? These are often Nature's warning that you have defective vision and that in addition to goggles you need the attention of an oculist. Some day you are going to be fooled by those

near-sighted or weak eyes of yours and get hurt. Next to the hazards of the eye itself through lack of protection, comes the danger from poor eyesight. It is said that over 25,000,000 persons who are working in the United States are handicapped by defective vision or eye strain—almost one quarter of our nation's population. Better check up!

No word should be necessary as to when to guard the eyes. Flying sparks or splashing molten metal, flying bits from flying chips, castings and battered tools, emery wheels, injurious light rays and intense heat from high temperature welding, steam, hot water, or bursting glass, acid burns and chemicals are causes of eye accidents that are preventable if the proper caution is observed.

You may be willing to take some chances but the chance of blindness you **cannot** take and still expect to derive much from life.

Skilled doctors in a New Jersey city recently, in a desperate effort to restore eyesight to a youth blinded by a Fourth of July explosion, grafted parts of a pig's eye onto one of the injured eyes. The attention of the world is on that experiment. If it is successful, science will have made another advance—but don't depend too much on that. A pig's eye may not look well on you.

The value of your good vision cannot be expressed in any terms. Look at it from the viewpoint of your family, yourself and your life in general and then ask "Can I afford not to protect my eyes?"

New Warehouse Radio

The boys of the Midwest Warehouse force at Midwest Home Camp at Salt Creek, have thrown in to purchase a very fine radio receiving set and this is now installed and working overtime. Splendid results have been obtained and by stepping into the office at that location any evening you may have a chance to state a preference of any kind of music from latest jazz rendered by the best of orchestras up to the classic and finished artistry of master vocalists and instrumental musicians.

New Postoffice at Lavoye

A new postoffice to serve the central and south part of the field was opened at Lavoye, on the sixth of this month. This will not be a money order office at least for the present. It will do much to relieve the crowded situation at Home Camp Postoffice.

Superintendent D.W. Lewis Home

Superintendent Dave Lewis of the Field Department at Salt Creek, arrived back from a three months vacation trip to California shortly after the middle of March and is safely back at the wheel of the great Midwest field organization, in that location.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Brow, sister of Mr. Lewis, and Miss Martha Clark, her daughter, and Grandma Lewis, left for the sunny climes the middle of December and altho the reports have been rather meagre as to detail we know that they have seen all there was to see in marvelous winter vacation-land.

Maintaining a home at Hermosa Beach, twenty-five miles out of Los Angeles, the Lewises used that only as a base of operations, and toured all of California, visiting Los Angeles, Venice, Long Beach, San Diego, Huntington Beach and even we understand wandering across the border as far as Tia Juana. Mr. Lewis purchased a big six seven-passenger Studebaker and accompanied by Mrs. Lewis and Miss Martha Clark, their niece, drove the return trip overland by way of the Santa Fe Trail, in about ten days.

While in California, Mr. Lewis visited the oil fields at Huntington Beach, Signal Hill and Santa Fe Springs.

A rousing welcome was given to the Lewises on their return to their home at Midwest Main Camp. The "Big Boss" at Salt Creek is a mighty popular character around Salt Creek and all were glad to have him back, and hope that he didn't like California so well that he will feel like calling that home.

February Drilling Activities

By A. G. Fidel

Salt Creek Field. No second Wall Creek sand completions during February. Work is still under way however, on four wells being drilled under permission received from Conservation Committee when drilling activities were discontinued December 1, 1922. One first Wall Creek sand well, No. 13 Northwest 25 completed February 12th. Did not flow, and some water being found in bottom of sand, same was cemented off. Well now shut down waiting for cement to set. Intend shooting when ready.

Drilling still under way on three other first Wall Creek wells.

The company on March 1st was producing from 408 wells, with a total of 610 producing wells for all companies in the field. Cleaning out and repair work was completed on 12 wells during the month, and under way on quite a number of others March 1st. Several wells were also shot with nitro-glycerine to increase the light production that was being obtained from same.

Grass Creek Field. No wells drilling. 75 wells furnished Midwest production and 32 produced 15 days or more for Mutual Oil Company during the month. Cleaning out of two old wells was finished, with production increased from 0 to 18 barrels on Ridgley No. 6, and from 3 to 6 barrels on Meeteetse 15, Well No. 16. Are continuing to use two crews on cleaning out work, with no drilling deeper operations contemplated until spring opens.

Nieber Dome Test Well. SW¼ Sec. 13-45-93. The cementing job in 12½ in. casing cemented January 15th was tested, water found shut off O. K., and drilling resumed February 4th. However, within a few feet encountered another water sand and are now drilling in 10 in. wet hole 1730 feet.

Elk Basin Field. All drilling of new wells suspended until spring weather permits resuming same. Well 14 on Elk 6 was drilled a few feet deeper and shot with 17 qts. No report as yet received on results of same.

Greybull Field. Outside of pulling rods and keeping wells in condition, no drilling, cleaning out, or repair work was carried out here during February. Our production was obtained from 8 wells during the month, with Torchlight Field still shut down for the winter.

Baxter Basin Field. Gas well on NE¼ Sec. 11-17-104 still shut down to furnish fuel for our field operations. In Well 1-X NE¼ Sec. 36-18-104, when 1890 feet deep on Feb. 20th we found 12½ in. casing shoe had come off string, necessitating pulling out entire string to put on new shoe. On re-running string found hole caving badly and on March 1st pipe was back only to 1825 ft. and progress being made slowly. Well 29, SE¼ Sec. 25-18-104 was 1165 ft. deep March 1st, drilling in badly caving formation. Two wells standing shut down at 500 ft. until next spring.

Midway Test Well No. 2, NE¼ Sec. 23-35-79. Started pulling out parted 4½ in. casing February 1st and on 23rd after some delays and difficulties, succeeded in fishing out all of the 4½ in. dropped in hole last December 5th, also string of tools which was in bottom of hole. Now cleaning out cave in 85 ft. of open hole below bottom of 6¼ in. pipe.

Crowe Well No. 2, NW¼ Sec. 10-37-85. Cemented 10 in. string at 2750 ft. on Feb. 17th. Tested water shut off 21st and 22nd, resumed drilling 23rd, and on 24th drilled five feet into Tensleep sand, or from 2755-60. Struck oil with some gas, which filled hole to top in less than 24 hours and started flowing at rate of over five barrels per hour. Now swabbing, and when have stored about 1500 barrels to use as fuel, will drill deeper into sand and test same to bottom.

Gertie Gush—Gee, I wish I was living in the time of Adam and Eve—they never had to make any resolutions in the Garden of Eden.

Lillian Gush—Of course, not; they simply turned over a new leaf!

Denver Office Annual Winter Dance

Thirteen, lucky or unlucky; we'll leave that to you to guess. Two—thirteen —twenty-three! No, that isn't a football signal, but it is a date that will be remembered by the members of the Denver office together with 1453 which we were cautioned in Medieval and Modern History class never to forget.

"What happened?" you ask. Now listen, folks, and we will endeavor to tell you. On the above mentioned and recorded date there took place in the City and County of Denver the Annual Winter Dance for the employes of the General Offices of the Midwest Refining Company. If we were not too bashful, and as we wish to refrain from being egotistic, we will just say that it was one of the finest times that the employes in Denver have ever had. For, from all indications, seen and unseen, heard and unheard, all those that attended had a mighty fine time, so we feel that we are not exceeding the "speed limit" when we make this statement.

It might also be stated that nothing new took place to a remarkable degree. A good old-time dance was staged, in the same old place, in the same old way, and along the safe and sane, well tried and long proven successful lines, and as stated before, we believe is was a success. For instance, the dance was held at the Woman's Club Building, with George Morrison's Jazz Orchestra furnishing the melody as only the black boys can. There was a bowl of prohibition punch provided by our leading caterer, Baur, who also furnished the refreshments of ice cream, cake and candies. As it was St. Valentine's eve, there was embodied in the refreshments the Valentine idea.

There was a good old-fashioned circle dance in which "Pug" Curran acted as ring master. Next, there was a "knock-em dead" prize-waltz, which "rang the bell" for excitement. Even Mr. H. G. Naylor, himself, was cheering as lustily for the winners as any of his cohorts. This was won by a strictly Midwest couple, "Jimmy" Izett, a popular lad, and his lady, Miss Doris Ahring, who always greets you with a pleasant smile. Both are from the Traffic Department, and this makes just another victory for the Ninth Floor! No wonder "Bert" Naylor cheered them on.

Having had dissension over judges in previous contests of this kind, it was decided to select a committee from our own family. We have heard no complaints as to their judgment, and reckon that they did a darn good job. Mr. T. A. Pedley, Mr. H. C. Bretschneider, and Mr. A. L. Clark were the judges if our memory serves us rightly.

As an adjunct to the dance for our card-playing clientele, we staged an Aution Bridge Tournament. Mr. C. J. Barkdull, "Charlie" for short, our Auditor, supervised and directed this. (You see it takes an expert aecountant to run this game.) After the smoke rolled away—possibly from cigarettes and cigars, but more likely from the fierceness of the contests— Mrs. Merwin Bristol came forth with the winning colors as champion lady, while Mr. T. A. Pedley demonstrated his ability as leading gentleman. Suitable prizes were given for all feature events.

To add to the gaiety of the evening favors were distributed by the scores. Paper hats, streamers, horns and noise-makers of all kinds helped to make the welkin ring. In fact they almost tore the roof off the place. This was really the only departure from our well-tried and proven program.

It will be noted that we have mentioned the names of several of our officials in previous paragraphs. They were there with their families, as were several others. We were mighty glad to see them, and it makes the rank and file feel that they are one of them. We hope that they may favor us always with their presence.

This year's dance was planned, managed and carried out under the direction and auspices of the Denver Office Bowling League. Fred Anderson, "Charlie" Barkdull, "Billy" Nieoll, Ralph Dietler, and "Al" Russell practically formed the active committee. They were assisted by the above mentioned prize waltz committee, and the captains of the teams. They all worked hard to put this dance over,

and the appreciation of their fellow employes is their reward. On behalf of the employes they take this opportunity of thanking the officers of the company for their kindness and generosity in giving this dance.

While on the subject of gratitude, we wish to thank Mr. Ray Dryer of Miles & Dryer for his help and assistance in planning and printing our bulletins and invitations.

In reading this article, no doubt, you have been subconsciously reaching back into the dusty cells of your memory trying to think of what happened in 1453. No doubt, you have guessed everything from the Battle of Hastings, 1066, to the Discovery of America, 1492. We will not keep you in suspense any longer, but will state that in the year of 1453 Constantinople fell into the hands of the Mohammedans after seven hundred years of warfare with the Christian races. It is from this date that Modern history starts. Possibly, you will not have as hard a time remembering 2—13—23.

Midwest Theatre at Home Camp

The finishing work on the interior of the splendid new Midwest Theatre building at Home Camp in the Salt Creek field is going rapidly forward and this tremendous addition to the life of the Midwest Family in the field should be ready to roll up its curtain by shortly after the first of May. The building will have a seating capacity of Five Hundred and will be furnished and finished in style and calibre so that it will be second to none in the state.

New Picture House as it Looks Today

Evaporation Losses in Field Storage Tanks

(*Continued from page* 5)

This heating is done either by turning steam into the tanks in direct contact with the oil or by running it through a system of pipes or "coils" in the bottom of the tank. The former method is more frequently used because of the difficulties which arise when all the condensed steam does not drain from the coils and the pipes freeze. It can be seen that by this heating the vapor pressure and consequent evaporation is greatly increased. In a tank which has the usual open vents the increased evaporation during heating goes on without restraint.

To offset these conditions which make for easy evaporation, field storage tanks and flow tanks are now constructed so as to be as nearly gas-tight as possible. The seams are securely bolted with shorter spacing of bolts. The openings for oil and steam lines are closed around the outside of the pipe in such a way that no air can get in. The gauging holes are equipped with covers which can be securely fastened when not in use. The inlet oil pipe extends nearly to the bottom of the tank so that oil is "flowed" rather than "splashed" into the tank.

In order to relieve the vapor pressure which on hot days and during steaming becomes greater than a completely closed tank could stand, a regulating equipment is provided. Several devices for this purpose have been patented. In one the escaping gasoline vapor is made to pass through a chamber containing crude oil before it reaches the outside air where most of the vapors are absorbed and loss occurs only when the pressure reaches a certain degree, usually about two ounces to the square inch. In another the tank is equipped with an adjustable spring trap which opens and allows the gas vapor to escape directly to the outside air when the pressure reaches the danger point. In still another a combination of these two devices is used.

(Continued next month.)

Picture Taken by Earnest H. Sager.

Salt Creek's Midnight Sun

This is a remarkable picture of the big gas fire of the Salt Creek field. The flame burns the waste gas after it comes thru the Midwest Gasoline Extraction Plant and it is going day and night. It's glow can be seen at night from Casper on the south and from Buffalo on the North.

If we believed in spirits, we would say that the goddess of fire resided in this perpetual torch or at least one of her close hand-maidens, for the yellow, red, white and orange waves of fire are ever changing and so moody. We have seen it casting an enveloping yellow glow, murky and uncanny in its mystery, on a foggy night. On a clear cold night, it gleams as bright, as silently, coldly blue and white as a snow-capped range, now distant, rigid, as clear in outline as a painted fire; now wavering and ever and again as warm and bright as a great yew-log.

But whether spirit incarnated, guiding light or just plain, impersonal gas fire, in its tremendous variety of lights and colors, it does add atmosphere to the Salt Creek field. It is a part of our home. We have gotten to look for it as an immigrant looks for the Statue of Liberty. We know it is there, beacon light of Industrial Development, throwing into day and night rays signifying the great resources, the potential wonders of the World's Greatest Oil Pool.

Almost A Fire

Late in February the fire whistle at Home Camp in the Salt Creek Field sounded, and everyone available turned out to help save the new Club House Building so recently completed. Fire had developed from the overheating of the hot water system in the basement and had gotten between the partitions. Smoke was pouring out from the roof and filled the building. The fire department under the direction of Chief Walton were on the job within a few minutes and after ripping open the walls and flooding the partitions with water, the fire was out and the disaster averted. Had the fire developed during the night it is very probable that the flames would have gained such headway before discovery that the whole building would have been wiped out.

Has Twin Daughters

Monday, February 26, was a red-letter day in the home of L. L. Bechtel, superintendent of the Grass Creek field, and incidentally, the whole Grass Creek family is feeling delighted. For on that day, the stork puffed in with the unusual load of two beautiful little daughters for Mr. and Mrs. Bechtel. In order to avoid the rather tiresome journey over the indifferent roads into Grass Creek, the stork left the arrivals temporarily at the hospital in Thermopolis, where the trio, mother and little ones are getting along fine. "Beck" is surely wearing a gladsome smile.

The Stock Purchase Plan

(*Continued from page 3*)

during the period that he may have made deposits, an amount equal to the aggregate sums deposited by him, plus 50% thereof, and whatever dividends have been received upon that amount of stock by the Trustees during that period, less his proportionate share of any taxes, assessments and expenses, such stock to be in full shares, any differences to be paid in cash.

General Provisions

11. On the termination of the Plan, any sum to which a depositing Employee may be entitled less than the value of a full share of stock shall be paid in cash, and in determining the number of shares to which the Employee shall be entitled, the same shall be computed according to the cost thereof to the Trustees during the time the deposits respectively are made.

12. All stock and moneys accruing from the withdrawal of participants in the several Funds shall enure to the benefit of the participants remaining at the termination of the Plan, and shall thereupon be distributed among them in proportion to their respective deposits and for the time that such Employees have participated in the Plan.

In the event of all of the participants in the Plan withdrawing therefrom prior to its termination as herein provided, then the Trustees shall, and they are hereby authorized to terminate the Plan by distribution of any funds remaining in their hands among those who have been participants proportionately as their interests may appear.

13. The interest of an Employee under the Plan shall be considered and treated as personal and shall not be subject to assignment or transfer, by operation of law or otherwise, nor shall any other person acquire any right therein or thereto, except as herein otherwise provided.

14. Payment in cash or by delivery of stock in accordance with the terms of this Plan on the death or withdrawal of an Employee, or on the termination of the Plan, shall be in full satisfaction of all claims under the Plan and against the Trustees and against the Company thereunder.

15. The several Funds deposited hereunder by the several Employees shall each constitute and be a separate trust as between the Trustees and each Employee, it being the purpose and intent under this Plan to create a separate and distinct trust to be administered by the Trustees for each Employee who is a participant under the Plan.

Audit

16. The accounts of the several Funds shall be audited at least once a year by an independent auditor, to be appointed by the Board of Directors.

Time of Delivery of Stock

17. Except as otherwise hereinbefore provided, no Employee shall be entitled to receive stock or cash from the several Funds before the termination of the Plan; but on such termination, the Plan shall forthwith be terminated by the distribution of all the stock and cash therein to and amongst the then participants in the Plan, proportionately as their respective interests may appear.

Amendment or Abolition of Plan

18. This Plan may be recalled, abolished, revised, amended, altered or changed in such manner as is or may be provided by the statutes of the State of Indiana, or in the absence of such statutory regulation, this Plan may be likewise recalled, abolished, revised, amended, altered or changed by the Directors of the Company.

No Casper Geological Office

The Casper office geological department which has been maintained for some time past has been discontinued, and all geological work will be directed from the Denver office. Hugh Stewart of the Casper geological department has resigned and has accepted a position with the geological department of the Texas producing company. E. G. Sinclair has been transferred to the position of district superintendent, succeeding James W. Stewart. Mr. Sinclair will have charge of drilling operations at the Baxter Basin and Notches fields.

Salt Creek Midwest Drug Store

The new Company Drug store at Salt Creek Home Camp will be ready to open its doors by soon after April First. With furnishings complete, and with the last of the stock being put rapidly into place, the Midwest enterprise into the realms of "apothacarism" will be ready to help carry the wants and needs of the Salt Creek community along these lines within the next week or two.

Stewart to New Mexico

James W. Stewart, who for some months past has been district superintendent in charge of certain wildcat wells for the Midwest in Wyoming, has been transferred to New Mexico, and will have charge of all Midwest wildcats in that state. His headquarters will be in Gallup. Frank Jellison of the Casper office goes with Mr. Stewart as clerk and purchasing agent. Messrs. Stewart and Jellison left March 5 for their new station.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

A March Hurricane

We thought as much. In fact we knew it would happen when we wrote our February news. When the Review came out about the first of March there arrived with it a regular hurricane of remarks as to the "skimpiness" of news from the Denver Office. No doubt, our remarks regarding "Work," put a stop to a great many more. We are in hopes of doing better this month, although so far we have not had a chance to get our camera working regularly, so our "gift of gab" will have to be sufficient. Therefore, in acordance with the peculiarity of the season we will try to stir up a regular March hurricane.

Son Arrives in Truby Household

About 8:15 in the evening of March second old Doc Stork left at the Truby household a baby boy with red hair and a striking resemblance to his dad, Mr. L. G. Truby, our assistant-secretary. We extend congratulations from the Denver Office, and many thanks for the smokes.

Who's Who!

F. A. Kent of the Denver Office hails from some where in the British Isles. While he has been here for several years, it has just been learned from good authority that the following took place shortly after his arrival in the States.

He was walking down a street in a small town one night with an American friend when an owl set up his ancient "Who-o-o ! Who-o-o-! Who-o-o !"

Kent asked, "What is that?"

"Oh, that's an owl," replied his friend.

"Yes," stormed Kent, "I know it's an 'owl. But what is it that's 'owling?"

Summer Activities!

During the winter the employes of the Denver Office have put over a Bowling League with a great deal of success. Now the battle cry goes up as to what shall be done this summer. Last year was the first summer since 1917 that the Denver Office has not had a baseball team, and even in that year we had a scrub nine. Already sentiment has been aroused along this line and an Oil League has been suggested. However, it is doubtful that we could put a team in the field of the caliber of the teams representing us in 1918-1919-1920 and 1921. It takes a good bit of money to operate even an amateur team these days. The suggestion has been made that the employes finance this team wholly or partially, but we do not know whether this would meet with universal approval in the office. It has further been suggested that an athletic club be formed to take care of baseball, tennis and other activities. We do not know just how this idea will take.

Then again it is stated or suggested that an indoor-outdoor or playground baseball league be formed among the members of the Denver Office. This game is played in the same manner as the games played at the picnics, and really enables everyone to play, as you do not need to be as fast of eye or as fleet of foot to participate. It could also be played in the evenings after work.

Then again there is tennis. We know that there are several in the Denver Office who play, and no doubt a successful league could be put over with a little work.

And then there is that noble and ancient pastime known to the world as GOLF. We have in our office several greater and lesser lights who partake of this strenuous game. No doubt, more will become interested in the future. Why not have a special tournament for these "birds?"

Well, whatever it is, let's get going early.

Not Superstitious

It is said that most of us have more or less a degree of superstition. But not so with Willie Jr., son of our Mr. W. A. "Bill" Miller. He was riding home one evening with his dad when a black cat darted out from one side of the street and ran directly across the street in front of Bill's machine.

"Gosh all fish-hooks," exclaimed W. A. "That's very bad luck to have a black cat cross our path."

Young "Bill" eyed his dad and then said, "I think it's awfully good luck."

"Well, it's supposed to be bad luck," persisted big Bill.

"But the cat got by!" exclaimed Billy, Jr.

Signs of the End of the World

Krause has quit smoking.
"Billy" Nicoll has quit "shooting" golf.
"Gene" Illius has quit fishing.
"Bert" Naylor has quit hunting ducks.
"Elmo" Ballard has quit buying houses.
"P. W." has quit his scrivening.
"H. E. D." has quit the Elks.
"E. W." Davis has quit boxing lessons.
"Barney" McCann has quit politics.

WHO IS THIS?
One Guess.

"Dreams"

"Dreams, just dreams of long ago,
Dreams, just dreams that we both know.
Dreams, just dreams sang Caruso,
Dreams, just dreams over the Radio."

"Ha, ha, ho, ho, he, he," yelped our hero, a prominent member of the eighth floor, in glee in the wee small hours before the cold gray dawn. He had just awakened from a dream, and it was such a joke that his merriment knew no bounds. And this is what he dreamed:

"He, with several others, had been an attendant to a radio concert given by one of our local fans. They had all had a good time. Each one had offered something to the entertainment, including one who impersonated the jovial Scot, Sir Harry Lauder. Included in the group was a mild mannered little lady, also from the eighth floor, who tried hard to enjoy the frivolity of the group, but she just wasn't boisterous enough.

"The host's wife provided as refreshment some wonderful punch, beautiful of color and ingredients, but strictly within the laws of the land. Our quiet little lady wished to show that she was a good sport, so she indulged in a glass. It was corkingly good! She wished another. The wires got crossed, however. Our hero, it seems conferred with "Kid Dirty Knees," the Scotch impersonator, who seemed to have more "Scotch" around his person than just impersonations of Sir Harry Lauder. Result—the second glass was "spiked." The mild mannered one quaffed it down with smiles.

"Then the stuff began to work, her eyes twinkled, her feet began to wiggle. Then what should burst forth from the radio, but the jazziest of jazz tunes with all the accompaniments. Then to the surprise of all those present, this modest young lady jumped to her feet, and pointing her finger at the hero of this tale cried:

"COME ON, KID, LET'S YOU AND ME SHIMMY."

But, alas, it was only a dream.

Sure tough!

Heard and Seen

Mr. Kaup (In Steno Dept.) "I want a girl with a wide carriage, to do some work for me."

One night a crowd of Mid Westers were going down on the elevator and the lights went out for just a second. The elevator was filled, but there were only three girls. Miss O'Neill was heard to say "Oh, I hope these lights don't stay out, I'd be scared to death." Now don't take the young lady wrong; she trusts the men, it was the elevator she didn't trust.

When you walk part of the way home with one of the girls from the office, why not walk the rest of the way alone. No use in going up to Broadway and boarding a car for South Denver; especially is it "no use" when you have no car fare. This is the predicament Chubby Marriott encountered one evening when he walked home with Muriel. His mind was so full of "other things" that he forgot he was short of change until he hailed a car, and suddenly he decided it was a nice "sloppy" evening and it would be a pleasant walk—**So he walked.**

When the girls in the steno room use the little article **"and,"** Ann Hunt thinks they are speaking to her **and** Ann answers. She must be kept quite busy as that little word occurs frequently in ordinary conversation.

Here's a new one we heard the other day—"You haven't any more brains than a frog has dandruff."

We wrote an article after Christmas concerning the question of the purchase of a cedar chest. We think we know who bought it now, because at the dance George had his **regular** girl and Ted doesn't seem to have a "steady."

"If Mary had a handsome beau, whose first
name might be George,
And he bought a cedar chest, with a check
that was quite large,
Do you think this man with Valentino hair,
and eyes of wondrous hue;
Will be nabbed by Mary, while George sings,
"Goodbye girls, I'm thru?"

Valentine's Day—Feb. 14—say what you will,
Someone had to pay quite a bill
For those extremely nice Valentines,
With the pretty pictures and lines.

Of course we won't mention any names,
But we can think of a couple of Dames
Who mighty be guilty of buying them.
But you can't make us mad—A-hem!

Generous Boy

Dear Editor: After taking my best girl to dinner, theater, supper and a taxi home should I kiss her goodnight?

Answer: No, you did enough for her.

He Couldn't Walk

"Help, help, queek"
"What's wrong?"
"Tony, he stuck in da mud."
"How far in?"
"Up to da knees."
"Aw, let him walk out."
"No, no. He can no walk; he wrongs end up."

Puss-itively

Pat: Mike, what do they call little black cats in Ireland?
Mike: Oi did know but Oi forget.
Pat: Kittens!

How's This Then?

Make-up man (in newspaper composing-room): "Son, that headline of yours 'Matrimonial Agency Destroyed by Terriffic Conflagration,' is too long for one column."
Reporter: "Well, how's this, 'Match Factory Burns?' "

S. A. A. B. D. Doings

Art Johns lives in Lakewood. They haven't any town clock in Lakewood. Evidently they have very little town. One Friday, Art went home very sick. The next Monday rolled around and Art did not appear at the specified time. A considerable degree of time went by, and we gave up hopes of Art arriving that day. But shortly he did arrive. He thought that he was on time, but some way his watch lost an hour and that accounts for his error. Funny about these watches.

Shifters Club

A regular go-getter organization has sprung up among the members of the Sales Accounting Division and has even spread to other parts of the office. It is the Shifters Club. Crawford May is the big Kshifter, and chief Korganizer. There are several good members and assistants Kshifters. It is a good thing to get into early, as the longer you wait the more expensive it is to join.

A Bob-sled Ride (?)

The snows of February enabled several members of the Sales Accounting Division to indulge in a Bob-Sled Party. This was held on Friday Night February 9th. The party teamed from Denver to Westminster via Lowell Boulevard. When the long hill leading down to Clear Creek was reached the horses were detached and loaded on the back of the sled while the party coasted down. With the added momentum the sled easily climbed the opposite hill into Westminster. All those present had an enjoyable time. If you believe it, it's so.

Roy Johnson, Ray Hamilton, Olie Mauldin and "Chubby" Marriott attended the Ski Tournament on Mt. Genesee on February 18th. Roy was knocked out for a day, while Ray took the count for a week with an attack of pluerisy.

Jake Bohman was ill for a week during the early part of February. His luck continues as he is now slated for two weeks service on the jury in the West Side Court.

"Gene" Illius was striding speedily along Stout street the other day when he was accosted by a stranger who exclaimed: "That's a fine place to carry your coat-hanger." "Gene" did not quite get him, he thought that he was speaking Greek or some foreign language. So "Gene" says "What was that?" The stranger repeated, "That's a fine place to be carrying your coat-hanger," and reaching down lifted up a coat-hanger from the back of "Gene's" overcoat. It had fallen off the coat rack in the office, and "Gene" had not yet discovered the fact that he had company.

Tom May has been a busy man this winter, both executively and socially. He is a very active member of the Thirteen Club, and also President of the H. N. S. Basketball League. He is also manager of his own basketball team in this league. It keeps him hopping. He gets a chance to work once in a while.

Harry Kessler believes in "saying it with music."

Pick-Ups and Put Outs

Miss Collett has recently returned to the office after having been sick for a couple weeks. We are glad to see her around again.

Several changes have taken place recently on the eighth floor. Henry Vervalin has been transferred from the Oil Settlement Division to the Auditor's office to help Mr. Kaup and Mr. Greiner. C. A. Peterson took "Heine's" place, while George Kirchberger has been transferred to the Oil Run department. "Chubby" Marriott has been transferred from the Purchasing Division to the Accounts Receivable Division taking Kirchberger's place. Frank Neujahr succeeded to the place left vacant by "Chubby." Joe Holton has been put in charge of the Mailing Room with John Veretta as his assistant. John Holton, a brother of Joe, takes John Veretta's place on the ninth floor messenger staff.

"Wilson and Pershing are certainly great men," said Muriel Stevens, "but I like Washington and Lincoln better."
"How so?" asked "Chubby."
"Because, they were born on holidays," replied Muriel.

E. W. Davis and W. S. Nicoll essayed to warm up with a little sparring match one morning. Result "Billy" knocked "Davy's" specs on the tile floor. They did not break, however, and we have suspicions that they must have been made of transparent steel. Davis tips the scales at 105, and will take on all comers, even Kaup.

FORE!

The very first word 'at I said was "fore!"
'N you oughter heard my daddy roar!
Mos' kids say "Da-da" or "Ma-ma", but Gee!
"Fore" is the word I hear most, y' see.
Now my daddy takes me with him to the Park
An' we stay there til' it's nearly dark.

He sure does swing an awful wicked club—
Yellin' at me—"Hey there Bub!"
"Bring me my mashie an' I'll put 'er there!"
Sometimes he misses, but he don't swear
Coz' I'm around. He's a purty good daddy
An' I guess too I'm a purty good caddy!

Course sometimes I get tired chasin' around
Lookin' fer a lost ball til' it's found,
But daddy says "Son, you'll soon be big 'nuff to play
An' you're goner be the world's champeean!" But say!
When my daddy n' I go out to play golf then
We NEV-ER will go home again!

(O-o-o-wah!)

(With sincere apologies to Billy Nicoll, Jr.)

CRAWFORD MAY

Just one of those May boys who have made their presence felt in the Midwest organization. "Crawf's" latest fame is that of being known as the Big Kshifter.

Traffic Department Tidings

Not all of the changes take place in the Accounting Division. The Traffic Department has its moves too. Oscar Jones has been made an assistant of Mr. Ballard's. R. G. Cocanower has taken Jones' place in the Car Division. C. M. Magraw takes "Coke's" place while M. A. Dietler has taken Magraw's place.

"Mike" Dietler who committed matrimony last fall, returned March 1st after having spent an extended honeymoon in California and Hawaii. He says that he is for Colorado first, last and all the time. Take that you Native Sons.

Paul Werth, the Eddie Guest, Robert Service et al, of the Traffic Department, was ill for a few days recently.

Allen Grant has been reported as thinking seriously of building a home on the South Side soon. That's the stuff, Allen, we're for you.

Members of the Traffic Department were discussing phrases coined during the war recently and "Coke" stated that his favorite was "Lafollette, we are here."

Martin Thompson was recently asked to purchase some pillows slips for his mother. "What size" asked the clerk.

"Search me," replied Martin, "I wear a number seven hat."

Geological Department

This being the "At Home" Season of the year for the Geological Department, it has afforded all of us a chance to get acquainted again before another field season opens, which by general appearances (birds twittering in the tree-tops, balmy days, and Harold wending his way to Casper) gives signs of early approach.

Several good times have been in vogue—we all voted the Valentine Dance the best ever given and extend our thanks to the company and the committee.

Mr. Everett S. Shaw, one of our geologists who has been with the company for quite a few years, gave a delightful house-warming party (on George Washington's Birthday) at his new home, 3145 Zenobia Street. Monte Carlo Whist started off the evening and the wee small hours were danced away.

Mr. Harry A. Aurand moved into his new home last week, 1350 Bellaire Street, and as Harry is taking a vacation to get it all fixed we have no doubt it will be some home.

While Mr. Rath was in Glenwood Springs several weeks ago on a business trip from the cards he sent us we have every reason to believe that it was a case of "if business interferes with pleasure cut out the business." At any rate, he made us envious.

We certainly enjoyed the visits of Hugh A. Stewart and C. M. Rader of the Casper office—we hope you come often, Mr. Rader. We know it is useless to invite Mr. Stewart again as we have just learned of his resignation to accept a position with the Texas Company. However, we wish you success in your new work.

Mr. Redburn has just returned from a trip to his "old home town" in Kansas, where from various stories he had a real old-fashioned time. We have often wondered why "Reddy" smoked so much in the office, but at last the answer has leaked out. Can you imagine it?

If you want any information of any kind on Salt Creek just ask Miss Magoffin for that is her pet hobby these days. In fact, she has remarked that she would rather work on the Salt Creek map than see Rudolph Valentino dance his famous tango.

Leslie Thompson has just come in sporting his new spring suit and remarking: "I'll pay you the money I owe you when my shoes wear out." We asked, "Why wait until your shoes wear out," to which he said "Because I'll be on my feet then."

From the Field of Wit

SIGNS OF SPRING

"NEW RULES TO OUR EMPLOYEES"—All requests for leave of absence on account of toothache, severe colds and minor physical ailments, and on account of church socials, weddings and funerals, and the like, must be handed to the Official in charge of your Department before 1:00 a. m. on the morning of the game.

IN WRONG AGAIN

ELLIOTT—"How do you know Casey doesn't know anything about sports?"

HAMILTON—"Why, he said he knew Babe Ruth when she was a chorus girl."

RECOMPENSE

LADY—"Am sorry my dog bit you. What can I do?"

VERVALIN—"When I was a youngster, Miss, a kiss would make anything well."

LADY—"A very good idea. Fido. kiss the gentleman."

Denver Office Beats Gas Company Five

On Saturday afternoon, March 3rd, a picked team from the Denver Office Bowling League defeated a picked five from the Doherty Men's Fraternity League of the Denver Gas & Electric Light Company at the Recreation Bowling Alleys. The score for the three games was 2681 to 2646. Our team was trailing the Gas Company boys at the close of the second game by sixty-one pins. But they showed the stuff that good men are made of and lots of the old fight picking up this difference and winning the series by 35 pins in the third game. "Heinie" Vervalin was our big ace in the hole rolling 607 for the series. He was closely followed by Ray Hamilton and Art Hughes. Ray rolled the highest individual game of the series it being 224 pins, while "Heine" rolled 223 for second high game.

In addition to the above three men Krause and Mauldin made up the team. The Gas Company team was composed of Ohnemus, McClure, Dominic, Burch and Wells, all good bowlers. Ohnemus was formerly an employe of this company. He recently established a record in the Doherty Men's Fraternity of a game of 277 pins and has now high team series in that league.

Our boys won the series through good hard fighting and a never-say-die spirit. We have only lost one special match this winter. The boys have defeated Mutual Oil Company twice, the Gas Company once, and broke even with the Western Union five.

A fair sized crowd watched the games.

Strikes and Spares

This edition of the Review should be out about the end of March. That leaves only a month to go before the Bowling League season closes on the 25th of April. Since reorganization the race has been a good one, especially for the last five teams. Big Muddy still holds the lead at this writing by two games. But the second place teams change every night. There are only four games difference between first and last place. Elk Basin had a good chance to bring Big Muddy down with the rest of them on February 28th. They failed to do so, however, as Nicoll's men were on and took two out of three games retaining the lead. Krause rolled three good games making 539 for the series. Big Muddy was short two of its aces, Truby and Ralph Dietler, but they held up their end nobly for the first two games. Cat Creek struck their stride and took Ferris Dome for two games. Ferris Dome were without the services of Anderson, and lost one of the games by only five pins.

The boys are all rolling better. Only 2 games of the 600 class were rolled on February 28th.

The company has been kind enough to finance the entry of three teams in the State Tournament held here during the week of March 4th to 10th. The fifteen leading bowlers of the league will participate. The teams are composed as follows:

1st Team	2nd Team	3rd Team
Hughes	Cocanower	Clark
Hamilton	Anderson	McAlpine
Krause	Elliott	Marriott
Mauldin	Izett	McNicholas
Barkdull	Nicoll	Kirchberger

Hamilton and Hughes and Barkdull and Krause are also entered in the doubles.

The teams will roll Wednesday night, March 7th.

We hope to report that our teams covered themselves with glory in this meet.

Standings at the close of the games Feb. 28th are as follows:

TEAM STANDING

Team	Captain	W.	L.	%	Total Pins	Av.
Big Muddy	W. S. Nicoll	22	17	564	27,995	717
Cat Creek	M. E. McAlpine	20	19	513	28,671	735
Derby Dome	R G.Cocanower	19	20	487	28,421	728
Ferris Dome	O. B. Mauldin	19	20	487	28,283	725
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark	19	20	487	28,094	720
Alkali Butte	R.E. Hamilton	18	21	462	27,889	715

1st High Team Series—Derby Dome 2416.
2nd High Team Series—Cat Creek 2396.
1st High Team Game—Ferris Dome 841.
2nd High Team Game—Derby Dome 840.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Player	Games	Total Pins	Av.
Hughes	39	6676	171
Hamilton	36	6014	167
Krause	39	6254	160
Anderson	33	5162	156
Cocanower	30	4687	156
Mauldin	36	5540	153
Elliott	39	5985	153
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1st High Ind. Series—Hughes 638.
2nd High Ind. Series—Krause 586.
1st High Ind. Game—Hughes 225.
2nd High Ind. Game—Hamilton 223.

With the Mid-Northern in Montana

Mid-Northern Geologists Camp in Bearpaw Mountains, Montana. Whyman (with rabbit shooting cap) and Greene (with hat). Robinson photo.

Never again will we believe that a geologist's life is a hard one, and after examining the above photo of Messrs. Whyman and Greene, taken in the Bearpaw Mountains of northern Montana, we believe you will agree with us that a "rock hound's" existence "ain't so worse".

While the old timers of Montana long ago admitted that the Treasure State was the ideal place to live, it is rather difficult to figure out just what caused the sudden influx of Denverites lately. First among the immigrants from Denver came George Kay, now resting easily as Treasurer of the company; next on the scene appeared C. B. Hickernell, the well known accountant from the Exploration Division. "Hick" had hardly time to say hello before Messrs. Merriott, Heerlein and Schmidt broke in upon us, all smiling at the prospect of life in the Powder River country. While we haven't doped out yet the reason for this tide of immigration, it has been rumored that the Volstead act is being rather strictly enforced in the Pike's Peak district lately. But they are all welcome, every one of 'em, and here's hoping the good work keeps up.

Earl Scoville, our genial Production Accountant, is making his customary spring announcement that he has retired from the good old game of baseball for all time—and this in spite of several tempting offers from the Big Leagues, it is said. Why not get busy, Earl, and organize a company team?

Vernon West, who formerly held down the chair opposite Bill Fuller in the Purchasing Department, is now Field Clerk at Conrad on the Spring Creek Test Well. We are looking for a photograph and a few squibs of news from Vern describing conditions at Conrad.

And while on the subject of transfers, might call the attention of Casper readers to the fact that Tommy Herriman is now holding down a swivel chair in the General Superintendent's office at Lewistown. Tommy grew lonesome as Field Clerk out at Cat Creek, and it is rumored that the transfer to Lewistown was welcomed by him for other reasons than a change in scenery. She formerly lived at Newcastle.

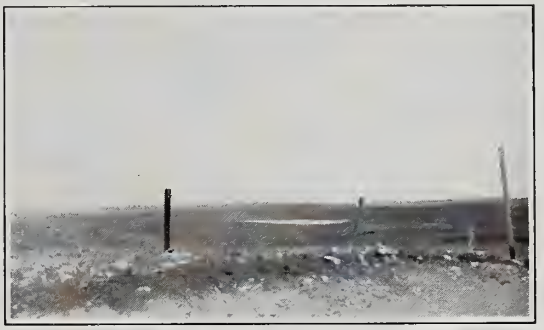
Bill DeVault succeeded Tommy Herriman as Field Clerk at Cat Creek, coming out from the Winnett Office when the General Superintendent's office was moved to Lewistown. Glynne Harris, formerly of the Billings Office, is assisting DeVault at the field.

Lewis Merriott, formerly of the Midwest Refining Company of Denver, is our latest addition to the Accounting Department. "Lou" is obviously keeping in close touch with his many friends in Denver for we observe that the Mid-Northern mail pouch has materially increased in volume since his arrival here.

While much has been written of the "liquid gold" that fills our hearts with joy (and incidentally our pay envelopes) it is seldom the flowing gold is found side by side with the yellow metal itself. This, however, is the case in the newly discovered Kevin-Sunburst field of Northern Montana. The above photograph was taken by Ernest Robinson, company geologist, in the Sweetgrass Hills near the Sunburst field, and shows miners cradling gravel for gold. This should be a rather familiar scene to the old-timers.

W. E. Esmay dropped into the Billings office March first, coming up from the Woody Test Well near Hardin, Montana, and bringing along a small carload of core samples for Max Bauer's crowd to fuss with.

The Kevin-Sunburst field of today would hardly be recognized from the accompanying photograph, which was taken by Ernest Robinson, company geologist, shortly before the first rig was built. A hundred strings of tools will be pounding the earth when the chinook winds drive King Winter back into the frozen north.



C. B. Hickernell, formerly of the Midwest Exploration Department, Denver, and a late acquisition to the Accounting Department, was called back east recently by the death of his brother.

Since "Hick's" arrival in Billings he has made many friends in the personnel of the Mid-Northern family and we all sincerely sympathize with him in his bereavement.

The office was pleased to welcome Miss Jean Balzer to the force on February first. Miss Balzer will take charge of the information desk and telephone switchboard.

The stenographic force lost its senior member on March first, when Mrs. MacAnally decided to leave the oil business. The vacancy thus created has been ably filled by Miss Georgia Montford, formerly Information Clerk.

To vary the monotony and to give the oil man a chance to rest up, Mother Nature has provided the Glacier National Park, some 80 miles from the Kevin-Sunburst field. Lake McDermott, shown above, with Many Glacier Hotel in the foreground, is typical of the Park's scenic spots.

And speaking of moving, it is rumored that George Kay et al are going into the transfer business. The Denver Office crowd would have howled with glee if they could have glimpsed George and his gang of high powered accountants shoving desks and steel cabinets around, when the Billings Office was moved across the street. However, to give the devil his due, the office transfer was made in fine shape between Saturday noon and Monday morning with all desks placed and everyone ready to start hitting the bell with the start of the new week, which all goes to show that a little headwork, combined with pep, enthusiasm and muscle, will do a great deal.

From Kevin—Sunburst

Although we are in every sense of the phrase, merely the distant cousins of the Midwest Family, we are trying hard to make ourselves heard, and as it is a long way to make a noise audible to the rest of you without a broadcasting station, we thought that perhaps the Review would help us.

Perhaps you have heard of the Kevin-Sunburst Field, perhaps not. Anyway it is situated in Northern Montana on what the Rock-Hounds designate as the Sweet Grass Arch, a broad, low and very large anticline running North and South through central Northern Montana. The first well to be drilled on this exceptionally large structure was drilled into small production early last spring by Gordon Campbell, and in the months intervening between that time and now, a surprising amount of development has taken place.

Our Howling No. 1, formerly known as the Merkle-Dawson well, was drilled into the Ellis sand at a depth of 1675 feet on October 11 last, and became the premier well of the field, and still holds its prestige. In charge of the drilling of this well at its completion was none other than C. B. (Scotty) Edmonds, a well known member of the Midwest Family, formerly Production man in Big Muddy. He is still with us, at present labor-contracting the drilling of Howling No. 2, and is an ever present menace to anyone who is at all "kiddable" (if there is any such word). Other members of the family who have come north to the banana belt for the winter, are Joe O'Donnell warehouseman and clerk; Andy Deaton, Bert (Slim) Riley and Mrs. Riley, both formerly of Big Muddy and more recently of Cat Creek; C. T. (Cap) Oien, of Teapot fame; Lee Dobson, oldest employee of the Mid-Northern and Frank Gilpin who herded sheep out of the warehouse at Mule Creek, and Cats out of the bunk-house at Cat Creek.

Our camp, though not very large as yet, is very comfortable even in the forty below weather which descended upon us when some Southern (meaning Wyoming) truck-driver drove through both the fences that separate us from the North Pole, but Andy says that he is going to lay off a day and put the wires back up, all three of 'em.

We have as neighbors the Ohio, the Western Pet. Ex., the California Oil Co., and of course the ever-present Illinois Ice (beg pardon) Pipe Line Company. In spite of the severeness of the winter, considerable work is going on, and new completions are announced every few days. We recently drilled in Swears No. 1 our third well, which flowed and then bridged itself and at present is shut in waiting for pipe-line facilities before being cleaned out and tubed. It has all the ear-marks of another well such as Howling No. 1, and if so will mean that our three wells will make nearly half the production of the Field.

We had hoped to let everybody know of our small but snappy existence in the Christmas number, but getting settled in our new camp, moving into the new cook-house etc; besides the everyday jobs that come up in a new field in winter, held us up on our literary efforts. We had, by the way, a very merry, homelike and altogether enjoyable Christmas, due chiefly to the untiring efforts and cheer of our Mrs. Town in the cook-house, with a tree, lots of turkey, plum-pudding, etc. It has been said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and the same applies to drillers, tool-dressers, roustabouts, etc., and Mrs. Town certainly has created a warmth in all our hearts that will remain a long time.

During the coming spring and summer from all indications things bid fair to be rushing up here, and we are trying to avoid the rush by getting ready early. Water as usual, is scarce and will be the chief problem to all operators, but with the snow that is on the ground at present and spring rains that are promised by the native farm-steaders, our hopes run high, at least we will close with them there, and if they don't stay up, perhaps you will read about it in some future issue of the Review.

Page Dante!

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
"I'll drink no more," he feebly cried,
"But I know I'll smoke again."

Magician in Salt Creek

As the seventh number of the Midwest Salt Creek Lyceum Course, Richard Davis, Master Magician, astounded all we locals in great style. Henry Patterson, "Judge" Andrews, Jensen and Murray all contributed nobly with watches, pocket-books, etc., most of which were returned. Murray tied Davis for his trunk trick and as a result of his close observation is thinking of going on the stage himself. We recommend this strongly and will state that he has a foot-light personality all his own.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Around Salt Creek

Supt. A. A. Slade of the Casper Schools, accompanied by Miss Abbie Arnold, school nurse, Miss Rose Noonan, and Miss Ann Merram, primary specialist, visited the Salt Creek field schools, the first week in this month. Mr. Slade has supervision of Salt Creek's educational institutions as the field is included in the Second School district.

Jim Paden, Superintendent of the Building Department, G. A. Vandaveer, Superintendent of the Pipe Line Department and Karl Krusmark, head of the Architectural Department, all were in the field carrying out business connected with their various departments early this past month.

Dr. A. B. Tonkin, of Riverton, State Health Officer, and head of the Wyoming Department of the American Legion, visited friends in Salt Creek for a couple of days the fore part of March.

Mr. Frank M. McCormick, of the Production Department of the Midwest at Home Camp, returned to the field with his bride late in February. The wedding took place in Arkansas, the former home of the now, Mrs. McCormick.

Mrs. Kenneth Nowels, of Salt Creek Home Camp visited the former home of Mr. Nowels at Colorado Springs for two weeks the early part of March.

Mrs. Orvie Anderson, who has been employed by the Midwest at Home Camp as one of the telephone operators at the Main Office, left the Company recently to accept a position with the L. A. Ward Drug and Art Store located at Lavoye.

Mr. P. S. Sanders, Construction foreman at the Midwest Gas Plant, arrived back in the field early in March after enjoying a two weeks trip to his former home in Arkansas, where he visited with relatives and friends.

Alex Campbell, fireman at the Home Camp boiler-shop suffered with a touch of Flu early in the month.

The Midwest Fire-apparatus, under the direction of Chief Walton is credited with the saving of the town of Lavoye late in February, when a devastating fire wiped out the Souse Mitchell building in the mid-field town. The Scott Clothing Company building adjoining was scorched and smoking when the fire-truck arrived and with its chemicals saved the day.

Mr. Axel Jenson, well known and popular member of the Midwest Commissary force was in critical condition early in the month suffering from pneumonia. He has completely recovered, to the great relief of his friends.

"Dad" Shidler, of Home Camp, employee representative for the Pipe Line Department on the Midwest Joint Council, was a Casper visitor for a few days early in the month.

FRED LOUIS KOEHLER

Timekeeper at the Midwest Production Department office at Salt Creek Home Camp, who is the Employe Representative of the Production Department on the Midwest Joint Council for this year.

Mr. Clarence Jones, Superintendent of the Consolidated Lease of the Midwest Company at Salt Creek, while en route to Florence, Colorado, for a brief business trip early in the month came down with the Flu and was ill in the Hospital at Florence, threatened with pneumonia for a week before he was in shape to start the return trip.

Miss Irene Snyder, formerly of Lander is a new addition to the Midwest Gas Plant office in the field.

Mr. E. L. Estabrook, chief of the Production Engineering Department of the Midwest spent a busy few days in the field, early in March.

Donald Scott, Midwest Gas Plant Booster operator, who suffered a fractured skull, as a result of an explosion at Booster No. 6, in the north part of the field, late in February, is recovering rapidly. Scott's father and mother came on from their home in Michigan to be with their boy during the critical period. They left here a few weeks ago loud in their praise of the care and attention given to the case by Doctor Roach, the hospital force and the Midwest organization; even going so far as to say that if other fathers and mothers knew how carefully all accident cases and sickness were handled, they would have much less

cause for worry and alarm, over their boy, located at Salt Creek.

Friends of Mrs. Joe Burford, who has just undergone an operation at the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota will be glad to learn that altho the operation was critical and developed many complications, Mrs. Burford is now well on the road to recovery.

The Shriners of Salt Creek gave a very attractive dance and box supper on the first Friday night in March. Dr. Jeffreys auctioned off the boxes and raised a large amount which will go into a special fund to help finance the Shrine convention this summer.

The Club House at the Midwest Gas Plant has been the scene of several attractive parties lately. Two dances a month on alternating Saturday nights have proved delightful affairs thru the winter months.

A farewell party and reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Sheriff on the eve of their departure. The affair took place at the Community church and was attended by the many friends of the departing pastor and his family.

On March 21st the Social Dancing Club of Salt Creek gave a masked carnival dance at the Midwest hall and with confetti, noise making devices and costumes, the evening was put on in resplendent mardi-gras style. The music furnished by Eldred's orchestra, all Midwest men, was especially good.

CARD OF THANKS

To the Warehouse and Yard force at Salt Creek: It is not as a matter of duty or custom, but in all sincerity that I take the opportunity to thank the above members of the Midwest family for the beautiful wedding gift presented to my wife and myself. The silver set will ever be prized not alone for its intrinsic worth, and it is a beauty, but for the spirit behind the giving. CLAUDE WILLOCK.

Dave Scott, of the Midwest organization, headquartering at Home Camp, was a business visitor, looking after Company affairs in Casper for several days of this month.

Mr. Joe Burford, of the Pipe Line Department at Salt Creek, accompanied Mrs. Burford to Rochester, Minnesota, late in February. Mrs. Burford was in critical condition and her husband stayed at Rochester until all danger was over.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Erickson of the Midwest Company in the field, where Mr. Erickson is a driller, announce the arrival into the world of a bouncing eight-pound baby girl, born on the 21st of February.

The Ladies Union of the Community Church of Salt Creek put over a very attractive Washington's Birthday party at the church. Decorations, eats and program were all good and the two hundred or more who attended enjoyed the affair thoroughly.

Mr. Richard E. D. Butler, of the drilling forces of the Midwest at Salt Creek, sustained a badly sprained and twisted ankle as a result of a fall some weeks ago. He is up again and will be back helping to punch the Salt Creek field full of holes in the near future.

Baxter Basin News

Weather conditions in February were very favorable and our dams caught much water which is used for drilling purposes.

The boys have subscribed for a radio set and it should be in operation at an early date. This is a first class outfit and will be one of the best in this part of the country.

Arthur Smart of Parkerton who has been dressing tools in Baxter Basin since operations first started left our employ and expects to depart soon for California where he expects to go into the produce business. Smarty as he was known among the camp will be greatly missed, and we all wish him luck in his new location.

J. N. Jackman and A. B. Toben are new faces among the Baxter Basin crowd, having been transferred from the Osage field here.

John Kent one of our neighbors has just returned from Cheyenne where he aided materially in passing valuable legislation.

From all appearances it looks as though Jim Jordan and Joe Holmes were getting in training for a rifle tournament as we have noticed them doing a lot of shooting at tin cans back of the cookhouse. (They are still shooting at the same can.)

It has just been reported that one of our drillers while visiting in Salt Lake at Christmas time lost his watch and vest. Watch is engraved W. T. G.—Vest was returned by one of the fair sex of the capitol city.

Field operations are still confined to the drilling of the two wells. Well No. 1 X NE¼ Sec. 36-18-104 has reached a depth of 1890 feet, carrying 12½" casing. Well No. 29 SE¼ Sec. 25-18-104 has reached a depth of 1180 feet. carrying 12½" casing.

A new location was made being known as 34 X SE¼ Sec. 10-16-104. This location is on the south side of Aspen Mountain.

Notes from Greybull Field

It has been a long time since we sent in anything from the Greybull field, but if we try hard we may find enough to fill at least a part of a column.

Since last heard from we have abandoned the Lincoln Land Lease, moving all necessary equipment for pumping the two wells downtown to a site midway between the R. B. West and Stone Point wells. We have a complete pumping unit here, consisting of a ten h. p. Bessemer engine and a C-K (Carlson Keefer Patent) power. There was only one town lot to move onto but we located the power, tank battery, boiler house and pumping station within its limits. It presents an appearance similar to one of those apartment kitchenettes where friend wife stands in the middle and reaches everything in the place by merely turning around.

Torchlight has been shut down since the first of November so the jack rabbits, coyotes and prairie dogs have had free rein.

We enjoyed a free smoke recently when Cecil

Lynam announced, "It's a boy." Both mother and baby, named Glen, are doing nicely.

Forrest Benedict has taken advantage of a few pleasant days to build a garage to house his "Coop" when he is able to herd it thru from Glenrock where it has spent the winter.

Recently Larson invited a minister and his wife to come out to the farm for Sunday dinner. While driving thru town the minister who was alone in the front seat suddenly stopped the car. His wife, in the back seat with Larson, asked her husband why he was stopping there. He replied that he was just complying with her request to "Stop." "Oh!" she said, "I wasn't speaking to you." What did she mean Hugo?

Carlson has his Reo, which he rescued from the briny depths of the Big Horn river, in working order but he says that he wont dare drive till high water is over because he is afraid it will head for the river again.

We have recently enjoyed visits from Mr. Estabrook and Mr. Peake.

Our force here consists of five men, the Superintendent, one pumper, a teamster and two roustabouts. But we have been kept busy trying to keep the oil lines open, as the changeable weather has given us more trouble than we had last winter when it staid around twenty below for more than a month.

With the ice breaking up in the river the E. G. Lewis men are working in boats. Their wells are in the river bottom and at present are surrounded by water. Tom says he will get some monkeys to look after them so that they can crawl out on the rod lines.

We are waiting for the Ohio Oil Co. to drill in a big well at Mercer Dome so that there will be a little excitement.

There are a few promoters left in Greybull who tell us that there will be a deep well drilled in Torchlight this summer on acreage not owned by the Midwest or Ohio. Here's hoping.

The Ashland-Wyoming deep test in the Greybull field has been shut down for several months. When they discontinued operations they were plugging back intending to shoot a streak of black oil pay, in presumably the Tensleep sand.

There are several wildcats in the Big Horn Basin which have been working all winter and with the coming of spring they may present something of interest.

Teapot Station News

After having spent several weeks in and around Chicago, Geo. MacDonald is with us again and looks none the worse for the exposure. He reports that everything was in fine shape, even better than was expected. We were somewhat disappointed when he didn't pass around the cigars, but he says there wasn't a chance since Valentino has made Chicago his headquarters.

During Geo.'s absence Jarret Law was in charge on his shift and things went smoothly and efficiently, to the satisfaction of everyone.

Since Harry Holmes started his advertising campaign for the Holmes Dumb Friends League he has had more business than he can tend to. To see Harry headed for the boiler room followed by his canine friends, would even make the Pied Piper envious.

Several of the boys have been taking advantage of the winter months to do a little trapping and among those who have something to show for their efforts are, Vic Leonard, I. L. Stewart, J. Law, and Bill Tucker. They have some mighty fine coyote pelts which have been mounted, and when the boys travel other climes than this, they can display them, as appropriate souvenirs of the country.

M. M. Kincaid is with us again after an absence due to sickness. We are glad to see him back on the job again and we notice he is the first one in the boarding house and the last out so his recovery must be complete.

Fred Soper has left the employ of the Midwest to become associated with Shorty Goodin, also a former employee of the Midwest. Shorty used to herd an F. W. D. between Casper and other points. It is with regrets that we see Fred leave us and we wish him the best of luck in his new endeavors.

In a recent issue of the Review was an article mentioning the fact that Vic Leonard gave the wife a car for Christmas, also something was said about the expediency of giving presents the whole family could use. It seems that Mrs. Leonard must get even so she is going to get Vic a washing machine for his birthday, one with a nice wheel on it and everything. There is going to be one difference however, the washing machine isn't for the whole family —just for Vic.

W. B. Eiler was a welcome visitor last week He hasn't been around to see us for some time and pretty near had to get acquainted all over. His mission however wasn't quite so welcome as he came over to let us know how much we must "ante" in the income tax game.

More Nonsense from the Casper Office

Mrs. Keleher to young Francis:—"My boy, you must not shoot craps, for life is just as precious to the little craps as it is to us."

Health Hint:—Never light a match to see how much gas there is in the tank or how much alcohol in the radiator.

When it comes to moving around and changes, Denver Office has nothing on us:—Mr. Heerlein has left the service of the Midwest and Mr. Smith and Mr. Keleher have moved into his office. Mr. Work has his old job back since Mr. Pinkerton left; Jack Rutz has moved from the Invoice Department to the Analytical Department (you'll have to work now, Jack!); Hubert Penington has moved to a desk in the Accounting Room and his place in the filing room is being filled by his brother. Mr. H. W. Ladd has moved from the 6th floor to the 5th floor and his stenographer, Dorothy Williamson, has been moved along with him. Mr.

Norstrum has gone to the Central Pipe Line Company and Mr. O'Brien is taking his place. Neal Shaw has taken over Kelly's work and the Analytical Department has moved up a place due to Mr. Smith's filling Mr. Heerlein's position as Assistant Auditor.

Our obliging messenger boy, Phil Jackson, has left us and "Bill" Blau has taken his place. We extend him a hearty welcome as we find Bill very willing and full of Pep.

The girls in the Accounting Department have been chewing taffy to exercise their jaws.

'Tis the last quart of liquor left standing alone;
All its lovely companions have faded and gone.
He saves it for illness, but gloom gathers thick,
He eyes that last bottle and feels pretty sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stearns have purchased a lot in the new Standard Addition and expect to build this spring.

The blue-nose reform committee has given up in desperation and has gone on a vacation, for since some of our members (Oh, yes, Kelly and Eddie are among them) have taken up golf, the committee has been sadly over-worked.

Some things we would like to see happen

Snedden spanking Blondie.
Russell handing out stationery with a smile.
Kelly as fat as Stan.
Ted tripping the light fantastic.
Eddie teaching a Sunday School Class.
Stan with a marcel like Eddie's.
Fehlman laughing hysterically.
Helen Wallace with bobbed hair.
Dykeman stepping out with a girl.
Anderson wearing a Van Dyke beard and a derby.

Crosskill Ate a Germ

Spotless J. G. Crosskill ordered lunch in Salt Creek town,

Found the dishes spread before good reason for to frown,

Fly-specks, eggs and gravy covered everything in sight,

Service in this burgh, he thought, surely is a fright,

But being extra careful—his hair and clothes show class—

Crosskill washed the dishes in his nearby water glass.

Later conversation distracted him from swank—

Crosskill raised his glass to lips, the dirty water drank.

Casper Field Garage

One of the boys received the following account of the death of a dear friend who died in Scotland—we never mention any names—when there's grief attached. "Aged 36 year, six months and thirteen days. He was a mild-mannered pirate, with a mouth for whisky. He came here in the nite with another man's wife and joined the church at the first seance. He owed us several dollars for his pew, a large meat bill, and you could hear him pray for six blocks. He died singing. He was buried in an asbestos casket and his friends threw fans on his grave—he may need them." Great sympathy is felt by all the boys for our friend in this his great loss. Which brings to our mind what the little birdie said:

"It isn't what we do or say,
It's all in the way we do or say it.
What would the egg amount to, pray,
If the hen got up on the roost to lay it?"

From all indications the eligibles of the Field Garage are all going to buy Standard Oil Stock, so sure are we that it wouldn't take much influence to get a side bet that we are not going to be 100 percent.

The noon hour at the Casper Field Garage is usually a good time to be around (the corner) every salesman, agent and Sweet Cookie that hits Casper makes for our dining room. Thru custom we tell insurance men no that we have to tell them their insurance is no good and prove it by one of the men who carried it for a long time. Magazine peddlers have gotten by pretty well until March 6 when one old boy tried to peddle a years subscription with an Atlas of the World thrown in, and said Atlas was Copyrighted in 1917. The Sweet Cookies who throw their head to one side and smile (they think) sweetly usually get a lota kidding from our Radiator Wizzard and a promise of next time from Donko and Bert who want to get them to one side and be confidential. The best we ever heard was pulled by our old Friend Harry Paulson who never carried a lunch and doesn't have the desire; the salesman was explaining the advantage of the $5.00 Thermos bottle. (Paulson registers ignorance for the fun of it.)

Salesman: "This bottle keeps things either hot or cold which ever you like."

Paulson: "Do you guarantee that?"

Salesman: "Well no there's no guarantee with the bottle."

Paulson: "Then you can't sell one to me and I'd advise all you fellers to layoffa it, how in the 'll does that thing know whether you want it hot or whether you want it cold."

It was a little lawyer man,
Her husband's will began to scan,
And, thinking of his attorney fee,
Said, "You have a nice fat legacy."
And next day as he lay in bed
With bandages wrapped all round his head
He wondered what-on-earth-he'd-said.

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

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F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipeline District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Chester Borsch, Secretary

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Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

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Are You Discouraged?

Remember this:

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the Legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman, to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the U. S. Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the U. S. Senate and was badly defeated. In 1856 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures--great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged, just because you think you are having a hard time in life?—Exchange.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Volume IV April, 1923 Number 3

PUBLISHED *for the* MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

Keep Fishing

Hi Somers was the durndest cuss
For ketchin' fish—he sure was great!
He never used to make no fuss
About the kind of pole or bait,
Er weather, neither; he'd just say,
"I got to ketch a mess today."
An' towards the creek you'd see him slide,
A-whistlin' soft an' walkin' wide.
I says one day to Hi, says I,
"How do you always ketch 'em, Hi?"
He give his bait another swish in,
An' chucklin' says, "I just keep fishin'."

The Midwest Review

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Volume IV | April, 1923 | Number 3

Cost of Stock to Employes

The Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) have fixed the price of Indiana stock, which is to be bought for employes of the Standard Oil Company and the Midwest Refining Company during the next year, at sixty dollars per share. Consequently, employes who are having deductions made from their pay each month under the Stock Purchase Plan may know that their money is being invested on this basis. Employes generally throughout the Midwest organization have taken advantage of the plan and although no figures are available at this time, yet, it is believed that a large percentage of those eligible are subscribing for the stock.

Employes, generally, realize that this is an excellent opportunity to make a safe, sound, and profitable investment and are taking advantage of an opportunity which people on the outside would be mighty glad to get. This price of sixty dollars is the average price of the stock for the six months prior to March 31, 1923, and, as stated above, will be the price at which all stock will be purchased for the next year.

Two New Midwest Councils

With the organization of two new Joint Industrial Councils in March, the employe representation plan of the Midwest Refining Company now extends to practically all the employes in the entire organization. These two new councils were organized by Col. Burke H. Sinclair, Director of Industrial Relations, at Grass Creek and Elk Basin.

Mass meetings of all employes were held in each field and were well attended. At Grass Creek, one employe representative, George H. Mower, a carpenter, was elected. L. L. Bechtel, superintendent, was appointed management representative. These two men will constitute the council there. R. A. Waltz will act as secretary of this council, and this council will meet regularly on the third Tuesday in each month.

At Elk Basin, two employe representatives were chosen, D. T. Beck, a tooldresser being elected to represent the producing department, and R. G. Austin, a shift man, being elected to represent the gas plant. P. L. Eddy and F. M. Stauffer, superintendents respectively of the producing and gas departments, were appointed as management representatives. This council will meet regularly on the third Thursday in each month. E. S. Bach was appointed secretary of this council.

These councils, like the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council, will meet each month on the dates mentioned above, and take up all matters relating to living and working conditions which may come before them. These councils are the means of expression from the employes to the management and it is earnestly desired that all employes who have matters to bring up that in any way affect their living or working conditions, will feel free to bring them before these councils through their representatives. That is what they elected these representatives for—to represent them and they should use them.

Evaporation Losses in Field Storage Tanks

By H. T. Morley

(Continued from last month)

The tests were made in the Grass Creek field for the purpose of determining evaporation loss from the ordinary type of field tank and the amount which would be saved in the use of gas-tight tanks. A 250-barrel field tank equipped with gas-tight fixtures and pressure regulator was placed next to one of the 250-barrel tanks on the Ridgeley lease, which was of the usual type with openings for pipe connections and gauge holes and with over shot oil inlet. The oil line connections were made in such a way that the two tanks could be filled at the same time. Four different tests were made. In each test oil was turned into the tanks at the same time and the flow regulated so that the time of filling was the same. The tanks were gauged for volume at intervals of approximately eight hours.

At each observation temperatures were recorded at the middle of the tank, in the tank above the oil and the outside atmosphere, and at most of the observations samples were taken from the center of the tank by means of a "thief." These samples were analyzed in the laboratory of the Greybull Refinery to determine the change in gravity and other physical properties during the process of evaporation.

During each test the tanks were steamed. In two of the tests the steaming was done with live steam in direct contact with the oil and in the last two tests the steaming was done by use of coils. The tanks were steamed to a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit, and in each case samples and observations were taken at 60, 70, 80 and 90 degrees. It was noted that less steam was used in heating the oil in the tight tank than in the open tank. Care must be taken in steaming as there is a point at which the temperature and resulting pressure may be too high for the tight tanks to stand. This, however, is taken care of by the pressure regulator. The danger of overheating is probably more applicable to Grass Creek crude than to other oils for the reason that Grass Creek crude has a high gravity (46° Baume) and the boiling point is between 94 and 98 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the oil as it comes from the well is 58 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. In steaming this oil above a temperature of 90°, the boiling point is nearly reached and distillation started, causing an excessive amount of pressure. To settle out the impurities it is not necessary to heat the oil above 85° Fahrenheit. The danger of occasionally overheating the tanks can be decreased by the installation of permanent thermometers on each tank.

Two tests were made using oil which was run into the tank directly from the wells in order to show the loss by evaporation during the time the oil is in the flow tank. Other tests show losses sustained in the storage tanks under present field conditions, that is, by using oil after it had passed through the flow tanks. The results of the test show that with flow tanks equipped with gas-tight fixtures, the oil after reaching the storage tank would be of higher gravity than it would with the old style equipment, and the loss sustained in gas-tight storage tanks would be more accurately determined with oil taken directly from wells than with oil that is partially evaporated in the flow tank under present conditions. The results of the tests are shown in the following tables:

Test 1. OIL DIRECT FROM WELLS

31½ hours filling.
130½ hours standing and steaming (Live steam.)

Loss from open tank (130½ hours)	13.65 Bbls.
Loss from tight tank (130½ hrs.)	2.96 "
Total barrels saved	10.69 Bbls.
Average saved per day	1.96 "
Loss in gravity (162 hrs.) open tank	3.1° Be′
Loss in gravity (162 hrs.) tight tank	0.5° Be′
Total saved	2.6° Be′

Test 2. OIL FROM FLOW TANK

22 hours filling.
73.3 hours standing and steaming (Live steam.)

Loss from open tank	5.48 Bbls.
Loss from tight tank	1.85 "
Total saved	3.63 Bbls.
Average saved per day	1.2 "

Loss in gravity (95.3 hrs.) open tank	2.2° Be′
Loss in gravity (95.3 hrs.) tight tank	0.6° Be′
Total saved	1.6° Be′

Note—In tests 1 and 2 there is additional loss while steaming which is not included.

Test 3. OIL FROM FLOW TANK

30 hours filling.

17.2 hours standing and steaming. (Using coils)

Loss from open tank (17.2 hrs.)	7.88 Bbls.
Loss from tight tank (17.2 hrs.)	1.45 "
Total saved	6.43 Bbls.
Average saved per day	8.88 "
Loss in gravity (47.2 hrs.) open tank	1.3° Be′
Loss in gravity (47.2 hrs.) tight tank	0.1° Be′
Total saved	1.2° Be′

Test 4. OIL DIRECT FROM WELLS

56.5 hours filling.

34.8 hours standing and steaming (using coils).

Loss from open tank (34.8 hours)	5.80 Bbls.
Loss from tight tank (34.8 hours)	2.57 Bbls.
Total saved	3.23 Bbls.
Average saved per day	2.2 Bbls.
Loss in gravity, open tank (91.3 hrs.)	2.9° Be′
Loss in gravity, tight tank (91.3 hrs.)	1.4° Be′
Total saved	1.5° Be′

The average saving per tank of oil handled, figuring the average time of handling and average loss per day (disregarding test 3) is 4.5 barrels. At the present rate of production, February, 1923, this saving amounts to approximately 10,350 barrels per year and is essentially gasoline.

The results of the distillation tests which were made on the samples taken during these observations show that the different fractions distill off at uniformly lower temperatures from oil that was in the tight tank than oil in the open tank, showing that part of the distillation had already taken place in the open tank.

These tests were made during the cold season of the year. In warmer weather greater losses of evaporation during the time the tanks are filled and standing is to be expected. This difference of seasons, however, will be more noticeable on leases of small production where the oil must necessarily stand in the tank for a greater length of time.

Because of the expansion and contraction of oil due to change in temperature, the volume of oil in the tanks at each observation must be calculated to the volume it would have at 60° Fahrenheit. The basis on which the percentage of expansion and contraction per degree change in temperature was figured by noting the gain in volume in heating the oil in the tight tank in the two tests from temperature of 44 and 47 degrees respectively to 60 degrees. The heating was done in about 30 minutes and the evaporation loss during this time was disregarded. This "coefficient of expansion" must be figured for each type of crude oil as it is different for oils of different fields.

The losses sustained during the time the tanks were filling is not included in the total loss of oil in each test as exact gauges of this loss were not obtained. This loss, however, is taken to be the equivalent of the average daily loss. It would tend to be even greater because of the spray caused by the splashing of oil into the tanks. To determine this loss it would be necessary to erect an intermediate tank between the flow tank and storage tank in order to gauge the actual amount of oil. Then by turning a known volume into the storage tank, the difference between the volume of the two tanks after filling the second tank would be the loss sustained during filling.

To determine what constituents of the lighter fractions of oil are lost during evaporation, an experiment was made in the laboratory at Salt Creek on samples taken from the same wells which supplied oil for these tests. A sample of the crude was placed in a container with two small openings. Air forced in at one opening passed over the surface of the crude and out through the other opening, thence through a tube containing activated charcoal where all gasoline vapors were absorbed. The charcoal was then treated to recover the absorbed gasoline. The results show that from crude of gravity 44.5 with 10% weathered, 65% of the weathered portion was gasoline of 83° Baume gravity.

At Elk Basin tests were made similar to the tests described above with comparable results based on the gravity, percentage of gasoline and initial boiling point of the crude oil produced from this field.

In the Cat Creek field, Montana, the first

(*Continued on Page* 19)

Casper Midwesterners Organize

By E. J. T.

Prior to a meeting held on March 27th, word was circulated that a great benefit to the employes in general, would be the organization of an athletic and social association. On the above mentioned date a meeting was held at which there was present a fair representative crowd of employes, numbering more than thirty. (We counted noses, and know.)

When the meeting was called to order a general outline of such an association was explained. It was stated that this association would foster, encourage, and endeavor to stimulate interest, in all athletic sports; in baseball, tennis, basketball and track; also to promote social features for the pleasure and entertainment of its members.

It was then asked as to whether or not those present wished to form such an association. Those present declared that such was their desire. Such being their desire, the Chairman then declared the nominations open for the offices of president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer. The officers so elected were, E. J. Treglown, president; J. W. Parker, vice president; and T. S. Clayton, secretary-treasurer.

It was decided that the governing body be composed of eleven directors, to be elected by the employes of the various departments located in Casper, namely: the Casper Field Garage, Central Machine Shop, the employes on the Sixth floor of the Midwest Building, the employes on the Fifth floor of the Midwest Building, the Casper Field Carpenter Shop, the Casper Storage Yard, the Truck-drivers (Company). The duties of these Directors to be assigned and embodied in the Constitution and By-Laws.

It was decided that a committee be named to start the baseball activity. The committee named was: Delay, Casper Storage Yard; Parker, Casper Field Garage; and Watts, of the Casper Office. This committee was instructed to get the names of all persons interested in baseball that would like to play, and arrange for practice.

A committee was then named to obtain the names of those interested in tennis; and to try to locate a place for the tennis courts. The committee named was: Allen, Field Garage, and Jenkins and Fader of the Casper Office.

A committee of three, Corbridge, Field Garage; Langworthy, Casper Office; and St. Louis, Truck-drivers, was named to draft a Constitution and By-Laws. Several other motions were carried that were intended to assist the constitution committee perform their duties.

It was decided that a meeting be held on the evening of April 10th, to hear the reports of the various committees and to perfect the organization.

By the time that you read this effect of a brain-storm, the above will be sailor's news, ancient history, and like the contents of "Tut's" tomb; but for some of our family, not located in Casper, it might be of interest, and therefore is herewith submitted for your information. To show you, and prove to you that we are in the land of the living and NOT in "Tut's" tomb.

For you members of the Midwest Family, located in Casper, and to whom this might possibly be real news, we wish to extend to you a hearty invitation to join us, and by your affiliation, make us better. You need us and we need you. "So come on, get your feet wet."

If you didn't know about this, we are indeed sorry. Read your bulletin boards and keep up with the times. That is where we will post notices regarding the doin's, as we will be unable to get around to see each one and give you a personal invitation, so get your shoulder to the wheel, and help us on our way. Our goal is 100%. Come on, let's go!

Encore

Gibbs: "I heard you singing in your room last night."

Kelly: "Oh, I sing a little to kill time."

Gibbs: "Well, you have a darn good weapon."

The fellow who thinks he is hard boiled is usually cracked.

John D. Clark Joins Standard Oil Executives

Announcement was recently made of the election of John D. Clark, Vice President and General Counsel of the Midwest Refining Company, to the position of Vice President and Assistant to the Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

Mr. Clark was born in Fort Collins, Colorado, his father later removing the family to Cheyenne, Wyoming. In 1905 he was graduated from the University of Nebraska, and in 1907, after receiving his degree from the Columbia University Law School, practiced law at Cheyenne in partnership with his father, the late Judge Gibson Clark, where he achieved an enviable reputation as a lawyer and an authority on irrigation and mining law. He was special counsel for the state of Wyoming in its litigation with the State of Colorado involving water rights on the Laramie River. In 1918, Mr. Clark became identified with The Midwest Refining Company as one of its Wyoming attorneys, and in the spring of 1919, he gave up his private practice in Cheyenne and came to Denver as General Counsel for the Company, being elected Vice President the subsequent year.

Mr. Clark has moved his office to Chicago, where he will spend most of his time. but we still hope to see him occasionally in Denver and Wyoming. We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. Clark on his well merited advancement, and wish him the best of success in his new position.

New Elk Basin Doctor

Dr. E. D. Thixtun, who for two years past has been the company physician at Elk Basin, has resigned his position because of ill health and with Mrs. Thixtun has gone to Michigan for an indefinite stay. Dr. and Mrs. Thixtun have made many warm friends while members of the Midwest family in the Elk Basin Field who regret to see them leave.

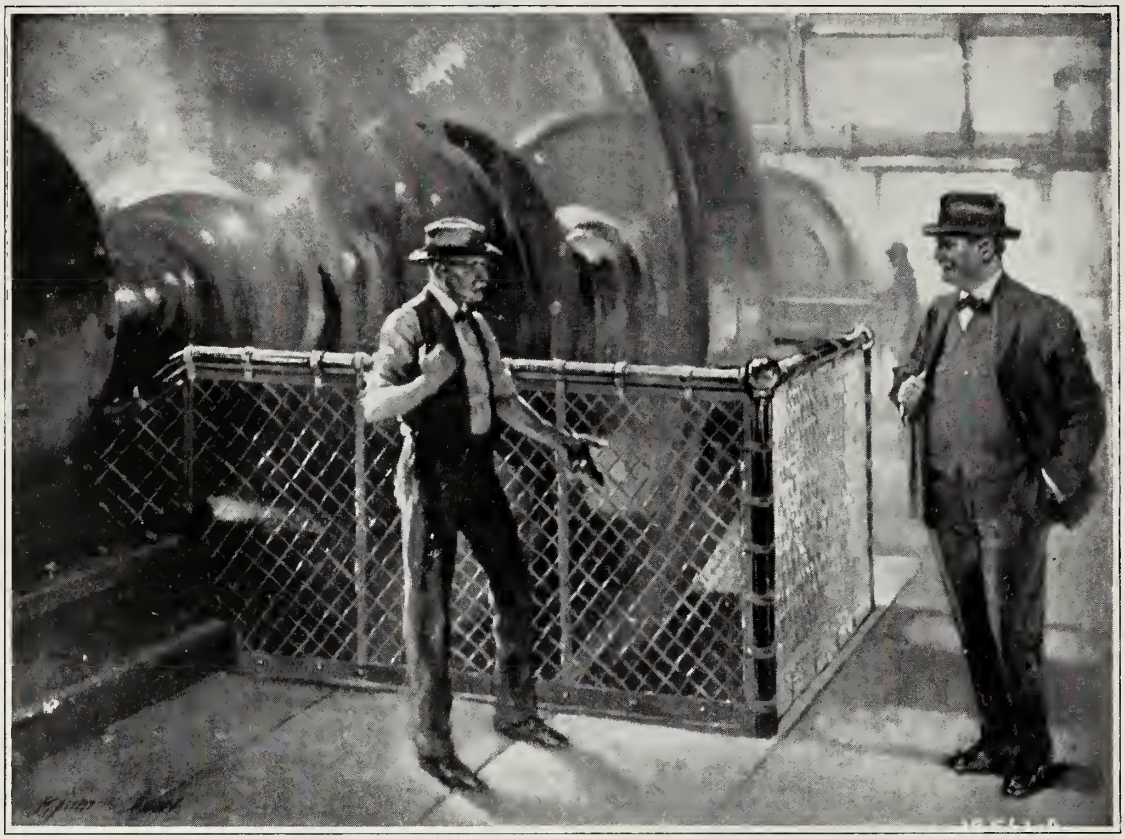
Dr. Charles E. Lane, who has been practicing at Riverton for some years past, has succeeded Dr. Thixtun at Elk Basin and took up his work there early in April. Dr. Lane expects to take his family to Elk Basin this summer.

M. E. Edwards, New Cashier

Due to the resignation of J. G. Crosskill to take over the affairs of the Salt Creek Transportation Company, Melvin E. Edwards, popularly known as "Eddie" in the Casper office, has been promoted to cashier, and took up his duties the first of the month. Mr. Edwards is one of the substantial employes of the company and will meet with the success he deserves.

The attached picture fails to show Eddie's famous head of hair, but it is there just the same. Eddie has figured in a number of thrilling escapades since his connection with the company, such as a certain encounter with a chaperone, and a certain experience while doing guard duty over a fishing luncheon. Eddie is a late advocate also of "cow pasture pool."

Guard Saved His Life



"I wouldn't be alive today if it hadn't been for that guard," said Foreman Bill to the Big Chief, as they looked at the swiftly revolving fly wheel enclosed by a stout wire cage. "I was standing right in this very spot when a circuit breaker blew out over the board. I started for it quick, slipped on a small spot of oil and landed up against that guard. Lucky for me it was there."

One might say, "Well, Bill should have watched his step. What was that oil doing there anyway? A man can't be too careful around dangerous machinery." But the fact still remains—Bill slipped and the guard saved his life.

Next to a careful man the best safety device in the world is a good guard. We can put guards on machinery but we can't put guards on men's brains. We generally know what a machine will do but we can never accurately determine what tricks our minds will play on us to cause trouble. And that's why certain gears, belts, and other equipment in the plant generally must be covered up.

If we were as sure of what we will do tomorrow as we are of what the machines in the plant will do, we could throw away a large number of safe-guards now being used. There's the trouble! We don't know what moment some careless act or thought on our part will result in an accident.

Man suffered few accidents from the hand operated jack knife, saw and hatchet. but when he created machines to cut wood, iron and steel he had to protect himself from them. Many a man has taken off a guard saying, "that's the bunk," and has gone on working—and probably *he* has gotten away with it. But in the files of the National Safety Council are accounts of hundreds of accidents which happened because the guard was taken off, goggles thrown aside, gloves discarded, or some

other safe-guard ignored. On the other hand there are also on record numberless instances where accidents have been averted by means of guards.

The safeguards in our plants, in our power houses, in our streets, at our crossings, are intended to save lives, limbs and misery—they have a humane purpose we cannot afford to overlook. And no person has reason to believe that he can go through life and neglect these safeguards which have been developed for his protection.

Sanders On the Council

Mr. C. S. Sanders, Construction Superintendent at the Salt Creek Gas Plant, has been appointed Management Representative for the Gas Plant on the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council. Mr. Sanders takes the place of Superintendent Andrews, who has been compelled to resign because of press of work.

Mr. Sanders has been with the Gas Plant for some time and is thoroughly well acquainted with, not only the men working there but also with the general conditions surrounding the Plant, and will, no doubt. make an excellent member of the Council.

Mr. Andrews has served as a member of the Council since its formation. He has been an earnest and consistent worker while a member and has missed very few meetings. The Council will miss his presence at the future meetings.

Now "Good Morning, Judge"

C. C. McNulty of the Midwest Family at Home Camp, was elected the first Justice of the peace for the Salt Creek field, in the Second District, last November, and the "Judge" is now a pretty important member of the Community and a good man to have for a friend.

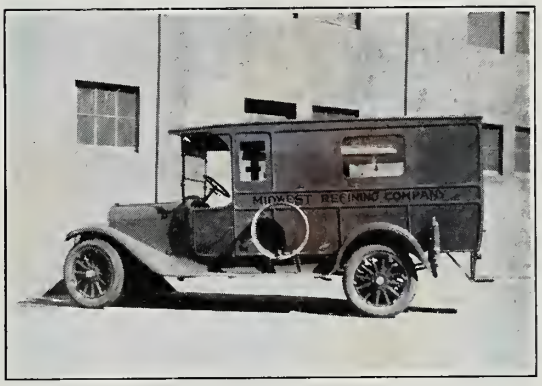
Early in March, Judge McNulty was called to Casper to sit on a case that required change of venue, and this case he carried thru with the fairness and good judgment for which he is noted. It is a new step in Salt Creek progress to be sending a jurist into the neighboring metropolis.

Club House Library

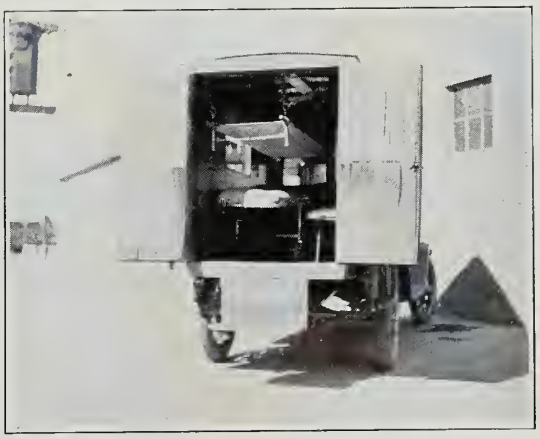
The Salt Creek Club House has now the nucleus for a splendid library consisting of books on oil and gas technology, in addition to an assorted list of excellent fiction. These books, something over a hundred in number, were donated to the library of the new Club House by officials of the Company and other good friends of the Midwest family. The books have been catalogued and placed in the Library in the Club House for the use of the employes in the Salt Creek field.

New Ambulance

The Salt Creek Hospital is now equipped with a fine new ambulance which will be used for caring for the employes of the



company throughout the Salt Creek field. The ambulance is a new one directly from the factory and is equipped with all the



latest devices for the safe and comfortable handling of patients, and will be a splendid addition to the facilities of Salt Creek.

Benefit Directors Meet

The first meeting of the Board of Directors of the Midwest Employes' Benefit Association for 1923 was held in Casper in the Industrial Relations Office on Friday, April 13. Despite the ominous sound of the date, a full attendance was there and a splendid meeting enjoyed. Those present were B. J. McCann, Director from Denver; D. T. Beck, Director from Elk Basin; Ray Hughes, Director from the Casper Storage Yard; H. L. Huey, Director from Salt Creek Pipe Line Department; C. S. Sanders, Director from the Salt Creek Gas Plant; H. S. Bossart, Director from the Salt Creek Producing Department; T. N. Shaw, Secretary, Casper Office; Gregory S. Powell, Assistant Director Industrial Relations, Salt Creek; M. E. Edwards, Treasurer, Casper Office; Burke H. Sinclair, President, Director of Industrial Relations. Mr. Edwards was recently appointed Treasurer in place of J. G. Crosskill, who has resigned his position with the company. During the course of the meeting, Mr. R. S. Ellison, Vice President of the Company, met with the directors and assisted them in the discussion of a number of important matters. The Directors voted to amend the constitution so as to provide for a Director from the Grass Creek Field, this District having been represented jointly, so far, with the Elk Basin Field. As a result of this action, Grass Creek in the future will have its own Director. The Directors also voted to amend the constitution so as to provide for the following:

First—Making provision that a funeral benefit will not be paid in the case of an employe who becomes sick or disabled and who draws benefits from the Association but whose death does not occur within one year from the first day of his disability provided that the sickness or disability was such that the employe was unable to accept employment from the Midwest or any other company during that year's period.

Second—It was provided that employes must make application for their benefits within twenty days of the last day of their disability or such benefits will not be allowed.

These provisions, as outlined above, were made in order to safeguard the business of the Association and the Directors feel that under these provisions, each individual will be guaranteed his rights and, yet, the Association will be protected against any individual who might in some way seek to take advantage of the liberal provisions of the organization.

The report by the Treasurer to the Directors showed that the Association has, within the last year, reduced its indebtedness $1,600.00 and has, also, cut its net operating loss from $3,400.00 to approximately $800.00. The Association is in good shape financially and the Directors believe that there is a splendid opportunity for the organization getting on a sound financial basis and accumulating a reserve fund.

The next meeting of the Board will probably be held some time in July or August.

Crosskill Buys Bus Line

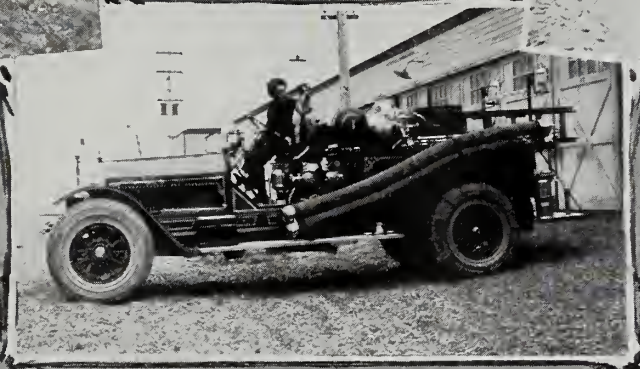
The big yellow busses, so long a part of Salt Creek life and development, have become brown busses and the Midwest Transportation Company has now become the Salt Creek Transportation Company, a public utility corporation under the laws of the State of Wyoming, and a common carrier over the Casper to Salt Creek road. Gordon Crosskill, for several years Midwest cashier in the Casper Office, has left the company and will actively manage the new organization.

With an office in Casper, across from the Masonic Temple, two big brown passenger busses, and an express truck, experienced drivers, and the organizing and directing genius of Gordon Crosskill behind it all, the newest Wyoming public utility corporation is bound to increase its scope, usefulness and efficiency and will have a big part in the busy program that keeps drills pounding and oil flowing, in the greatest of oil fields.

LATE SALT CREEK SNAPSHOTS

UNUSUAL VIEW OF DRILLING RIG INTERIOR. MUDDING AND CEMENTING CREW, LEFT TO RIGHT AS FOLLOWS: REAR ROW Wm KOSHNE, CECIL JENNISON, DAVID FERGUSON AND FRANK KEELEY FRONT ROW, DICK WAUGH, McGINLEY FRANK, "HEAVY" ROBERSON

HERMAN BORGRINK AND HIS TWO YOUNG PET WOLVES



BIG DITCHER WORKING ON PIPE LINE TRENCH SALT CREEK TO CASPER

THE HANDSOME NEW CHEMICAL FIRE-FIGHTING APPARATUS, JUST RECEIVED AT SALT CREEK

DUKES OF THE SALT CREEK OFFICE LEFT TO RIGHT INCLUDING MUSTACHES HARRISON, BORSCH, VASTINE & HAMMOND

WHEN THE FRONT WHEELS GO OUT OF SIGHT IN SALT CREEK

Midnorthern Poets in Contest

Mid-Northerners in Montana are indulging in a catch-as-catch-can poetic contest these days. The following effusions, interspersed with correspondence, is submitted for the delectation of Review readers. Mr. J. H. Clark, manager for the Mid-Northern sends the collection to the Review.

Mr. J. H. Clark,
Manager, Mid Northern Oil Co..
Billings, Mont.
My Dear Mr. Clark:

As a matter of record and also suggesting the possibility of developing a future poet laureate and copping a modicum of glory to take the taste of some other things out of our mouths, I take particular pleasure in handing you an original poem by one of our men, Bob Whitten in the warehouse. The man has been in this country a scant three years. The second enclosure, "Re-echoes" came like a bolt from a clear sky from a fellow Irishman and now the first named Bob is in sack cloth.

With your sense of humor you can appreciate something of how the two effusions went over out here.

"Echoes of Our Dance—The 17th of March"

'Twas the 17th of Ireland and the wearin' of the Green;
We had a dance at Cat Creek, the likes you've seldom seen.
The music, it was rippin' and the dancing, it was fine:
I'm telling you the truth, boys—sure what's the use o' lying?

All night we danced the Polka, the quadrille and the waltz;
The stepping it was good, boys, as very few were false.
We also had the Fox Trot, the Schottische and Two Step;
And this one, last mentioned, was surely done with pep.

And if the players hadn't quit—just as they did at four.
'Tis I that am inclined to think, they'd still be on the floor,
Because, had you been there, boys, and seen the merry scores,
You surely could remember the lusty encores.

The next thing was the music, the last, but not the least;
Declared by so many to be a perfect feast,
For with Saxophone, Piano, with Violin and Drum
It put the music in our feet, and made the air a hum.

And now to conclude, boys 'tis all I've got to say,
We'd like to hear those airs again 'fore 'nother Patrick's Day.
And if we're all alive, boys, and I hope we all may be,
The same old crowd on Cat Creek, is the one I'd like to see.

Original. R. J. Whitten.

"Re-echoes of Our Dance—The 17th of March"

The following written by a fellow Irishman, who evidently took exceptions to his clansman's departure from the faith and practices of his forebears:

"'Twas the 17th of Ireland,
Sure, Bob, you've written well,
But it makes me wonder, lad,
To read your lines and hear you tell
How you spent a pleasant evening,
Swung the colleens 'round the hall,
How you danced the waltz and two step,
How, in fact, you stepped them all.
Makes me wonder how a native of that isle across the sea,
Could have a good time at a dance as quiet as could be,
And never have a drop of hooch, to cheer him on his way,
And never once a shindy, just to celebrate the day.
Where's all that Irish spirit, that we hear so much about,
Or was the bottle busted, or did the cork come out?
I'm sure, me bye, had Old Saint Pat, in spirit, came this way,
He'd have sworn it wasted energy, that shooed the snakes away.
No broken heads or misplaced ears, no games to mark the day,
That ushered in that famous Mick in the good old fashioned way.
How can you know that Irish joy, of making up, me lad,
How can you shake and call it off, if the fight you haven't had?
Of course, we like to know that you enjoyed St. Patrick's Day,
My Boy, you've kissed the Blarney Stone, there ain't no other way.
But way down in your heart, we know that you would rather be
A-swingin' of the Colleens in the Land across the sea.

Original. Jimmie Thornton.

March 22, 1923.

Mr. J. H. Clark,
Mid Northern Oil Co.,
Billings, Mont.
My Dear Mr. Clark:

Yesterday I sounded a note of warning to get in on the ground floor. Today a new Long-

fellow has appeared in the person of Cassius Keeler, a driller who has polluted this vicinity with a convulsion entitled, "First Impressions of a Tenderfoot." The committee of the whole had nearly decided to see whether his hide would sprout feathers well laid on with a little tar, when our erstwhile Irishman, Jimmie Thornton by name, came to the fore with a painless antidote for Mr. Keeler; same is also enclosed under the caption, "Impressions Gained from the Ravings of a Homesick Native of the Sunny South."

The matter has reached a too complicated stage for me and the best I can do is to pass the buck up to you to decide whether to shoot them all or let them die a natural death.

This sunny weather, shining on both sides of the fence, is working havoc with some of your faithful henchmen.

Very truly yours,

Merrick.

A Tenderfoot's First Impression of Montana

By Cassius Keeler

You ask how I like Montana, with its wintry winds and snows,
I'd far rather live in the Sunny South, where the cotton blossom grows.
Your cold bleak hills and your barren plains
Somehow don't appeal to me, where you travel for miles
O'er the trackless wilds and never behold a tree.
Where the winds sweep down from the frozen North,
And the snow comes with a gale. The Storm King howls
Like a thing of life, like a lost child's lonely wail.
The night winds moan, as you lie alone,
In your cabin and try to sleep, while the north wind blows
'Till the wintry snows have drifted the coulees deep.
There are stony crags, there are lonesome buttes
With their scrubby, scraggly pine. There are canyons grim,
There are coulees dim, and the lonely sheep herder's sign.
The streamlets leap down the mountain steep
And across the prairies glide; with a laugh and song
They dance along till they come to the river side.
But the streams go dry, neath the summer sky,
And the land seems a land accursed. The coyote's wail
Tells the last sad tale of a herd that died of thirst.
For it never rains on these dreary plains,
'Till the summer season's past. The sun shines hot
In that cussed spot and the skies seem molten brass.
The sage brush grows in that land of woes
And the sage hen with her brood, creeps over the plain,
Again and again, in a ceaseless quest for food.
This is the land of Montana, the land of a thousand woes.
I'd far rather live in the Sunny South, where the cotton blossom grows.

The following by Montana, being the impression gained from the mad ravings of a homesick native of the Sunny South:

By Jimmie Thornton.

Oklahoma, land of plenty:
Plenty of what? Why, trouble, man:
Get you into more D——d jack pots
Than most any country can.
Where the squaw sits by the roadside.
Where the hobo stews his slum,
Where they peddle bootleg whiskey.
That will make a man a bum.
Where they gather on election day
And paint the town all red,
Then they plant a lot of fellows
With their carcass full of lead.
Where they steal each other's women
And they 'low a man is tame,
If he's too slow to confiscate
Some other fellow's dame.
Where they raise the lowly cotton
And the corn that is mostly cob,
Just to keep the nigger busy
And to give the mule a job.
Where they peddle snow and morphine
And most every kind of hop,
Where the peanut's called a Goober,
And where common gravy's sop.
Where, when speaking of the moneyed man,
The man who has the jack
Is the bird who walks with toes turned in
And a blanket on his back.
Where the niggers hold camp meeting,
Where the Holy Rollers roll,
Where there's forty-seven thousand ways
For a man to damn his soul.
Once a man from Oklahoma died,
And when he crossed the Styx,
Boatman said to old St. Peter,
"One more from that land of hicks."
Old St. Peter looked him over,
Slowly shook his hoary head,
While he listened in a doubtful way
To what the pilgrim said:
Listened while he told his story
And he heard the stranger say:
"That he'd lived in Oklahoma
Since the territory day.
Said he'd come in from Dodge City
And was glad to come alive,
Bat Masterson hard on his trail
With a swingin' forty-five.
Told how he'd built a long rope
And settled down to stay,
And be the king of cattlemen
In the regulation way.
Told how he'd dodged the sheriff
And the brand inspector, too.
Told of all the shady things

(*Continued on Page* 20)

WITH THE MIDNORTHERNERS

Our criticism of the boys out in the field in the last issue for not helping us out with contributions to the Review, brought Tommy Herriman to his feet with a crash, and over half of the Mid-Northern's copy this month comes from the versatile pen of Tommy. If we could now jar Joe O'Donnell, at Sunburst, loose from a few write-ups of the Up-North field, our troubles would melt away.

Bill Fuller of the Billings Office is wearing a perpetual smile these days, and if you ask the reason Bill will reply that "it" weighed something in the neighborhood of ten pounds. A husky son arrived in the Fuller household the first Sunday in March, and cigars and candy are now in order throughout the office.

Earl Scoville has at last consented to don the spangles of the diamond one more season, and now it is said he and Howard Rafferty, of the Manager's office, will be seen on the baseball field this summer frequently. It is expected that the Mid-Northern battery, "Scoville Catch and Rafferty Pitch" will prove a winning combination.

The Mid-Northern Company recently completed a new Cook House and Guest House, at Cat Creek Field, of which they have reasons to boast. These buildings are steam heated, having the best equipment that can be had. A boiler is set at central location furnishing steam heat for Warehouse, Office, Cook House, Guest House and Garage. A radio outfit has been installed which is very complete and successful. Chief Nighthawk Fitzpatrick of the Nighthawks, "the Enemies of Sleep," has enrolled General Superintendent Shoemaker as a charter member. The "Nighthawks" are better known to radio fans as WDAF.

We fail to notice any mention having been made in the columns of The Review that the Mid-Northern Company were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. V. W. Shoemaker, who accepted the position of General Superintendent of Montana operations. Successful operations during the winter months are the results of Mr. Shoemaker's supervision, and the benefits derived from his wide experience in the oil industry and practical knowledge of the business is keenly appreciated by the entire organization.

Until February 1, 1923, the company had, in addition to the field office, an office at Winnett, some 28 miles from the field. It was decided to abolish the Winnett office, account being successful in arranging to connect the field with main telephone line, which gives direct communication with Billings and Lewistown. An office was then opened at Lewistown by General Superintendent, it being an ideal location for all operations in Montana. In addition to being very accessible to Cat Creek it gives the General Superintendent advantage of keeping in close touch with all other Montana operations, and eliminating lost motion experienced in the past, in getting tools and material to the different fields. Mr. Shoemaker moved his family from Billings to Lewistown, and by having his headquarters at Lewistown, gives him an opportunity of being "at home" once in a while, of which privilege he was deprived before moving to Lewistown. Subsequent to his connection with the Mid-Northern, Mr. Shoemaker had charge of operations for Western States Oil & Land Company, at Soap Creek, Montana. Mr. Shoemaker has been connected with the Midwest Refining Company and its subsidiaries for a number of years.

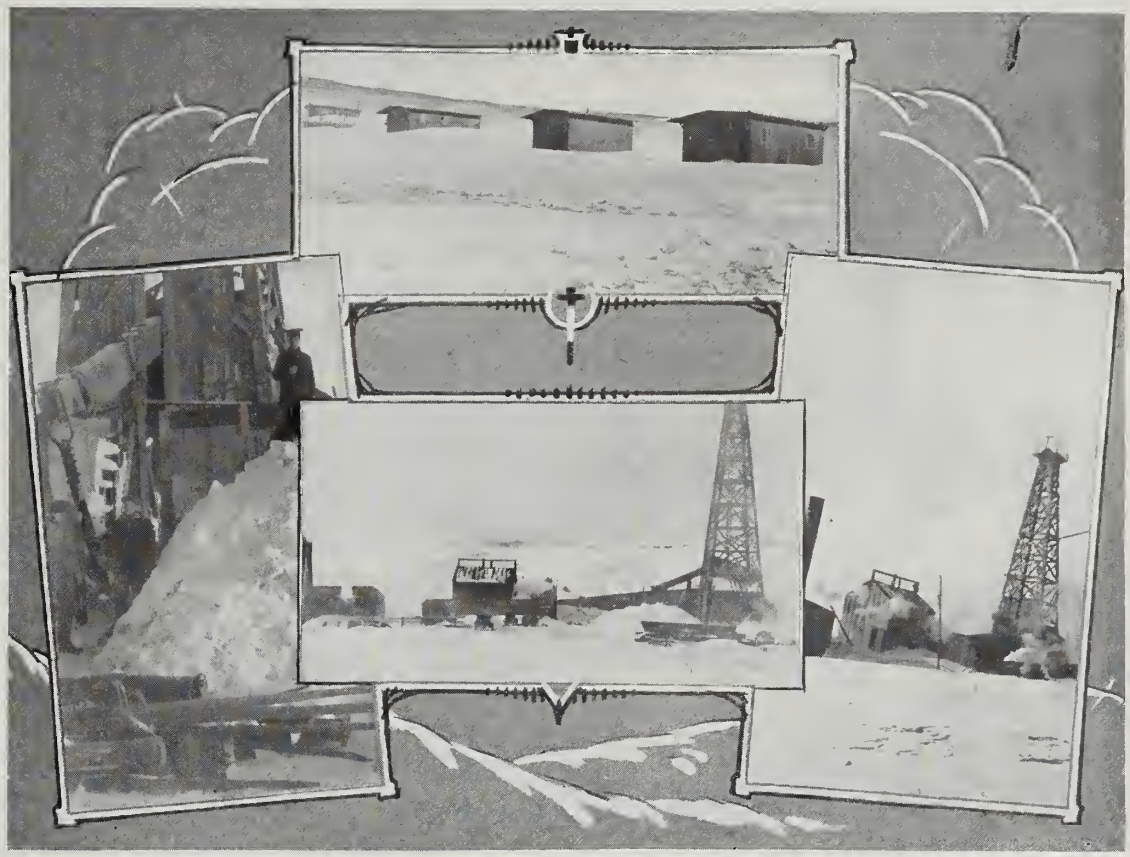
FOR SALE---To Some Reliable Operator

One string of tools, engine and boiler complete,
Two spliced lines, about two thousand feet.
One sand line as good as new,
Tied with a square knot where it broke in two.
A good crown block, one pully gone,
Borrowed by a friend just before dawn.
Tool Box containing a shovel and pick,
One combination wrench and a five-foot stick.
A keg of bolts, spikes and nails,
Two water buckets and four dinner pails.
One large stem needs a pin,
The reins on the jars are getting thin.
One swivel wrench and a circle track,
A forgie handle—we lost the Jack.
Pipe cutters, also stock and dies,
Bought for two-inch, will cut any size.
A bucket of tallow, grease and soft rope,
One water cooler, two bars of soap.
A measuring line, a fifty-foot tape,
One six-inch gauge in fully good shape.
Two bailers, brand new when we got 'em,
One leaks, the other has no bottom.
One generator we never used,
Won't make lights—it's been abused.
Four sets of bits, nothing wrong,
The six-inch bits are two feet long.
An eight-inch underreamer, one set of lugs,
A good set of bull wheels without any tugs.
A set of ten-inch elevators without a latch,
Two joints of eight-inch, threads and collars to match.
Everything goes, we hold nothing back,
You get the lazy bench, also the tool-rack.
This string of tools will be complete,
When you get a set of flues and a new crown sheet.

Ex-Contractor.

(The above was contributed by Tommy Herriman, but whether Tommy lays claim to the authorship or not we cannot say. However, some of our readers should get a "kick' out of it.)

The Ringling Test Well



"The Highest Well in the World" they call the Ringling Test of the Mid-Northern at Ringling, Montana, and judging from the accompanying photographs it is not the warmest spot on earth. Snowdrifts ten feet deep are not uncommon in that section of the country. In fact, if it were not for Joe O'Donnell at Sunburst, we would make the assertion that Ringling is about the coldest place in Montana, but we know this statement would never stand uncontradicted after reading Joe's story in the last issue of the Review.

Shriners to Salt Creek

On the tenth and eleventh of July, Salt Creek will be the scene of the State Gathering of Shriners, and with derricks, pumps and pipe lines for a setting the first all-state affair ever scheduled for Salt Creek, should go down in the annals both of the field and of the Shrine Organization.

Dr. L. L. Jeffeys of the Midwest Home Camp is the general chairman for the event and a number of committees, made up of local men of prominence, a large number of whom belong to the Midwest family, are lined up to put across special features of the big affair. The ceremonials will take place on July 11th, but with all of the events planned the whole two day period will be packed chuck full of entertainment and attractive and interesting affairs.

All In the Point of View

Visitor—Cheer up. Remember, 'stone walls do not a prison make.'

Convict 13336—Then, lady, they must have got me hypnotized.—Purple Parrot.

Tux—May I have the next dance?

Decollete—Why, yes, if you find a partner.

GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

March is the month of exodus for geologists. E. S. Shaw and J. E. Redburn were paired, also H. A. Aurand and T. S. Allan, making two field parties, "somewhere in the south." This in addition to E. A. Hall and D. E. Lounsbery, who, having less home time than the others, have been "going south" ever since the middle of January.

It is now "open season" on Anticlines and with several new men to join us during April, the Geological Department will be represented on the "Seven Seas" of mud and rain in the Rocky Mountain area in quest of more structures. Montana is not to be overlooked by any means as C. Max Bauer, assisted by E. G. Robinson, D. E. Hageman and H. A. Schmitt are keeping a close watch on that budding oil state.

C. H. Wegemann, C. M. Bauer, R. C. Coffin and C. M. Rath represented this department at the meeting of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists held in Shreveport, La., March 22, 23 and 24. Mr. E. L. Estabrook of the Production Department also attended and presented a very interesting paper on the "Analysis of Wyoming Oil Field Waters." This was followed by a very interesting and practical paper by C. H. Wegemann, entitled, "Influence of Water Circulation on the Accumulation of Petroleum." R. C. Coffin spoke about, "The Geology of Southwestern Colorado and Adjacent Areas." His talk was illustrated by several large diagrams and elicited much praise and favorable comment.

Harold Morley hopped off to Pueblo for a few days. That was business. He also skipped off to Casper for a few days.—"We wonder why."

The plan for purchasing Standard of Indiana stock is popular in this department. Most everyone has subscribed for all they can afford and are glad to have the privilege.

Mrs. A. E. Mastbrook has taken a vacation, and with Mr. Mastbrook has gone to Washington and Philadelphia.

The accompanying photographs were taken on the Mid-Northern lease at Sunburst. The aeroplane got into the picture somehow, though we have been unable to locate it on our last inventory. Possibly Frank Gilpin and Scotty Edmonds are using it between shifts for jaunts over the Canadian line. "Canadian Club" is good stuff—or it was in the old days. How about it, Scotty?

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Spring

"Now is the high tide of the year."

Gosh, we feel poetical! But trying to write poetry with us is like Jake Bohmann trying to make a Ford out of a wash boiler. We have often had aspirations, and succeeded with a line or two, but then we reached the end of our inspiration, so back we rambled in post-haste to good old prose.

But we do honestly think that a nice little poem would be the right way to start our columns this month, so we have searched through our scraps and we find the following by Will Ferrell which kinda' suited us. Hope that it suits the rest of you critters what reads all this here stuff.

"Jist Me"

"I love th' Spring, by jing,
I go out on the porch an' swing an' swing,
An' smoke my ol' cob pipe, an' sing, by jing,
Jist smoke an' sing.

"I love th' Spring, by jing,
Th' wasps fly 'roun' an' cling an' cling
To my bald head an' sting, by jing,
An' sting an' sting.

"In Spring I have my fling, by jing,
While "bull head cats" I string an' string,
The pleadin' church bells ring, by jing,
Just ring an' ring.

"Sometimes in Spring, by jing,
My wife slips up an' bing an' bing,
She says, 'Take that, you shif'lus thing, by jing,
You shif'lus thing.'

"Sweet memories in Spring, by jing,
The zephyrs to my ol' heart bring an' bring,
I'd rather be jist me than king, by jing,
Jist me than king."

Next?

In the March issue of the Review we announced the arrival of a baby boy at the Truby household. Well, the stork is still busy in these parts. On the 13th day of March he stopped about noon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Hughes and left them a bouncing baby boy. If he follows in his daddy's footsteps, we'll say there'll be another champion bowler and baseball player. Well, Congratulations from the gang, and "mucho gratis" for the smokes. Now, who's next?

Henry Vervalin to Casper

Henry Vervalin who has been employed by the Company at the Denver Office for many years, left the early part of March for Casper where he will be employed by the Field Division as a traveling auditor. The boys hated to see Henry go, but our best wishes went with him for his continued success.

Girls Please Note

"That fellow Sam comes here too much,"
Said Susan's father, grim:
"We'll have to put a stop to that;
You must sit down on him."
Now Susie is a nice, good girl,
Respects parental powers;
So, when young Sam came 'round last night,
She sat on him for hours.

S-A-A-B-D Doings

The Gang's All Here

"Gene" Illius is the boss of this crew,
"Doc." Russell also tells us what to do.
Thomas May is on the books,
Watches Johns who has the "tooks."
Johnson still retains the "brush,"
With Stebenne growing one—oh, slush!
Wade Casey is our oldest biller.
With the girls, Baker is a killer.
Bohmann works upon his "Lizzie,"
While de la Gardie talks us dizzy.
"Kid" Mauldin shakes a wicked hoof,
With Kessler warbling to the roof.
McNicholas is our diversion fiend.
C. May is heard, but seldom seen.
Hamilton is our bowling king,
And Elliott is the "guy" who wrote this thing.

March 16th will be remembered for a long long time by little Crawford May. It was his twentieth birthday. A press-agent seeking a great reward, posted on our bulletin board, a message stating that one C. May would be the recipient of presents on that day. The boys arrived with presents fine from torn old vests to cans of lime. A mysterious present one did bring. Now, what the devil was that thing. But we are very pleased to say that it was all appreciated by C. May. Then the girls got busy to aid in the fun, and brought him presents one by one. We know that this increased his joys, for they brought him tops and many toys. Boy, page Walt Mason.

Miss Miller Married

Formerly Miss Anna K. Miller, daughter of Mr. W. A. Miller, of the Denver Office.

Many of the Midwest Family will be interested to know that Miss Anna Katherine Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Miller, was married to Mr. Merle Quenten Dannetelle at a quiet wedding on the evening of March 28th. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents and was attended by the members of the immediate family and several friends. The bride is the daughter of Mr. W. A. Miller who is our Superintendent of Telegraphs. The bridegroom is a student at the Colorado School of Mines, and is from Illinois. A short trip was taken to Colorado Springs, but a longer sojourn is contemplated after Mr. Dannetelle graduates in May. The Midwest family extends their congratulations.

During one of the many March blizzards, Wade Casey failed to appear for work. He reported the following day giving sickness as the reason for his absence. We are of the opinion, however, that his flivver could not make the grade through the drifts near Littleton.

A Relic from "Tut's" Tomb

The Literary Digest in discussing a subject always quotes arguments and statements from both sides. We will, therefore, take the same attitude and give to the dear readers both sides of this question which were submitted to us absolutely independent of one another. Neither one knew what the other had said, but both the donator and recipient are quoted as follows:

"A beautiful Easter Gift (April 1st) was presented to the comptometer girls, Cecil and Dorothy. To say the least, they were delighted to receive a box of Baur's Best Chocolates. But it was not until they proceeded to partake of said confection that they realized that Easter Sunday was also "Fool's Day." The young man who so generously endeavored to brighten the Easter Spirit, remained to see the box opened, and in an exclusive interview with our reporter, said: 'It certainly was an inspiring sight to see the half famished look upon the faces of the "Radio Twins" when that box of "King Tut Chocolates" lay open before them. But when they attempted to sink their ivories into an apparently toothsome bon-bon there was, literally speaking, "wailing and gnashing of teeth." That candy was actually eight years old and not nearly as edible as roller bearings. Barnum was right, but too conservative.'

"After the girls became convinced that the jaw-breakers were indigestible, they kindly passed the box among their friends. It is rumored that some dentists are pleased with their suddenly increased business. Ask W. L. G.; he knows."

But there is another version of the same story which we are pleased to submit as follows:

"The original Mutt came back from Egypt with a box of candy which he found in King Tut's tomb. It was presented as an Easter offering to the Comptometer girls, and had reached such a stage of petrification that it will not be necessary to have it preserved in alcohol in order to keep it as a souvenir. If we are mistaken about it coming from King Tut's tomb, we are sure of one thing—it must be the first candy ever made by Baur's, which was established in 1872, A. D. But, nevertheless, George, we appreciate your thinking of us on a special occasion like Easter. The candy was passed to the office and those who sampled it were also very appreciative."

Along during the early days in March when the boys all had plenty of money, "Pug" Curran came along to dispose of his watch via the raffie route. The Sales Division went over strong for this idea and as a result our beloved tenor, Harry Kessler, was the lucky "boid." Incidentally, we are now able to obtain the right time of day from Harry whenever we wish it.

ART JOHN'S CAT HAS NINE LIVES

Art Johns Killing His Cat

A tabby cat with stripes of gray
Lived at Johns' house from day to day.
And as the time went flitting by

Art decided that she should die.
It is a fact that we all know.
Or maybe history tells us so,
That cats defy death very fine,
Until they reach the count of nine.

Now, Art went out one Sunday morn,
Behind his house, in fields of corn,
Miss puss came scampering from near by,
Not knowing that she was about to die.

A sponge in his hand, Art carried,
And in his purpose never tarried;
Also chloroform in a bottle
With which the cat to throttle.

But the cat seemed happy and wanted to play,
And scampered away to a stack of hay.
Art ran after her with all his might,
But the cat kept jumping out of sight.

He finally caught her, and the sponge applied
To Puss' nose, and then he sighed,
For the cat she lived,
But Art almost died.

Eight times Art tried to kill the cat
With chloroform, then he got his "gat"
And with this he succeeded mighty well,
And Miss Puss' soul went to heaven or hell.

Speaking of banquets, Roy Johnson says that the best after dinner speech he ever heard was, "Waiter, let me have the check."

"Rick" Mac Nic, who has refrained from over-indulgence in any strenuous pastime during Lent, swung into his old time stride on April second with a large Havana which knocked us all dead with its aroma.

Joyce de la Gardie, who burns the roads up with his Indian, has announced his intention of spending his week ends during the summer at Pine Cliff on the Moffat Road.

Wade Casey: "I went twenty miles on a gallon yesterday."

Ray Hamilton: "That's nothing; I know a guy that went two months on a quart."

EPITAPHS

Here lies a man who seemed to think
His troubles he could drown in drink.
He succeeded.

Sleeping here, quite free from strife,
Is the man who contradicted his wife.
She's married again.

A hypnotist below doth lie—
He looked a tiger in the eye.
No inquest.

—Contributed.

Pick-Ups and Put-Outs

"Charlie" Barkdull, our Auditor, and "Archie" Clark spent several days in Casper during the first week in April and returned in record time, C. & S. "30" being on time for once.

Miles Vervalin of the Oil Settlement Division celebrated a three day holiday on April first. It was Easter Sunday, Fool's Day, and last but not least Miles' birthday. He says that he fools everybody.

Henry Vervalin was in the Denver Office for a short visit during April. The boys were glad to see him. Come again, Hank, when our way.

Many of the friends of Mr. Ralph D. Brooks, formerly a Vice-President of this Company, will be interested to know that he was married at Riverside, California, April 5th, to Mrs. Grace Lombard, of that city. The best wishes of the Midwest family are extended to the new couple.

McOsker: "Here comes a friend of mine. He's a human dynamo."

Marsh: "How so?"

McOsker: "Everything he has on is charged."

Traffic Department Items

Mr. H. G. Naylor, Vice-President and Traffic Manager, is taking several weeks vacation in Sunny California. He is accompanied by his wife. We trust that they are enjoying their trip, and that "Bert" is getting benefited from a well earned rest.

Mrs. Edna Allen, of the Traffic Department, has recently gone to Aberdeen, South Dakota, where she just recently lost her sister in death. She is also taking her vacation at the same time. The Midwest Family extend her their sympathy.

Oscar Jones and family have recently moved from their old home at 1109 South Washington to a new bungalow at 1310 South Corona.

Mr. Pedley Travels

Mr. T. A. Pedley, our Secretary, has recently returned from Portland, Maine, where he has been to attend the annual meeting held there during the early part of March. Mr. Pedley says he is mighty glad to be back in Sunny Colorado again.

Behold the Deauville handkerchief!—(and how could one help it?) Two of the Irrepressible Sex, members of the Traffic Department, broke out with them in the early part of April and are still abroad.

These Deauville handkerchiefs are worn about the neck and are of the Batik design—full of restless colors, wandering aimlessly about the fabric, shouting as they go.

You Wyoming cowpunchers: If you ever wear one of these Batik Deauvilles you'll never again wear any others.

You'll get hung!

Stenographic Notes

Gentlemen, it can't be done! Mrs. Baird is exerting every effort possible to please you, but the demand is exceeding the supply.

Ever since Chester L. Kaup started something when he came in and asked for a stenographer with a wide carriage, Krause, Muehler, Kirchberger, et al, appear suddenly and make the same request. Even our dignified Mort Parsons, when he failed to get dimensions as called for by Kaup, on account of present shortage, was heard to say, "Just see what I got!" It may be possible that Greiner will be willing to O. K. a requisition later on if the demand seems to warrant it.

It has been whispered around that Barney McCann is about to take up his residence in Arvada. We fail to see why this should be necessary, since we hear he has been able to buy black figs at wholesale for some time past. In fact, Barney is not the only one who has taken advantage of these wholesale prices, but what does it all mean?

Strikes and Spares

New Secretary of Bowling League

When Henry Vervalin was transferred to Casper early in March, he left a vacancy in the officers of the bowling league which looked mighty hard to fill. Henry was Secretary and also a good authority on bowling. But shortly after his departure, an election was held with two candidates in the field, namely, McNicholas and MacAlpine. Mac and Mac so to speak. The result was over-whelmingly in favor of MacAlpine by a vote of 21 to 9. Krause had one, and the rumor is that he voted for himself.

Since taking office Mac has shown that he is capable of holding the job in as fine style as Henry did. His whole heart and soul is for the bowling league. So we congratulate him.

Records Smashed

When the smoke from the contests on March 28th cleared several records were found to have been smashed. We thought that here we had some real news. But these records did not stand long, for on the evening they went to smash only one remaining. On the 28th of March Elk Basin rolled 2,431 for the lead in team series. This was n. g. for first place when Alkali Butte rolled 2,615 which looks mighty good at this writing. Cocanower is now leading high individual game with 233,

Clark is second with 231, Hughes third with 230, and Greiner fourth with 229. The following are the standings at the close of games April 4th:

TEAM STANDING

Team	Captain	W.	L.	%	Total Pins	Av.
Derby Dome,	R. G. Cocanower	34	20	629	40,334	746
Ferris Dome,	O. B. Mauldin	27	27	500	39,919	739
Big Muddy,	W. S. Nicoll	27	27	500	39,119	724
Cat Creek,	M. E. McAlpine	26	28	481	40,045	741
Alkali Butte,	R. E. Hamilton,	25	29	462	39,454	730
Elk Basin,	A. L. Clark	23	31	425	39.365	728

1st high team series, Alkali Butte, 2,615.
2nd high team series, Derby Dome, 2,460.
1st high team game, Alkali Butte, 956.
2nd high team game, Derby Dome, 903.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Player	Game	Total Pins	Av.
Hamilton	51	8817	172
Hughes	54	9316	172
Krause	54	8776	162
Anderson	45	7223	160
Cocanower	45	7132	158
Elliott	54	8524	157
Mauldin	51	7986	156
Clark	51	7978	156
Izett	53	8204	154
McAlpine	45	6953	154
Barkdull	48	7375	153
Nicoll	54	8232	152
Kirchberger	54	8159	151
Greiner	54	8060	149
Truby	45	6709	149
McNicholas	53	7888	146
Marriott	51	7481	146
Stebanne	48	6971	145
Mooberry	54	7715	142
Boyd	51	7177	140
Jones	51	7127	139
Ewers	54	7519	139
Johnson	48	6664	138
McOsker	51	7014	137
Grant	45	6114	135
Robinson	42	5652	134
Curran	51	6837	134
Halfpenny	54	7134	132
Vervalin	54	6877	127
Dietler	45	5481	121

1st high individual, series, Hughes, 638
1st high individual, game, Cocanower, 233.
2nd high individual, series, Hamilton, 617.
2nd high individual, game, Clark, 231.

Strikes and Spares

Jingles of the Pins

A boy by the name of Ray "Ham"
Never gave a damn
How much he bowled,
Until he was told
That he was the highest man.

Now here is some good news,
A lad by the name of "Art" Hughes,
Without a doubt
Always struck out,
And kept us from getting the blues.

There was a "boid" called Otto,
Who adopted this as his motto,
"Let me live or die,
But I don't know why,"
But I really think that I ought to.

A reckless bowler named "Coke"
Who is tall and thin as a spoke,
During practice is fine,
Rolls two hundred and nine,
But in State Tournaments he's a joke.

Another lad, "Cap" MacAlpine,
In the tournament he surely was fine,
But he nearly dropped dead,
And now it is said
That he is back to 149.

Evaporation Losses in Field Storage Tanks

(*Continued from Page* 3)

tests of evaporation losses were made by the Bureau of Mines. Two glass graduates were placed in a wooden frame and put near the roof of a porch where the sun did not strike it. Both were filled with an equal volume of fresh Cat Creek crude oil, one used for measuring volume and the other for gravity so that the container used for measuring volume was never disturbed. The results show 4% loss by volume in three days which is greater than was later found in actual field practice.

Cat Creek crude has a relatively high initial boiling point, it being necessary for refiners to blend other gasoline with that which is refined from Cat Creek crude to obtain an initial point low enough to comply with standard specifications of gasoline. Notwithstanding these facts, the results of a 30-day test made in this field on an ordinary 250-barrel storage tank with open vents shows a loss for the first ten days of 1.2 barrels per day; for the next ten days of .95 barrels per day; for the last nine days .84 barrels per day. Loss in gravity during the 30-day period was 2° Baume.

It is to be observed that the proportion of evaporation losses from open storage tanks to production will tend to increase as the fields decline, because with the decreased rate of production, longer time is taken in the filling of tanks and greater evaporation loss results.

Roommate—Men are getting stronger every day.

Ditto—Explain yourself.

Roommate—I see in the paper where a crook in London lifted a thousand pounds from a man's pocket.—Purple Parrot.

The law of compensation is with us always—a small brain is usually accompanied by a small head.

"Did you see Oliver Twist, Aunty?"

"Hush child. You know I never attend those modern dances."

Baseball

As we go to press, considerable action is taking place along baseball lines in an endeavor to form an Oil League in this city. It is in hopes that the Denver Office will be able to enter a team in this league. While our team may not be as fast as former teams, we are in hopes that it will be a champion in its class. Several of the old team members are still employed, others have left. Scherrer, Ohnemus, Morton, Healy and Mohanna all of whom wore the uniforms of the Midwest at one time or another are now with the Denver Gas & Electric Light Company. Frank Philbin is now with the Mobile team in the Southern League, and reports received here are that he is making good with a vengeance.

We are submitting for publication a picture of the last team in Denver, namely, that of 1921, which has never before been printed in the Review.

"The style of girls' clothes nowadays reminds me of a barbed wire fence."

"Howzat?"

"They protect the property, but don't obstruct the view."

Impressions from the Mad Ravings of a Homesick Son of the Sunny South

(*Continued from Page* 11)

That he had learned to do."
Old St. Peter shook his head again,
A tear drop in his eye.

Oh, Well! Just cut the story short
I'm growing tired, my boy,
Just go right in and take a seat,
Here's where you're bound to dwell
You've lived in Oklahoma, son,
You've had your share of H———l.

Harvey entered the Hygiene lecture room when the class was half over. The Prof did not recognize him, and thinking that perhaps he was in the wrong room questioned him:

"Hygiene?"

"Howdy, Prof," retorted the amiable Minen.

"David, ver iss my glasses at?"

"On your nose, fatter."

"Don't be so indefinite."

"M'gosh, Agnes, that ol' maid aunt of yours sure gave me the cold stare. Reminds me of an icicle."

"No doubt, dear—she's been eavesdropping."

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Teapot Station News

Well, it is getting along toward that season in which the soil in the country takes on a plastic quality and the web-footed fowl darkens the sun. Some inviting Mallards have been seen out this way, Colonel, so take this as an invitation, grease up the old twelve gauge, and pay us a visit.

Talking about visits, on March the 8th, a visitor came into camp which created history for Teapot. It was a long legged bird of the species that stand on one foot, so Otis Thatcher passed the cigars and announced the arrival of twin girls. To the best of our knowledge they have the honor of being the first children born at the station. We are quite elated over the fact but that isn't one, two, three with the way Lefty feels.

We have lost the smiling face of George MacDonald, who left the Midwest to take up the responsibilities of field gauger for the Producers and Refiners in the Lost Soldier Field. We wish him all the luck in the world in his new field of endeavor.

Jarrett Law has taken the place of engineer left vacant by the departure of MacDonald and a general re-arrangement has been made on his shift, with Al Ulrich as overseer of pumps and Bill Nelson pushing coal, we mean oil, under the boilers.

Bill has been having an awful time lately with a hound pup he acquired from the Holmes Dumb Friends League. He says it takes him all his sixteen hours off shift to find enough to feed him. Bill. it is too bad you didn't pick a calf for a pet, then you could turn it out on the short grass soon.

L. K. Merion and Chas. Pheasant took a little jaunt to Buffalo in Charlie's car. Did we say car? Well, it's a Ford, and it goes, so what is the difference? Merion did look a little sea sick when he returned, but he says a Packard would do the same on these rough roads. They report having had a good time in spite of the snow and cold weather encountered.

Talk about rough riding pieces of machinery, Harry Holmes introduced to Teapot something that has the world cheated. It is a Harley-Davidson, twin cylinder, three speed, electrically equipped, (remind us, Harry, if we overlook anything) a side car 'n everything. We agree, as he claims, that it isn't much for looks, but a whale for speed and the possible consequences of a jail sentence. Of the last, he says he is immune as he purchased it from an arm of the law.

We have been retained by Rev. Kincaid to represent him in a proposed real estate transaction. He has some valuable property around Wheatland which he would like to dispose of so he can invest in government homesteads in Arkansas. If any of you young fellows are interested in Arkansas property let us or Kincaid know for we would be pleased to inform you of the untold advantages this section of the country has to offer. We are sure we can fix you up with a swamp for rice cultivation, or a rock pasture for the raising of pedigreed razor-back hogs.

Tomorrow any time between sun up and sun down, you fellows who have an ear for music can listen to La Paloma with variations as rendered by Doc Flinn, the whistling prodigy. Doc says he is getting better and better and it is a poor man who can't appreciate a whistle. Even Bill Donaldson admits whistling has its advantages for as he states, "when a fellow has a grouch on you can't say anything to him, but when he is whistling you can at least tell him to be quiet."

In the near future we will have a nifty card to offer those interested in Miss Fistina. The main event will be Kid Mose, the Chatterbox King vs. Gas House Bill, the Irish Wonder. The battle will be to a finish, and may the best man win. The rules covering the bout allow no gloves, and their hands tied behind them, which leaves them only one substantial means of offense and defense. Chas. Baxter is to referee. Look out for cauliflower ears. Time!

Casper Storage Yard

The news hound is getting mighty thin, from rummagin' around, and getting nothing. We wish there would be a murder, robbery, birth, marriage or anything that would give us something to write about. We have come to the conclusion that this bunch around here is the most quiet, law-abiding bunch segregated under the skies. They must just go home and go to bed, after work, as we never hear of them being in jail, or committing any of the things mentioned. Not that we want any dire calamity to overtake anyone, but we are willing to tell the world that we are getting desperate, and as a hungry man craves food, so likewise do we crave news.

When the company sold Muddy, the representative to the Benedict Association who was located at that place lost his good job. At the last election an employe of the Storage Yard ran a good race, but not good enough, as we mentioned in one of the former issues of the Review, and was beaten by Mr. Diamond. Now as we said at the first of the item, Mr.

Diamond lost a good job, and as all good jobs must have an incumbent, the General, named the runner-up, namely, Mr. Hughes. I think that he takes after his name-sake. Remember Mr. Hughes of Presidential fame? Any way, congratulations, Ray. We are always glad to see a young man get ahead.

Wanted: Parties of interested persons in visiting the Salt Creek Field, ladies preferred. Applications to be filed with Mr. "Packy" McFarland.

Mr. C. A. St. Louis, (St.), suffered a painful injury to his left foot the past month, several small bones in his foot being broken. However at this writing he is well on the road to recovery. He has been emancipated from the cast, and is cavorting around in the latest styles, and giving all the ladies a treat. Perhaps everything was for the best.

Fishing season has arrived in all its glory. The stories have not yet begun to get thick, but we are looking forward with great pleasure to the time when we will be getting members for our Ananias Club.

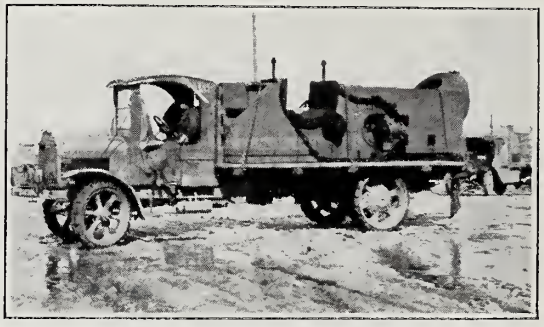
Mr. G. L. Goodrich was called to his home in Illinois on account of the death of his father. The sympathy of all the Storage Yard goes out to George in this his hour of loss.

Mr. J. I. Hale, one of the Firemen employed at the Storage Yard, recently traveled to the home of his mother to join with his brothers and sisters in the celebration of his mother's ninetieth birthday. We submit herewith a picture of the family group. Mr. Hale is the gentleman on the extreme left. His mother will be easily recognized. There are also some of the grandchildren in the group. The picture was taken on her birthday. "Dad" does not always wear the feather duster he has attached to him in this picture. Since he has returned he has removed said duster, and he again looks quite human.

Mr. L. A. Robinson has purchased him a home on the road to Glenrock. He read somewhere that walking was good for the health. Also it enables one to reduce. The only thing that he finds fault with is that it also reduces the thickness of the sole-leather, and that is quite high..

The boys are mostly all lame ducks the last few days. That is the effect; the cause—baseball. There is always cause and effect, you have 'em.

Mrs. J. A. McBurney, wife of J. A. McBurney, lumber foreman, and mother of R. W. McBurney, or Bob, our scale man, has been suffering from heart trouble for some time. It has been decided that it will be necessary to take her to California, on account of the high altitude here. We are very sorry indeed that this has to happen, and extend our best wishes for her speedy recovery in her new home.



Here is a picture of how we haul out the bases for the Gas Plant. It was taken during March when some of the heavy machinery was received at the Storage Yard, that had to be transported to Salt Creek Gas Plant. This watch charm only weighed 26,700 pounds.

To show how hard put we are for news we submit herewith for your approval, this poem, a springtime possibility, given by Frank Butler:

(Poem)

Down on the banks of the Rio Grande
Amid the sage brush and the cactus,
In that far-off Texas land,
Where the cattle roam in thousands
In many a bunch and brands,
There is a grave without a headstone;
'Tis marked neither dead nor name,
And 'tis there that my partner's sleepin'
In that land from whence I came.

We have ridden on the ranges,
We have ridden side by side,
And I loved him like a brother,
And I wept when Utah died.
We have ridden on the round-up,
Roped, cut-out and burnt the brands,
And 'mid dreary, stormy darkness,
We have joined the night guard's weary stand.

We were cutting out one day,,
And the work was almost done,
When the right those cattle started
In a wild and maddened run.
The Boss's little daughter
Was a-holdin' on that side,
And she rode to head those cattle,
It was there that my partner died.

Now there is nothing on the cow range
That will cause a steer to fight
Half as quick as some red object
Waved within his sight.

And beneath that little maiden's saddle—
'Twas Utah that placed it there—
Was a scarlet Navajo blanket
A-waving in the air.
With wild and maddened bellowing,
Those Texas cattle run;
With rattling horns and blazing eyes,
And dust that hid the sun;
And riding in their midst
With her golden curls flying wild,
Upon her rearing, snorting pony,
Was the Boss's little child.

"Oh, rope that leader, Jim!"
'Twas Utah's voice that cried,
As he dashed into that cloud of dust
With his rowels in his pony's sides.
I threw that leader in his tracks;
I turned his wild and maddened course,
And I out-rode the little maiden
On Utah's coal-black horse.
I looked around, for I had heard
My partner's last wild cry;
For he had given his life
To save the child.
It's thus that brave men die.
I gathered up his mangled form
With an aching, bleeding heart,
For Utah and I were the kind of friends
That death alone can part.

I dug his grave there where he lay,
Upon the banks of the Rio Grande,
Amid the sage brush and the cactus
In that far off Texas land.
And in sorrow and silence
I left him there alone,
A-sleeping in that nameless grave
Without a mark or stone.

And if God and Mercy will spare my life,
Say just another year or so,
Back to those weary plains
My weary steps will go.
And I will erect a monument
Above that grave, to mark
The last resting place
Of a hero grand and brave.

And the one that he gave his life to save
In danger's awful hour will be there,
And while strewing it with flowers
She will tell the tourist
Of the noblest in that land
That sleeps beneath that monument,
Down on the banks of the Rio Grande.

Around Salt Creek

The Salt Creek Social Club of Home Camp, put over a very effectively carried out dance late in the month. It was called "A Night In Japan," and decorations, costuming and musical effects did a great deal to create far-east atmosphere.

L. O. Bergman and his daughter, little Miss Anna, have moved from the hotel to the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Merle Bailey. Mr. Bergman is a member of the Warehouse office force.

Edward H. Stewart has joined the Midwest forces at Home Camp. Mr. Stewart comes from Pueblo, Colorado, where for years he has been connected with the city fire department. Mr. Stewart is now working in the Machine Shop at Home Camp, and has also been assigned to duty with the new Midwest La-France combination Fire Truck. Mr. Stewart will be joined here later by his wife and their two young daughters.

Mrs. Wm. Payne of Home Camp has been visiting with her married daughter of Sheridan for a couple of months.

The graduating class in the department of Petroleum Engineering, at the Colorado School of Mines, Golden, is expected to visit Salt Creek field for a few days early in May. This group, numbering ten, will look over all development work here including a detailed trip thru the Midwest Gas Plant and over the Pipe Line and Drilling Department activities.

The Salt Creek Midwest Band has several new additions, and are getting ready to give a series of concerts, mostly out-of-door affairs, this spring and summer.

Mrs. Walter, mother of Rollie B. Walter of the Midwest Consolidated Lease, has been visiting her son and his family here for several weeks.

Chief Nesbit of Casper, made a trip to Salt Creek one day early in the month. The "Chief" has developed a habit of catching up on sleep while out here. He says that they just won't let him alone in Casper, and that makes it necessary to seek out the peaceful atmosphere of solitude, to be found in our local environs, where he can slumber until the supper bell rings.

Most of the Salt Creek teachers spent the Easter vacation period in Casper, visiting with friends and relatives.

G. M. Vandaveer, pipe line superintendent, was in the field covering much work and many details affecting his department, in the early part of the month.

On Easter Sunday, the Salt Creek Shriners attended the evening service at the Community Church in a body. Over a hundred members of the Masonic organization filed in, occupying almost one-half of the seats. Special music and a strong, modern, practical sermon by Rev. Patton made the service a very effective one.

A new theatre at Lavoye, the mid-Salt Creek town, is in construction and as a part of the equipment will have a four-thousand-dollar pipe organ.

Representatives of the North and South Railroad project have been more or less making Salt Creek Home Camp their headquarters during a large part of this month.

Mr. J. E. Vreeland, cashier of the Midwest Company at Home Camp, has been joined by Mrs. Vreeland and their two daughters, and the family are now occupying one of the new four room houses on Lewis Street of Home Camp.

Franz Brown, head of the Midwest Commissary, spent several days the first part of April in the field, helping to launch the new enter-

prise of this department, The Midwest Salt Creek Drug Store.

The Illinois Pipe Line, from Salt Creek field to Ilco, west of Casper, is being completed rapidly. About a hundred men are employed on this job.

Warren Runkle, head of the Midwest Pipe Line Warehouse in the field, was a Montana visitor for a few days of this month.

Oscar Hedemann, who has had the Home Camp Drug Store for several years, is closing up his business interests here temporarily with the taking over of the Drug Store enterprise by the Midwest and accompanied by Mrs. Hedemann, will sail for Europe late this month or the fore part of May. All of Mr. Hedemann's relatives live in Denmark.

A good many Midwest men have made the run north as far as the Billie Creek structure. between Kaycee and Buffalo, to view the well being drilled at that point by the Carter Oil Company with a big rotary outfit. A crew of fourteen is required to keep the giant auger going and when going full blast, they sure can make a hole.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schwan have a big healthy baby boy, born late in March, in Buffalo, where the Schwans are still maintaining their home. Mr. Schwan is connected with the Midwest Electrical Department at Home Camp.

"Jack" Cleary has been out from Casper for a day or two several times this month, deciding important matters pertaining to the Engineering Department. "Jack" is very fond of the Salt Creek road and has his pet shovel and everything.

While Mrs. Kenneth Nowels was away for a few weeks a short while ago, Mr. Nowels gained four or five pounds and he has been having a hard time to explain ever since. It sounds so like the devil you know and is unreasonable, for we'll vouch for the wonderful southern cooking of Mrs. Nowels. "Kenneth, did you try one of those Bernard McFadden 'Pound-a-Day' formulas?"

Several Salt Creek Midwest folks were called into Casper early in April as witnesses in the Rhinesmith shooting case, which dated back to early in the summer when John Donovan of the Gas Plant was shot and severely wounded by Mrs. Rhinesmith at Lavoye.

Superintendent A. W. Peake has been in the field for a day or two several times this month. It has been a busy season with a tremendous amount of new development work calling for his presence on frequent occasions.

William "Bill" Schilling left Salt Creek for Montana early in April, where he will look after the construction of a water station and other Midwest Company matters for this season. "Bill" will be greatly missed here. The Midwest band has lost a real leader, whose energy, interest and ability has made the band what it is, and we all are short one of the best of royal good fellows.

Harry Bossart, Assistant to Superintendent Lewis, made a two day trip on business for the Company to Casper and on to Big Muddy, early in the month.

The Salt Creek Shrine Ceremonial committee have been going ahead rapidly with plans for the big State meeting, which will be held in Salt Creek in the middle part of July.

Hal T. Viney, who was with the Midwest a few years ago in Salt Creek, has answered the call back to the field and is with the warehouse department. His many friends here of the good old days are glad to welcome him back.

The Hinshaw Male Quartet closed the Lyceum season at Salt Creek on March 28th. A very large appreciative house enjoyed to the utmost the rare treat provided by the four musical artists who made up the concert quartet. The Lyceum budget is ahead a little over three hundred dollars and this fund will be used for some worth while community activity, in other words it will be spent so that those who have so handsomely supported the series of entertainments will derive the benefit.

In addition to the regular Sunday services at the Community Church, a Young Peoples Christian Endeavor service is being held on Wednesday night. The meetings thus far have been well attended and have aroused a good deal of interest and support among the younger element of Home Camp.

Mrs. Harry Chandler, wife of the Assistant Superintendent of the Midwest Pipe Line Department, is at Rochester, Minnesota, undergoing special treatments. The Chandler Son and Heir is with his mother and has undergone a minor operation. Mrs. Chandler has been improving rapidly according to the latest word and it is expected that she will arrive back in the field shortly.

Mrs. John Gerhardt is spending a few months visiting with her parents in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the fact that she is away is written all over John.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Trudgen visited and shopped in Casper for a day or two early in the month.

Bernard Bass of the Home Camp office underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils in Casper a few weeks ago. He had been suffering from tonsilitis for weeks and swore that this would clear him all up, but sad to relate, a few days after recuperating from the operation he was down with the flu and the last we heard he had decided to have all of his teeth pulled and go on a milk diet.

Mrs. Fred Borsch, mother of Fred and Chester Borsch of the Midwest Home Camp, has been visiting with her sons and other relatives in the Salt Creek field, from her home in Deadwood, S. D., for several weeks.

Joe Diamond, of Big Muddy, got the Midwest fever early in the past month and came out to Salt Creek to imbibe hearty droughts of the good old Midwest Family spirit and atmosphere. We all know Joe and notwithstanding the fevered hostility of past base ball seasons, we like him and were glad to see him.

The Perkins Cementing Company are just completing a four room bunk house at their Salt Creek Camp, located midway between the

Midwest Home Camp and Dutch Camp of the Pipe Line Department. The large garage and material house of the Perkins Company, which burned to the ground several weeks ago has also been replaced. All construction work is being done by the Midwest Building Department.

A number of Salt Creek Shriners and their wives attended the big annual formal dance in Casper late last month. One of the big storms of the season kept the folks from returning to the field and the Henning Hotel took on an appearance of Salt Creek transposed. A dozen car-loads of Salt Creekers were delayed a couple of days in starting back to the field.

Mrs. Floyd Carter of the Midwest Consolidated Camp was hostess to the Saturday Afternoon Card Club late in March. A delicious luncheon followed an afternoon of bridge.

Mrs. W. S. Walton, wife of the Fire Chief at Home Camp, left for Colorado Springs late in March, accompanied by her son, Arthur Brown. "Brownie" as he is called here went on to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, for an examination and special treatments, while Mrs. Walton remained with relatives in Colorado Springs.

The Saturday Night Card Club made up of Midwest folks of the field and their wives, was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hale of Home Camp on one evening in March. Cards, luncheon, and informal music and dancing filled the evening very happily.

New eight car garages are completed and in use at Canadian and Northwestern Camps of the Midwest. New shower baths have also been built at each of these points and are being worked overtime.

Mrs. Joe Burford, wife of the one and only real "Joe" in the field, is recovering from an operation at Rochester, Minnesota. Mr. Burford accompanied his wife to Minnesota and remained until the critical operation was over, and Mrs. Burford was on the road to recovery.

Elmer Miles, formerly well known gauger of the Midwest Pipe Line Department, but for the last year associated with the Bureau of Mines Force in the field, decided on a change of climate and left for New Mexico, early in the month.

Mr. F. A. Lichtenheld of the Salt Creek Bureau of Mines office, left for Washington, D. C., late in March and his place in the local office has been taken by Mr. Lee Miller, who comes to the field from the Casper office.

Charles Masten, draftsman for the Engineering Department at Salt Creek, spent two weeks early in April in the Casper office, on some special work for the company.

"Mike" Flahie, Chief Gauger for the Midwest Pipe Line Department, has been seriously ill for the past two months. He had partially recovered early in April and has been spending the past few weeks visiting with relatives in Kansas City, hoping that a change would speed up his regaining of strength.

Harry Graham is back on the job with the Engineering force in the field after a winter spent in Arizona. He is much improved in health and was welcomed back with great glee by his hosts of friends here.

E. J. Joseph has succeeded Ed Hamlin in charge of the Midwest office at Canadian Camp Lease. Joseph comes to Salt Creek from Denver and Colorado Springs, and is an old friend of General Sinclair, having served with him in France.

Several pieces of heavy machinery have been added to the Midwest Haydite Plant in the field, among them being heavy rollers, which will be used to crush the haydite product into a fine powder to be used in the making of plaster. Fine work has been the result of using haydite for foundations and cement work in the field, and plaster, made with this product as a filler, has been found to be the best yet.

The Ladies Union of the Community Church gave a very novel kind of entertainment on the first Friday of this month. The affair was a "Friday afternoon in an Old Fashioned School." From roll call right on thru, the atmosphere took on the savor of the "Sixties." An old fashioned spell-down was one of the features. Most of those who attended were dressed as children and had acquired good old Quaker and Puritan names. A short program, made of fun and frivolity, was enjoyed and the evening finished with the selling of box-lunches for two. The money resulting from the occasion goes to the general budget of the Ladies Union.

C. H. Cherrington, Carpenter foreman, and family have moved from the Midwest hotel into the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller. The latter have moved into one of the new four room houses just north of the Wilson School at Home Camp.

Frank Estes, postmaster at Home Camp, has gone into the show business, and has leased the Brown Palace Theatre, located just north and east of Salt Creek, near the Pipe Line Office, for a period of a year. "Frank" says that he will bring the best musical comedy to be had to Salt Creek, road shows and all.

Mrs. Mary Brown, sister of Superintendent D. W. Lewis, returned to Salt Creek late in March, bringing with her "Grandma" Lewis, and making the trip by train, while Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Lewis accompanied by Miss Martha Clark, made the trip back by auto.

Radio Activity

Lem: Mr. Curran, are you interested in radio?

Mr. Curran: Yes, "Lem," I listen in some times.

Lem: I got three new stations last night.

Mr. Curran: Fine Lem, where were they located?

Lem: I looked in the pantry and got "China," and out the window and got "Chile" and sat up too late and got "Hell."

The Merrie Month of March in Elk Basin

March, the fickle; March, the obstreperous, has left many happenings in its wake in Elk Basin.

Incidentally, it has also left us in a sea of mud. Vicious and adhesive mud; tenacious, permeative mud; mud that sticks like a poor relation and in fact, as a lady put it, "nasty, sticky mud." (gravity .001—minus)

But even so, events have eventuated. Loren Lee, erstwhile overlord of the Field warehouse, has departed hence and we are told Montana is now the scene of his endeavors. Mr. Cappa F. Gross, recently of Salt Creek, now doles out material in his capacity of warehouseman and takes life more or less seriously.

Jack (John D.) Beck genially gauges, while Dee T. is walking around with his "mitts" on. You see Dee had an argument with a fire that destroyed the "dog house" at the cleaning out machine, and got rather the worst of it. As a result, his hands have been in bandages for some time, but, glory be, he is improving and will soon be his smiling self again.

And then, Mr. Burke H. Sinclair made us a visit and while here instituted a Joint Industrial Council, something new with us, and we rather like the idea.

Messrs. Eddy and Stauffer were nominated the management representatives and Messrs. Beck, (Dee) and Austen were elected to represent the employes.

There was no filibustering at the meeting. No bloc developed; there was no lobbying. Everything was harmonious in the extreme.

Our General Superintendent, Mr. A. W. Peake was also a visitor, and while with us, cleared the decks for action later on. We are going to drill a number of wells up here this year and will commence as soon as the weather permits. Something always happens when the weather permits.

Mr. P. G. Hardie, of the Gas House Gang, has been transferred to Salt Creek and we shall miss him. We feel as tho the only tree in our front yard has been cut down. A sense of loss—something wrong with the landscape, a familiar figure removed. You know what I mean.

Mr. F. M. Stauffer, late of Salt Creek, has been transferred to take his place and to keep an eye on the manufacture of gasoline at this place, and we are prepared to take him to our individual bosoms and show him the ropes—and things. He'll like us, I think.

As spring approaches we find a feeling of unrest developing in our midst. The young man's fancy—you know, and the itch of the open road. Our dry-landers feel the urge of the soil; others the call of the wild, as represented by rushing waters wherein lurks the elusive trout. Some are looking longingly Montanaward and yet others feel just sort o' restless, want to get out into it you know. And when the dust of summer covers us with its gray particles. the usual crowd will doubtless go about their usual tasks as usual. Feelings are transitory —nothing changes, much, and these of our fellow citizens will still call Elk Basin "home" and a large and variegated assortment of other names.

The musical event of the season was the piano recital given at the School House by Miss Thelma Wilson, daughter of the Superintendent of the Mutual Oil Company and pupil of Mrs. E. S. Bach. This young eleven-year-old miss shows unusual musical intuition and will be heard from when she develops.

George Harris, after another spell on the P. M. is again a toolie, assisting Earl Wymer on C. O. machine Star No. 1, and they are doing good work.

Floyd Blakesley, with Homer Biswell as his toolie, are rigging up the Star No. 2 and will commence cleaning out well 5 on Elk 7 as a starter.

"Shorty" Weaver is one busy man. In addition to everlastingly prodding the production he is laying in a supply of fishing tools, which in his case does not include grabs, rope spears, combination sockets and such like gear. Nothing like that at all.

Did you meet Mr. Mills? Nice fellow—rather inquisitive. If you run across him, ask him what most appeals to him in a dry-lander's shack. Don't mention roads but get his views on submarines.

(Danny Sanford's neck was pretty sore.)

Social doings? Sure, we have them. Our most pretentious was the farewell party given under the auspices of the Ladies Guild in honor of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Hardie and son, Robert. To accommodate the numerous friends wishing to show their good will, the School House was requisitioned and was the scene of much festivity. A number of tables were placed and "500" was the favorite in-door sport of the evening. The grand prize, a grand cake, was carried off by Mr. Bach (in a snow storm), refreshments were served and "a pleasant time was had by all." While regretting the occasion, the spirit of good fellowship was there and everyone enjoyed the evening.

So you see much happened in Elk Basin in March.

Goes to Omaha

Mr. A. W. McDermott, who has been with the Midwest Refining Company in the Casper Office for some time past, resigned his position the last of March and left early in April for Omaha, where he has accepted the position of Traffic Manager for the Omaha Oil Refining Company. This company is the managing end of the E. T. Williams Company and Mr. McDermott has a very bright future before him. The best wishes of the Midwest family go with him in his new position.

Casper Cackles

Popular Fiction

Son, this is going to hurt me more than it will you.

You are the only girl I ever really loved.

You are the first fellow I ever permitted to kiss me.

I will be right back darling.

I am just going to run down the street to see a sick friend.

I will be detained at the office tonight.

I will write to you every day while I'm gone.

That is not my work.

I never saw that transfer before.

That is a typographical error.

Announcement

Madame X has been added to the staff of the Review and will conduct our Question and Answer Department. Word of this new department has been spread abroad among the members of the Accounting Department and several questions have already been sent to Madame X. Ask her—she knows. Address Madame X, care of the Review.

* * * *

Please tell me what temperature to make the water to bathe my baby. B. J. Reeson.

Ans.—If the baby turns blue when you put it in the tub, the water is too cold; if the baby turns red, the water is too hot.

* * * *

After spending the evening with a girl should I kiss her good night when I leave? Jack Rutz.

Ans.—No, she did enough for you.

* * * *

What is the extreme penalty for bigamy? Phil Korn.

Ans.—Two mothers-in-law.

* * * *

What is the latest style in engagement rings? Jim Snedden.

Ans.—A combination set of three pieces—engagement, wedding and teething rings. You may be able to secure a discount of 10% by buying all three at one time.

The teacher in charge of the accounting class at the Manual Training Night School asked his class this question "Can you tell me of any modern system of bookkeeping which was used in the olden days." The bright boy of the class who, by the way, is a Midwest employee promptly answered "Yes Sir, the loose leaf system. It was used in the Garden of Eden."

Marrin had a little cat,
It swallowed a ball of yarn,
And when the little kittens came,
They all had sweaters on.

Mrs. Glover: "It got so cold out where we live that it froze the flowers on the wall paper."

Louise and Corney, the two Comptometer Operators of the Casper Office, on a hike.

MOST OF US DO

Boyd—Should a wife tell her husband everything?"

Krause—There isn't time. He has to work seven or eight hours a day."

Lilly. "Have you ever waked up to the many crying evils that threaten our peace?"

Reeson: "My dear George, I wake up to one of them almost every night."

What is the oldest transportation agency, Gibbs?

Ans: Eve: She was made for Adam's express company.

Gaiser: "I went 20 miles on a gallon yesterday."

Russell: "That's nothing; I went two months on a quart."

Miss Gladys Johnson, one of our fair comptometer operators, left for California recently. She is driving through to Los Angeles with her father and brother, going by the Southern Route. Last reports they were making good time.

An epidemic of having tonsils removed seems to have struck the Accounting Department with much force. First, Miss Anderson of the Comptometer Department had her tonsils removed and she was closely followed by Mr. Carroll and Mr. Work. Of the three, Miss Anderson came off ahead as Mr. Carroll and Mr. Work are still on liquid diet at this writing.

The workers on the 5th floor were nearly overcome last week and gas masks were called for when a supposed box of candy delivered to Jack Rutz turned out to contain a varied assortment of fine onions. When the braver spirits returned to the scene of battle, Jack was discovered crying bitterly over the remains.

A duel was narrowly averted last week when Archie walked into Kelly's office and found his best girl sitting on Kelly's desk. After lengthy explanations Archie emerged victor and carried his girl away with him.

Kelly has discovered a firm that makes golf clubs to order and he has just received a set of half-size, half-weight golf clubs. Now if he could only have the same luck with his shoes.

An alarm of "Moth-balls" was turned in recently but the excitement quieted down when it was learned that the officials were just airing the summer-hour plan of 8 to 5.

Mr. J. A. Carroll, Jr., has recently moved into the company house on South Wolcott Street, which was vacated by J. W. Stewart.

"Big Bill" McDermott has left us to go with the E. T. Williams Oil Company, and will be located at Omaha.

Mr. Jellison's leaving for New Mexico has caused a number of changes in the personnel of the Purchasing Department, advancing Mr. Young and Miss Dodge. Miss Allsman is taking Miss Dodge's place.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Jack Corbridge over his double bereavement—his silk pajamas and his dog. The dog chewed up Jack's pajamas and Jack exchanged the dog for a canary bird and a bowl of gold fish.

The girls of the Casper Office have given up sewing for the more thrilling pastime of bridge and have organized a Bridge Club which meets once a week.

For the first time in years Eddie is both busy and subdued. He is trying to fill Gordon's shoes. We hope they fit, Eddie, and that we may soon hear your joyous He-Haw echoing through the hall.

As a result of Mr. Crosskill's leaving the Midwest, Mr. Upson is taking Eddie's place and Mr. Jenkins has been moved in from the General Accounting Room to take Mr. Upson's place.

Two new warehouse men have been added to the Accounting Department—Mr. Watts and Mr. Dunn. Mr. "Hy" Ayers has been transferred from the Storage Yard to the Material Department. We understand Mr. Watts and Mr. Ayers are both single. Beware of the dark, handsome men!

Now that Mr. Ayers has joined the Midwest force we are more confident than ever of Miss Johnson's speedy return from California. We hope it will not become necessary to appoint an officer to preserve peace between the two rivals—it is unnecessary to mention any names.

If Miss Johnson were here now the "family circle" would be complete.

Our traveling auditor, Mr. Kirke, has resigned and Mr. Henry Vervalin from the Denver Office is taking his place.

Gibbs and Stan spent Easter in Denver. Some folks are just plain lucky.

With the opening of the fishing season, April 1st, nearly every disciple of Isaac Walton dashed madly to some haunt of the piscatorial tribe. Somehow, the aforementioned disciples are loath to relate how many fish they caught so Ye Ed. was unable to secure any reliable information or fish stories. We know, however, that Ted Huegli and Phil Korn spent seven pleasant hours fishing Korn's roadster out of the sand.

Now that Spring is almost here the "Curb Lizards" are swarming over the front of the Midwest Building.

The Automobile Show has "hooked another sucker." Mr. Tracey N. Shaw has fallen a prey to the charms of the Rickenbacker Coach. Now, the girls are eagerly looking forward to another trip to Salt Creek.

Chorus Girl (to her lawyer)—He has nothing on me.

Lawyer—You haven't much on yourself.—Pitt Panther.

Lilly:—"Have you ever waked up to the many crying evils that threaten our peace?"

Reeson:—"My dear George, I wake up to one of them almost every night!"

He (glancing at her stockings)—Why do they call them clocks? I don't see any hands on them.

She (indignantly)—No, and there aren't supposed to be any hands on them.

Wm. J.—How did you get that cut on your head?

Souse—Must-hic-bit myself.

Wm. J.—How could you bite yourself up there?

Souse—I gesh I musta stood on a chair.

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

George H. Mower

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

D. T. Beck, Producing Department
R. G. Austin, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

Secretary:

E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
D. T. Beck, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.
M. E. Edwards, Treasurer
T. N. Shaw, Secretary

Remember This!

IF YOU WORK FOR A MAN, in Heaven's name WORK for him. ❧ If he pays you wages which supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him, stand by him and the institution he represents. ❧ If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. ❧ If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage—resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content, but as long as you are part of the institution do not condemn it. ❧ If you do that, you are loosening the tendrils that are holding you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away, and probably you will never know the reason why.

—Elbert Hubbard.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Volume IV May, 1923 Number 4

PUBLISHED *for the* MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

AWAY FROM CARES

The mountain life is the life for me,
Away from cares and worries free
I quaff my fill from the bubbling spring
Where's born the rill—like a silken string
As it leaps and bounds, with shimmering glow
Down its winding path to the vale below.
I mount a cliff that towers high,
And gaze as the billowy clouds roll by.
Within my reach is eternal snow
And Columbines blooming a step below.
I turn toward a rustling sound I hear
And glimpse the form of a fleeing deer.
Then leisurely stroll along some brook
And lose myself in a timbered nook,
And resting there in that sheltered glen,
I spy the squirrels' and bob-cats' den
Then eat my lunch in this cabaret
Of singing birds and chipmunks gay.
I adjust my reel and thread my line
Ere I leave the shade of the sheltering pine;
Then wend my way mid rocks and snags
To the silvery lake 'neath the mountain crags
Out on its breast I cast my fly,
To tease some trout with a hungry eye.
The wavelets spread like a midget tide
As across the water my fly hooks glide
A swish, a swirl, and then anon,
My line grows taut and the fight is on.
Down to the depths like a deep shot bomb,
Then up like a rocket to the surface come.
Then in and out, across and back
I unfurl and haul, and reel and tack,
'Till I've won the fight and its glory imbide
Of landing a prize of the finny tribe
Then to repeat 'till my creel o'erflows
And sunset on the mountain glows.
As falling night its shadows bring
I retrace my steps to the bubbling spring
Where stands my cottage, just a cozy nest
In the heart of the mountains, where I can rest
And there I lounge, by the pine log's glare
With never a worry, and never a care.

—M. L. Cooper

The Midwest Review

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Once again we desire to call attention to the fact that all the principal fields of the Midwest Refining Company now have Joint Industrial Councils functioning. The Council at Salt Creek has been in existence for three years and has handled a great many questions of interest and importance to the company and the employes. The Councils at Grass Creek and Elk Basin have been organized and in operation but a short time—have had but one regular meeting up to this month, in fact, but are ready to do business in every way. We want to impress upon you members of the Midwest Family the importance of taking these bodies into consideration when any question that affects the living and working conditions come up. The company recently put into operation a new policy relating to the length of working days and the question of Sundays off. The company considered this matter very carefully before putting the plan into effect. Some dissatisfaction over the plan has risen in a few instances. This dissatisfication has been brought before the Councils and the complications are now being ironed out, and will eventually be adjusted to the satisfaction of as nearly everyone as possible. If a misunderstanding, or a dissatisfaction still exists, it is the idea of all concerned that such troubles will be brought up to these councils for adjustment, and the Review wants to take this opportunity to call attention to the fact that such matters are entirely proper subjects for the consideration of members of the council. The company and the employes are equally represented on these bodies, and there will be inequality in the fair and careful consideration of such things. Bring the trouble to the Council, in Salt Creek, in Grass Creek or in Elk Basin, and have it thoroughly threshed out.

As announced in last month's issue of the Review, the price at which the company is purchasing Standard Oil Company stock for employes of the Midwest Refining Company, on the deduction basis, has been fixed at $60. This price will be the purchase price of this stock for employes for the next year. For every dollar the employe puts in, the company puts in fifty cents. Figures showing what percentage of the eligible employes in the Midwest have availed themselves of this opportunity, are not yet at hand. But in the Standard Oil Company where the plan has been in operation for two years, a total of 8,609 employes are stockholders under this plan. Your share of stock costs you $60, of which you pay $40 and the company pays $20.

During the past two years, accidents in the Standard Oil Company's plants have been reduced eighty percent. Think of the money saved, the time saved and suffering avoided. If every Midwest employe would just put his mind to it, we could reduce our accidents just as much. Watch your step!

An Atlanta husband, having offended, came home the evening of the quarrel with a parcel under his arm.

"Darling," he said to his wife, "look here. I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world."

She came forward with a shrug.

"Humph. What is it?" she said. "A box of stogies?"—*Sharples News.*

What is Good Gasoline is Debatable

The following article taken from the Oil and Gas Journal will be of interest to every member of the Midwest Family, who is interested in keeping up with the developments surrounding oil and gasoline production and refining.

One of the principal subjects of discussion at the group sessions of the Petroleum Institute, held in St. Louis last week, embodied the question, "What Is Good Gasoline?" Dr. S. W. Stratton, of the United States Bureau of Standards, presented "The Answer So Far Given by the Joint Research Program of the United States Bureau of Standards and the Oil and Automotive Industries."

He opened his address with words of appreciation of the attitude of the oil industry toward research work and told of the unselfish interest taken by scientific men in problems which industry has the forethought and courtesy to call to their attention. He candidly admitted that after several years' study of the question of what is good gasoline, he was unable yet to give a definite reply. The continued growth of the automotive industry, with the consequent demand for fuel by the using public, has made the question of meeting the demand one of the most important considerations with which this country is concerned, he said, and then followed with the story of the practical investigation made by the Bureau of Standards and the petroleum and automotive industries, which part of his address is given below in full:

The Automotive Fuel Test

The problems involved in this investigation have been discussed for the past year or two, but it was not until last summer that a working basis was agreed upon for the carrying out of the project and a definite program of tests formulated. The program embraced a series of tests to determine the effect of the nature of the fuel on miles per gallon as well as on crank case dilution. The investigation was carried on during the summer months, being completed the first part of October. A discussion of the results obtained emphasized the advisability of continuing the work under winter conditions, and the continuation of the investigation under such conditions is now under way. In this paper, the results of the summer work will be given first and then the program for the work under winter conditions will be outlined.

Throughout these tests four grades of gasoline were used, each grade being designated by a letter, namely, A, B, C, and D. Grade A, which is the most volatile and has the lowest end point, is approximately the gasoline which was commonly available four or five years ago. Grade B corresponds to the average of the motor gasoline supplied at present, as indicated by recent Bureau of Mines surveys, while grades C and D are, in the order mentioned, less volatile and have higher end points.

On the basis of 100 per cent production for grade B, grade A represents 85 per cent, Grade C 114 per cent, and grade D 127 per cent, respectively, of the production of grade B gasoline. The percentage change in these production figures represents what might be expected from "straightrun" refinery methods without cracking.

As mentioned above, the purpose of this investigation was to obtain data regarding the effect of character of fuels on miles per gallon when used in average cars now in service. It was appreciated that in view of the great progress which has been made by car manufacturers in the past year or two in the design of carburetors, manifolds and hot spots, that the 1922 models should be able to use heavier fuels without difficulty. But these improvements are not found on the great majority of the 10,000,000 cars now in service. An endeavor was therefore made to select test cars representative of the average now being used throughout the United States. The 1920 model was chosen as being a fair average and four test cars obtained which were estimated to represent approximately 75 per cent of the total cars now in use. The original equipment on each car was left intact and only sufficient overhauling and adjustment was done to insure the car remaining in good condition during the period of test.

Before a car was started on test, the best carburetor adjustment for maximum power was obtained for each grade of fuel. In two instances these carburetor settings for maximum power were checked by engineers from the car manufacturer and agreed exactly with the settings obtained at the bureau.

Miles-Per-Gallon Test

The basic consideration underlying the entire series of tests under summer conditions was to obtain an accurate comparison of the effect of each grade of gasoline on miles per gallon when used successively in the same test car driven under a set of pre-determined conditions, estimated to represent average driving.

With this in mind, a test course of 3.2 miles was laid out, consisting of 32 sections, each section being one-tenth of a mile long. This course is located in Potomac Park and is known locally in Washington as the Speedway. It is practically flat, with an asphaltum surface in good condition.

Each test car was driven around the fixed course under specified conditions of acceleration, deceleration, or constant speed, for each section so that the energy output required of the engine for a complete circuit was fixed. This insured the same car performance during all tests.

The maximum speed possible on this course was limited by traffic regulations. The series

of accelerations and decelerations carried out on one side of the course was repeated coming back on the other side, so as to minimize the effect of wind.

The test car was driven around the course under the conditions specified by the driving schedule using first the B grade. The fuel was then changed and the test repeated, using another grade, such as A. This procedure was repeated using the B grade and then the C or D, so that the B grade was made the reference fuel and differences in miles per gallon were measured between the B and the other test fuels. In order to obtain a fair average for comparison, three successive circuits of the course were made using B grade and then three more made using the test fuel. Six circuits of this course were made in the morning, namely three on B fuel and three on the test fuel. Six more circuits were made in the afternoon, using the same fuels, so that a full day's run consisted of 12 circuits of the course. This method of test minimized as much as possible the effect of change in weather conditions, in as much as the average of the runs on B, the reference fuel, was always closely comparable with the average of the runs on the test fuel.

Fuel Measuring System

In order to measure the fuel consumption and to obtain records of car speed which would show how closely the driving schedule was followed, each test car was fitted with an apparatus consisting of a fuel-measuring system, made up of 32 burettes and a recorder on which were combined the records of the car speedometer and manifold suction. Each burrette held 50 cubic centimeters of gasoline, and fuel consumption was measured by feeding gasoline to the carburetor from one burette when the car was traversing one section and from another burette when another section of the course was entered. This was accomplished by means of shutoff cocks at the bottom of the burette. The zero was at the top of the burettes, so that when the car had completed the circuit of the course, the sum of the readings of the 32 burettes gave the total amount of gasoline consumed.

Car speed was recorded by means of a Van Sicklen tachometer, connected to a pen, which gave a record on the circular chart.

Manifold suction, which indicated the handling of the throttle, was obtained through the use of the ordinary recording vacuum gauge.

In addition, distance thermometers indicated the temperature of outlet water, crank case oil and differential oil.

The time required by the test car in passing each section, as well as the total time for the circuit of the course, was measured by means of a double-sweep, split-second stop watch. A crew of three men, consisting of driver, observer and recorder, was required for each test car.

In order to obtain information as to the effect of these four fuels on crank case dilution, two cars, namely Y and Z, were given road tests between Washington and Frederick, Md., a distance of approximately 50 miles. This road is in fairly good condition and includes a relatively large number of hills.

Two round trips, representing a total of 200 miles, were made for each fuel.

In addition, check runs were made to get an idea of reproductibility of results. Before the start of the run on each fuel, the crank case was drained, new oil put in and the engine run five or ten minutes. This oil was then drained out and the crank case filled with new oil. No additional oil was added during the 200-mile run. Eight-ounce samples were taken each 50 miles. These samples were carefully analyzed for dilution and viscosity. In as much as the runs were made under summer conditions and fairly high road speed, it was appreciated that the dilution obtained would be relatively low and for this reason a careful endeavor was made to keep the operating conditions as nearly alike as possible.

In general, it can be said that there is very little measurable difference in miles per gallon between these four fuels when tested in warm weather under the conditions outlined. The effect of carburetor adjustment has a much greater bearing on the miles per gallon which it is possible to obtain than any difference inherent in the fuels themselves.

The weather conditions which prevailed during the period of these tests represent those of nearly 60 per cent of the year. The miles per gallon obtained with each test fuel were approximately the same. From this viewpoint of miles per gallon alone, it can be seen that the use of a heavier fuel, such as grade D, would make 25 per cent more gasoline available for use during at least 60 per cent of the year under conditions as similar as possible to those likely to be encountered in actual service.

Although the results of the summer tests showed no measurable difference in fuel economy for the same car performance, it was felt that this investigation would not completely cover the field unless it were continued to include tests under conditions of lower temperatures.

To Make Winter Tests

After considering the results of the summer tests, the advisory committee representing the Society of Automotive Engineers, American Petroleum Institute and National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, authorized the continuation of this work to include cold weather conditions. It was the consensus of opinion of the members that if there were any marked differences between the four test fuels in miles per gallon, ease of starting, and crank case dilution, these differences might be more apparent when the fuels were tested under winter conditions. In addition to obtaining purely comparative data, a broadening of the scope of the program was authorized so as to permit a study of the conditions which would be of

(Continued to page 28)

Midwesterners in New Mexico

Now the Midwest Family has strayed away as far as down in New Mexico, and a crew transferred for the most part from Salt Creek, Casper and Big Muddy, is at work working out several wildcat propositions which the company hopes to make into a producing field.

J. W. Stewart is in charge as superintendent; he was transferred from the Casper office, and took with him F. L. Jellison as field clerk. W. E. Carrico, formerly superintendent at Big Muddy, and later for a short time with the Mammoth Oil Company in Salt Creek, again became a member of the Midwest family, is in charge of the work under Mr. Stewart, as field superintendent.

At present, the company is getting ready to commence operations at Miguel Creek, about fifty miles from Grants, the shipping point. Operations are directed from Gallup.

The distance from Grants to Miguel Creek is fifty miles, and the roads for the most part are very sandy. For this reason, trucks have a hard time making the trip with heavy loads. It has been necessary, therefore, to haul the largest part of the material for this camp by small outfits handled by Navajo Indians. These outfits consist of small ponies and light wagons, and their maximum load is about 2200 pounds.

The camp is a pleasant one and operations are going on at a good rate. A glance at the pictures with this article will give some idea of the men and the transportation problem.

They Don't Get Away at Grass Creek

The attached picture shows how they watch 'em out in Grass Creek. The verse of poetry which was contributed by the Grass Creek bunch, along with the picture, explains this circumstance:

One Dark and Stormy Day
A well-know puller went to steal
The blacksmith's daughter away.
He went to the boardinghouse
All covered with smiles—
Who could it be?
Nobody but Ralph Viles!

Mike Flahie Leaves

Mike Flahie, who has been chief-gauger for the Midwest Pipe Line Department in this field for the past two years, left Salt Creek to make his home in Kansas City, early in the month. Mr. Flahie has been suffering from internal organic trouble for months and although he attempted to resume his duties late in April, was forced to give it up after a plucky fight. Mr. Flahie is one of the comparative old timers in the Midwest Family here and will be greatly missed.

Get A Big Gasser

One of the greatest gas wells ever developed came to life when the Mammoth well No. 101 on the northeast quarter of Section 15-30-78 was drilled into the Second Wall Creek Sand at approximately 2900 feet early in May. The well gradually blew itself in and increased from an initial flow of about twenty million feet to an es timated production of sixty million cubic feet per day. The control head with a special gauge attachment was blown off and considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the well capped again. Just before the control head was blown off a rock pressure of 1425 pounds was recorded.

Snapshots from Miguel Creek New Mexico

The Miguel Creek Crew in front of the Hotel at Grants. *Standing Left*-Frank Webber, *Right* W.M. Bevelhymer *Seated*-Dave Hughes, *the cook*; Tom Sartin; Robt Schultz

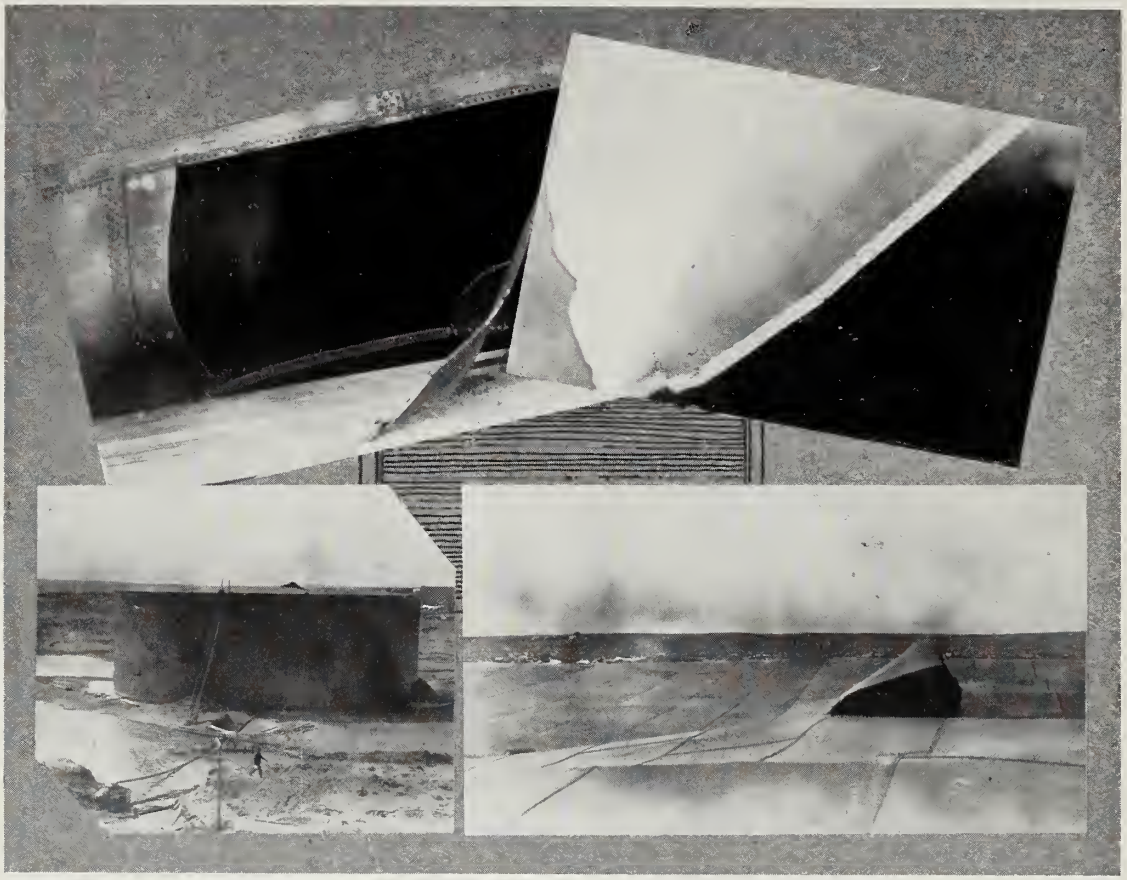
"Queenie", the Mascot, is also shown

A "close-up" of 20" casing with Sartin, Bevelhymer and 3 Navajos

A load of 2" pipe being hauled by Navajo Indians.

A length of 20" casing leaving Grants for Miguel Creek

Water Test Saves Oil



The above pictures demonstrate how much worth while it is to test the big storage tanks used on the Tank Farm at Casper, before oil is run into them.

These pictures show what happened to Tank No. 268, capacity 80,000 barrels, when it was run full of water as a test. The tank was filled with 78,000 barrels of water. The pressure was too great for a defective piece of steel in the bottom ring and one sheet tore across under the weight like a piece of paper, flooding the ground for some distance around and floating another tank near by from its foundation. As the pictures above show, the piece of steel was torn cleanly across and bent outward. One picture shows the edges of the steel, another shows the rent; a third shows the tank at a distance and the fourth shows a view along the side.

And There It Ended

The stingy farmer was scoring the hired man for carrying a lighted lantern to call on his best girl.

"The idea," he exclaimed. "When I was courtin' I never carried no lantern; I went in the dark."

"Yes," said the hired man sadly, "and look what you got."

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Confucius.*

The Chief Aim of Man

At four—To wear pants.
At eight—To miss Sunday School.
At twelve—To be President.
At fourteen—To wear long pants.
At eighteen—To have monogrammed cigarettes.
At twenty—To take a show girl out to supper.
At twenty-five—To have the price of a supper.
At thirty-five—To eat supper.
At forty-five—To digest supper.

—*Renfrew Review.*

New Midwest Theatre at Salt Creek

From Oil Camp to thoroughly citified community, reads the brief history of Midwest Home Camp and no event more typically certifies to that transformation, than does the opening of the new Midwest Salt Creek Theatre, the doors of which were swung wide for a first night on May 24th.

Located just across from the big Hotel on Ellison Avenue, seating four hundred and sixty, with comfortable chairs, every tone, every tint, every lighting effect is wonderfully softened to blend into a harmony of restfulness. Even the standard colors of the exterior take on new shades and give a different effect after the picture of the interior has been given an opportunity to register.

Some of the prosaic facts about the new Midwest Theatre run as follows, slanting floor,—Orchestra pit—stage—Baby Grand Chickering piano—wonderfully effective decorative stage settings, two of the finest and most modern moving picture machines —stage wings—fire exits—wide spacious lobby.

And some other facts are not as prosaic, dainty—charming young lady ushers in the most attractive of colonial costumes; a deep heavy velvet curtain, that carries a tone of mystery and a promise; a five piece Orchestra playing always seemingly, just the most appropriate theme to furnish atmosphere and background for the action of the screen story; a shiny silver screen that shimmers and dazzles in the light and sends back the message and story of the film, in a way that reflects the original action of Hollywood, Alaska, South Sea Islands or where not; the way a mountain lake scene reflects the shore, when upside down is just as right and effective.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays are picture nights with two performances on these evenings, the best of picture releases, moderate prices and a deep feeling pervading over all of something different in background, than the mercenary aim of most theatre houses.

Miss Florence Ward, is acting as manager under the direction of Superintendent P. W. Lewis. She is a very capable young lady and has made a most auspicious start.

We people of Salt Creek are tremendously human and yes, we do like movies. The new theatre adds a pull that brings Salt Creek, the community and the Midwest family into a closer bond. And it isn't such a jump of imagination to picture a general Superintendent, general manager, Vice-President and Board of Directors who were in sympathy with the human interests of Salt Creek and made possible the new theatre.

May we ask those officials, and the Board of Directors, who granted the appropriation to understand that Salt Creek does appreciate.

How to Drive an Auto

Drive as if every other driver was a born idiot.

Drive as if all children and most pedestrians were bent on suicide beneath your wheels.

Drive as if every hill had a chasm at the bottom.

Drive as if every curve was a highwayman, a Bengal tiger and a stone wall.

Examine your car before you start, not after you stop—and you won't have accidents.—Bulletin, Halifax Auto Assn.

Salt Creek Band Growing

A dozen new members have been added to the Salt Creek Midwest Band in the past few weeks, placing that organization well on the way to its full quota, set at forty. All of the members of this best and largest musical organization in the State are practicing faithfully and by the first of June will be ready to step out with a finish that should put Salt Creek and the Midwest on the map at numerous special occasions both in the Salt Creek field and in Casper and perhaps other points in the State.

Health is the Best Wealth

Mike is known to all for his unfailing good humor. In the five years he has been with the company no one has ever seen him with a grouch and the pay roll records show that he hasn't missed a day through sickness. The foreman says he can do more work than any two men in the shop and it is confidently expected that when promotions come, Mike will move up.

The secret of Mike's good health and good nature is that he keeps fit. A look at the contents of his dinner pail tells why. It is all good wholesome digestible food. Mike never reads health magazines and doesn't know anything about vitamines and carbohydrates but he does know the foods that are good for him. Today he has brought three sandwiches, one meat, one egg, and one cheese—two of them of whole wheat bread and one of white. There is also a piece of cake and a big red apple. The milk wagon calls every morning and he has a standing order for a pint. Mike never takes pills, tonics or blood purifiers. He is a stranger to constipation and indigestion, and he walks to work. He may feel tired when he gets home at night, but it is a healthy fatigue and he wakes up next morning after a good night's sleep feeling as fresh as ever.

Steve, who works next to Mike is a chronic grouch. His favorite sport is relating the symptoms of his numerous diseases to anyone who will listen to him. He has a grievance against the foreman, the superintendent and big boss and most of the men in the plant, and is always claiming that you have to have a pull to get promotion. When the whistle blows at noon he rushes for his dinner pail and swallows three or four sandwiches, an enormous piece of cake and a couple of

pieces of pie. He insists that he has to eat a man's size meal to keep up his strength to do the hard work in the factory. By three o'clock the pint of coffee he drank with his lunch has lost its kick and he is convinced that hard work is ruining his health. He has frequent headaches and never fails to carry a box of cathartic pills and a package of aspirin tablets with him. Steve worries constantly about his health, his work and affairs at home.

It isn't necessary to read all the health books ever published and take up every new fad that comes along to keep in good condition. Eat moderately of good, wholesome foods, take plenty of exercise, sleep with the window open and don't worry. Eat pie and cake if you want to but go slow on them. Eat plenty of fresh fruits and coarse vegetables, such as turnips, tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, parsnips. Eat whole wheat bread frequently although it may become tiresome as a steady diet. Prunes and figs are valuable and if you eat these along with coarse vegetables there's no danger of getting the pill habit.

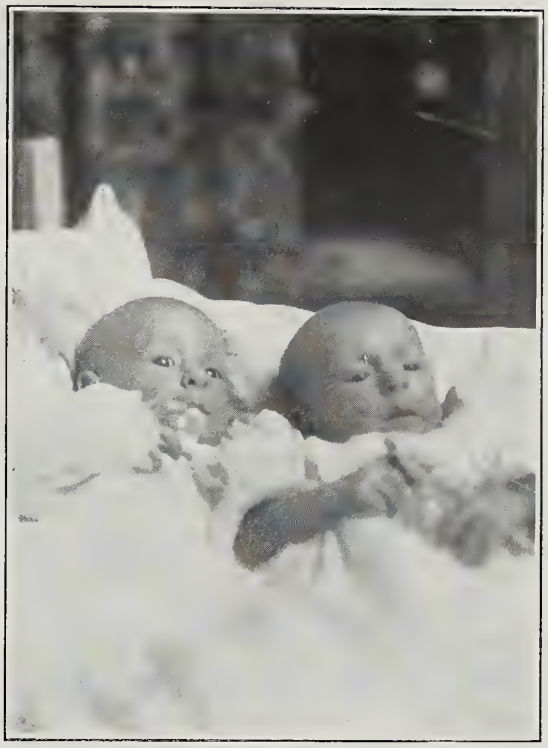
Coffee and tea are not particularly injurious to adults but it is not advisable to drink them with every meal, even though it may not seem to harm. Milk is a safe drink as well as a valuable food, both for adults and children.

Above all, keep cheerful. It's a fine aid to digestion. If you aren't blessed with a naturally pleasant disposition, you can cultivate one and it will be well worth the effort.

Health is better than Wealth! says the National Safety Council.

Shriners To Salt Creek

July 18th has definitely been set as the date for the Shrine Ceremonials, in connection with the State Convention to be held at Salt Creek. The day of July 19th has been filled to the brim with entertainment and program, by the local committee and it is expected that most of the visiting Shriners from over the State will spend the two full days here.



The Bechtel Twins

Herewith, the latest addition to the Midwest Family in Grass Creek, the twin daughters of Superintendent and Mrs. L. L. Bechtel. These young ladies were brought in by the stork on February 26, and are therefore about three months old. Anna Ruth is on the left and Lucy Rose on the right. They are bright, happy contented youngsters and are thriving.

Gypsies Looted The Till

Mrs. John Nance is ready at any time to tell her opinion of the character and general attributes of gypsies. A few weeks ago, a modern caravan, of this country's nomads, passed thru Salt Creek, all in big cars. Several of them stopped in at the Bakery run by Mrs. Nance and took the liberty of rifling the cash register. Mrs. Nance returned a few moments afterward, but with visions of carved and curved knives, in mind, decided to let the thievery go unnoticed, until glancing out the window she saw Sheriff Snow. A brief exchange involving some rather rapid action resulted in the safe return of the money.

A Flying Trip Taken in 1983

By L. R. of the Denver Office

Not having circumnavigated the globe since the year 1923, the call of the air made a strong appeal to me, and I accordingly engaged passage on an air ship making its initial voyage.

The ship was perfect in its appointments, having all the comforts of a modern home. There was accommodation for five hundred persons, without being at all crowded. It was equipped with dining room, kitchen, ball-room, observation balconies, and, in fact, it was a model of convenience and comfort.

On the morning of June 1, 1983, we set sail from Denver, now a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants, taking first a northerly course. We had smooth sailing until we came to a place in Wyoming called Casper. Here we were delayed for a time by adverse winds, hail and snow which threatened to do great damage, but thanks to our well built ship, we weathered the gale and sailed westward.

While seated on one of the verandas of our car enjoying the clouds below us and the infinite space above us, I was surprised and delighted to see in a crowd some little distance away, two ladies whom I recognized as old acquaintances, Mrs. Elizabeth Peterson and "she that was" Miss Mary Waller. We soon got together, and after exchanging compliments, we started a heart to heart conversation. They told me that they were on their way to Australia and would meet their respective husbands there. I was very glad to learn that said husbands were engaged in the sheep raising industry and had amassed great fortunes.

We reached San Francisco at noon the same day, and it was decided that we go down to land and look around. We found it the same old town, except that in size it had kept pace with New York, Chicago and Denver, and it still retained its reputation of having "no night there." We would have enjoyed a longer stay in S. F. but were anxious to reach Honolulu, so hurried on. The wind favored us, and we arrived in this wonderful place at nine A. M. June 2.

Here words fail us! No tongue or pen can ever do justice to this land of sunshine. Foliage, trees and flowers of wonderful colors greeted us on every side such as we had never dreamed of before. It indeed seemed as if "A little bit of Heaven" had come down to earth. While strolling on the beach at Waikiki in the evening, listening to the famous Hawaiian band, I was delighted to meet Mrs. Marie Janda, Mrs. Ann Hunt and Miss Muriel Stephens, the latter I was told had "Mrs." attached to her name now, and was starring in a picture play that was attracting a great deal of attention. Mr. and Mrs. Janda were the owners of a large tailoring establishment in Honolulu, and they specialized in building grass dresses for the native Hawaiian women. They had accumulated a vast fortune, and were soon to dispose of their property and return to the U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were proprietors of a large confectionery store at a place called Keawekaheka Point (pronounced exactly as spelled) and were enjoying the best of health and prosperity. We fain would have lingered longer in this land of dreams, but as time was the essence of the contract we had to be on our way.

In Australia we disposed of Mrs. Peterson and Mrs. "she that was" Waller. I must apologize for not remembering the name of the lucky man, but as she did not introduce us I am sure the apology will be accepted.

We stopped in China only long enough to have some laundering done, then on to Japan. In Tokio it gave me much pleasure to meet Miss Ethel Gannon. She was at the head of a Woman's College, where she was specializing in English, and I was pleased to hear that she was enjoying life in that far-away country and perfectly happy in her work. Our time here also was limited, so after picking a few cherry blossoms, we left for Africa as we wished

to reach our destination before dark. We had no trouble in doing this, and when we arrived decided to camp for the night down the Nile in the Valley of Kings, in order that we might get an early start next morning for the tombs of the "Past Masters," particularly the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen, of whom we had heard so much. Here memories crowded upon us of the dim and distant past, and we expressed a wish that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle could have been one of the party so that we might have obtained some spirit pictures, or some other kind of spirits. At five the next morning, June 3, we flew to King Tut's tomb, and I confess to surprise at finding so few signs of life. I did, however, notice two ladies sitting near the door of the tomb, and upon drawing nearer was amazed to find Miss Dorothy Leadbetter and Miss Elizabeth Johnson who were overwhelmed by the solemnity of the place and were weeping copiously. They had, of course, acquired the title of "Mrs." long before, and when they had dried their tears (please understand that I do not mean to imply that the title had caused the tears,—far from it) we engaged in conversation of the present and past, and I learned incidentally that they were now living in Tripoli, and that their **better** halves (perhaps I had better give them the benefit of the doubt) had beeome immensely wealthy. Upon being informed of this, I hesitated about referring to our former occupations, as it is a well known fact that many persons after taking a step or two upward on a sliding scale, dislike very much to mention that they ever worked for a living, and a little money sometimes makes a person rather peculiar, although I will say that it has never affected **me** in this way. We must not delay, however, and after leaving some immortelles at the tomb of King Tut, we resumed our journey.

After starting on our homeward way, we were very anxious to make a record-breaking flight, so made but one stop which was at Paris. Here in one of the largest and finest shops I ran across Miss Regina O'Neill. At least, I addressed her as "Miss" but she imparted the information that she had been married sixty years, and upon doing a little mental arithmetic work I discovered that the event must have happened in 1923. She seemed happy though married, and I was glad to extend congratulations.

I also visited the most up-to-date millinery establishment in Paris. Here I found Mrs. Alice James, and not having owned a new hat in several years, I think she must have noticed my need of one and took pity on me. Anyway, she presented me with a most wonderful creation. She was doing a thriving business, and her name in a hat was all that was necessary.

We arrived in New York soon after midnight, and were glad to see the hand of Liberty outstretched as if to welcome us home. At eight o'clock on the morning of June 4, we arrived in Denver, the "Queen City of the Plains." A few years ago such a trip would have seemed unbelievable, but it only goes to prove that in the realm of Mind there are no limitations, and there are still wonderful achievements possible through the ingenuity and skill of man.

As I was passing a forty story building on the corner of Seventeenth and Stout Street, I noticed the name, "Standard Oil Building," and it brought to mind my old friend Mrs. Zella Baird. I was not sure that I would find her, but was willing to take a chance. I found Room 809, and upon entering, was very pleased to see Mrs. Baird seated at a beautiful mahogany desk knitting the last two rows on a green beaded bag which was begun in the month of April 1923.

Buys Casper Property

Riley H. Bay of Salt Creek has purchased the four apartment house at No. 1116-W-15th St. in Casper, and has given over the management of it to his brother Dr. L. E. Bay, who will reside on the property and take care of the tenant business, while Riley will continue to hold his position as assistant manager of the Salt Creek Boarding houses.

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?"

"Yessum, he's a good providah all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggah's gwine er git caught at it."—*O. E. R. Bulletin.*

Denver Bowlers Banquet

On Wednesday evening, May 9, 1923, the members of the Denver Office Bowling League, with officers of the company as guests, enjoyed a stag banquet in the dining room of the Shirley-Savoy Hotel, celebrating the wind-up of the successful bowling season just ended. Frederick D. Anderson, President of the League, presided as toastmaster.

At seven o'clock, to the strains of Morrison's Jazz Orchestra, the bowlers sat down to a most sumptuous repast, which took about an hour to consume. The above cut shows the hungry throng just before they attacked the edibles. When the clatter of silverware finally died down Mr. Anderson rose, and tapping on a tumbler with his gold pencil in a somewhat vain effort to secure order, announced that he would not make a speech, and then proceeded to declaim at length and in a most interesting manner on the history and refinements of bowling, concluding with a clever sketch describing the personal eccentricities of individual Midwest bowlers.

A hush then descended on the banqueters, Fanchon, the Girl from the Orient lithesome and nymph-like, glided into the space between the long tables and provided such a Terpsichorean display as few of the boys, judging from their faces, had ever seen. During the evening this sprightly maid returned at intervals and added further thrills, a detailed account of which can perhaps be obtained from any of the unmarried men present. Suffice it to say that she was "some baby," and was the headliner of the evening. The Ballard-Kessler vocal quartet furnished three splendid songs, and would have had the opportunity to sing themselves to death had they not run out of encore numbers. A banjo quartet, consisting of Mauldin, Elliott, Johnson and Marriott, altho exhibiting signs of slight nervousness, rendered several well-chosen selections. All four of these men are members of the Bowling League, and their pep in working up their part of the program deserves commendation. W. S. Nicoll, the "canny Scot," delighted the audience with an impersonation of Harry Lauder, singing "Roaming in the Gloaming," and "Stop Your Tickling, Jock." Ray Hamilton, whom we always took to be of a somewhat retiring nature, was called upon to sing a Spanish song. The song itself and his manner of putting it across were most amusing.

Messrs. Anderson, McAlpine and Russell took charge of distribution of prize money, and the winners of individual prizes were called upon for speeches of acceptance. Some of these addresses would have made Webster turn over in his grave.

During the intervals in the entertainment short talks were made by Mr. H. G. Naylor, Vice President, who in a pleasing and democratic manner told of the benefits the League has afforded the employes, expressing the hope that next year

the officials of the company would organize a team in conjunction with the League; Mr. H. C. Bretschneider, Director who in the course of his speech declared his belief that Mr. Dines could make a strike with a golf ball; Mr. T. A. Pedley, Secretary of the company, and Mr. H. H. Brooks, Secretary and Treasurer of The Midwest Oil Company, each made a few appropriate remarks. Merwin Bristol responded to the toastmaster's request that the substitute bowlers be heard from.

Officers for next year were elected unanimously (according to the decision of Mr. Anderson, chairman of the business meeting which followed). C. J. Barkdull was elected president, M. E. McAlpine, Secretary, and A. F. Russell, Treasurer. Mr. Barkdull was absent, but speeches of acceptance were made by McAlpine and Russell, the latter narrating how much he has always enjoyed being around where money is handled. The entertainment was concluded with another dance by Fanchon, the Girl from the Orient, who performed in a subdued light and who, needless to say, secured several rounds of applause.

The committee on arrangements consisted of Messrs. Anderson, Barkdull, McAlpine, and Russell. The banquet was made possible through personal contributions by Mr. H. M. Blackmer, Chairman of the Board, Mr. T. A. Dines, President, Messrs. John D. Clark, H. G. Naylor and M. K. Blackmer, Vice Presidents, and Mr. H. C. Bretschneider, Director, and the Bowling League expresses its utmost appreciation to them for their kindness in providing this entertainment, which will live in the annals of the Midwest Bowling League throughout the coming years.

Information

Young Brown, who had been married but a few days, sought out his friend, Jones, who was a family man of long experience, for a little advice.

"Jim," said Brown, "what did you call your mother-in-law after you got married?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Jones. "For the first year I addressed her as 'Say,' and after that we all called her 'grandma.'"—*Judge.*

J. G. Crosskill Married

J. G. Crosskill, until recently cashier in the Casper Office for the Midwest, was married on April 18 at Douglas, Wyo., to Miss Blanche Van Denburg of Denver. Miss Van Denburg had been visiting in Casper for a short time, and her return to Denver was changed into a honeymoon trip when the couple motored to Douglas, were married and then continued on their way to Denver. Mr. and Mrs. Crosskill are living in Casper, where Mr. Crosskill has taken over the management of the Salt Creek Transportation Company.

Legal Department Moves

As a part of a plan of office rearrangements on the ninth floor of the Denver Office the legal department is soon to be located in a suite of rooms on the tenth floor. A. K. Barnes and Frederick D. Anderson, General Attorneys, assisted by Kent S. Whitford, Attorney, will be in active charge of the business of the department in Denver under the supervision of Mr. John D. Clark. Although as Vice President of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana Mr. Clark will in the future spend most of his time in Chicago, he retains the office of Vice President and General Counsel of The Midwest Refining Company.

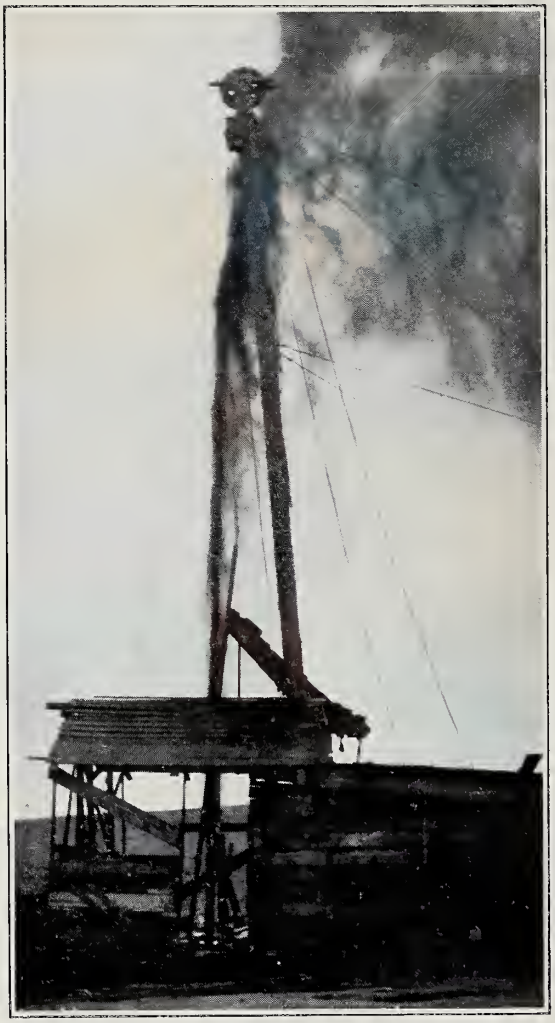
WITH THE MIDNORTHERNERS

L. G. Merriott of the Billings office was transferred to the Sunburst Field Office April 1st. "Lou" will succeed Joe O'Donnell, who suffered a nervous breakdown during March, and who has returned to his Denver home to recuperate. We are all sorry to hear of Joe's disability and will welcome him back to the Mid-Northern family as soon as he recovers.

At this writing, there seems to be a good chance that the Mid-Northern will be represented on the baseball diamond the coming season. Earl Scoville has taken the matter in hand, and with the proper assistance should be able to place a team in the Billings City League which will represent the company in proper style. Earl has had considerable experience along this line and we have no doubt will make a big success of this undertaking. With Fuller, Northcutt, Rafferty and himself, he has the nucleus of what should develop into a fast aggregation.

With everyone looking pleasant, the camera man had an easy job snapping the accompanying photograph. As it was taken on the steps of the Cat Creek Cook House, we presume the good eats put up by our excellent cooks had a great deal to do with the good humor in evidence. From left to right, the male contingent reads—Healow, Devault and Harris. Further we can not say, as the ladies present are unknown to us.

Shooting wells in the Cat Creek Field has never been looked upon with much favor. From the accompanying snap shots it will be observed that the results were very effective. From a very small producer the production of this well was brought up to a daily average of 80 barrels. The results of Shooting Green 10-A were so successful that it was decided to shoot Green 14-A, which was a "duster", and after "kicking" it with 60 quarts nitro produced some 100 barrels or better.



After the shot
Cat Creek Field
Mid-Northern Green 10-A

By consistent effort we finally got a rise out of the boys at Conrad on the Spring Creek Test Well, and for the accompanying photographs we are indebted to Vern West, Field Clerk at that point. Prominently, in the door of cook house will be noticed J. B. (Dad) Miller, cook.

Dad is an old timer at the cooking game, having spent 47 years of his life in this line of work, and is an able cook. On March 26th Dad was taken to the Conrad Hospital, where he has since been suffering with influenza. Everything possible is being done for him and everyone in camp is hoping it will be a matter of only a few days until Dad can be up and around, slinging pies and chasing dirt.

Charles Grant, tool pusher, who suffered a badly fractured leg while breaking joints at the Ringling Test Well in January, is once more back on the job. Charlie will take over the Spindletop operation at Grass Range, and it is hoped that the "hoodoo' which seems to be attached to the Ringling operation will not pursue him to the new location.

Preparing to shoot
Cat Creek Field
Mid-Northern Green 10-A

Harry B. Eastwood came up from Wyoming, April first and has taken over the field clerk's position on the Spindletop Test at Grass Range. Harry was formerly connected with the Midwest organization on the Golden Eagle Dome.

Other additions to our organization include —J. D. Otey, recently appointed Warehouseman at the Sunburst Camp, who came up from the Mid-Continent Fields and who was with the National Supply Co. several years; C. C. Warner, latest addition to the Accounting Department at Billings; and C. E. Thomas, who goes to Cat Creek Field as Assistant Warehouseman.

The Geological Department has received its usual spring increase of budding rock hounds, and we now have Messrs. Greene, Batcheller and Lounsberry working out of the Billings Office. Harrison A. Schmitt, however, decided to leave the oil business and April 21st pulled out for the south, headed for Texas it is said.

HIGHER'N GILROY'S KITE

GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Geological Department Denver Office

Mr. John G. Bartram, formerly in charge of geological work in Southern Oklahoma for the Roxana Petroleum Corporation has joined the staff and is to be in charge of the Wyoming geological work with headquarters at Casper. At present Mr. Harold T. Morley is working with Mr. Bartram.

Mr. Harrison A. Schmidt, who has been in this Department almost a year and engaged in Montana geological work since Jan. 1st., has resigned and accepted a position with a large copper mining company in Arizona.

Post cards from Mrs. A. E. Mastbrook indicate that she and Mr. Mastbrook are taking in sights, and enjoying a vacation in Philadelphia. During Mrs. Mastbrook's absence, Miss Enith Larsen is handling admirably the clerical and stenographic work of the department.

Mr. John H. Wilson, a Colorado School of Mines student, joined the department on April 10th and is now deeply interested in our work down south. Mr. H. E. La Teudresse joined us on May 7th to go on the southern work with Mr. E. H. Hall.

Messrs. Ed Wright, Roy Green and Donald Batcheller are recent members of the department with headquarters at the Billings office and Mr. Vern Kegler is expected to join us about May 10th.

Mr. D. E. Lounsberry has transferred from the Denver to the Montana division and will have charge of some Montana work under Mr. C. Max Bauer.

Mr. J. E. Redburn has transferred from geology to solid earth and is to work in the Land Department assisting Mr. Mark Danford at Billings. Mr. Redburn and his family departed for Billings on April 26th.

On April 25th, Ann Elizabeth Rath arrived to enliven the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rath at Denver.

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the death of Mr. Arthur Eaton at Berkeley, California on May 5th. Mr. Eaton was formerly of the firm of Harrison and Eaton, Consulting Geologist for the Midwest Refining Co. He was so strong and energetic that his death, especially due to sickness, was almost unbelievable.

Five new Buicks have been purchased for use of the field parties and the old ones, after about three years faithful service have been sold as "USED CARS." You will see some geologist looking and acting quite proud of these new boats at least until the brightness is rubbed off by sage brush. Each driver of these cars will tell you he has the "pullingest" car there ever was.

Prior-Gardner

Miss Brennis Gardner and Mr. Frank O. Prior, Electrical Engineer Midwest Refining Company were married at the home of a friend in Buffalo, Wyoming, on Sunday April 15. After the ceremony they motored to Sheridan where they took the train for Chicago for a honeymoon of a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Prior was at one time an employe in the Engineering Department, Casper Office, and is well known by Casper Office employes and the many friends of both bride and groom wish them much joy and happiness.

Anybody Would

"I beg your pardon," said the girl timidly. "Would you care to help The Working Girls' Home?"

"Sure thing," said the State Street ornament briskly. "Where are they?"

"After the fire"
Wildschutz No. 6 Cat Creek

Popular Bible

Sister's beau's photo is in the Bible. Ma's recipe for vanishing cream is in it, also the ticket for Pa's watch and the address of the "dream" brother Ed met at the seashore last summer.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

For the Great Out-of-doors

This is the time of the year when you and I and the rest of us seek recreation in Nature's Great Out-of-Doors. Either by our flivvers or our feet we mend our ways along tempting creeks, roaring rivers or weedy lakes in search of the elusive trout. Or perhaps we trod briskly or wearily over hills and dales, to the tops of high mountains. But where ere we are or where ere we go, let us be good sports with Mother Nature. Let us be conservative and not destructive. Let us preserve for those who follow us in the wake of Life some of Nature's gifts to man. The following remarks written by Mr. Robert B. Rockwell, Vice-President of the Colorado Mountain Club are well worth while.

"A GOOD WOODSMAN"

Is a fellow you would want to go camping with—AGAIN! That kind of a fellow always leaves his camp-site in better condition than he found it. He buries the cans, burns the rubbish, and puts out the fire so that it stays out. No forest fires mark his trail. All the wild creatures that crawl, fly or run are his friends instead of his prey.

He picks few flowers and never pulls them up by the roots. He never chops down a tree unless he has a mighty good reason for doing it.

REMEMBER

You were not the first over the trail. Leave the pleasant places along the way just as pleasant for those who follow you.

Baseball Bulletin

Thursday—May 10, 1923

Better late than never

Mutual Oil Co.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Bradley 3b	4	1	1	1	0	3
Moehly ss.	5	2	3	0	0	5
DeLashmutt p.	5	2	2	3	1	1
Powers, 2b	4	0	1	1	0	3
Carlson cf.	3	1	3	0	0	0
Merritt, 1b.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Tongwald c.	4	0	0	19	1	0
Jope rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Werther lf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	36	6	12	27	2	12

Midwest Ref. Co.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Stebenne cf.	5	1	1	0	0	0
T. May lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Marriott lf.	0	0	0	0	0	1
Craig lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson 3b.	4	3	2	1	0	0
Johns c.	5	2	1	15	1	0
Hughes ss.	5	1	1	2	1	0
Mauldin rf.	5	0	1	1	1	0
C. May 1b.	4	0	1	7	0	1
McNicholas 2b.	4	1	0	1	2	0
Hamilton p.	4	1	0	0	4	0
Totals	40	9	7	27	9	2

Score by innings:

Midwest Refining Co.	0	0	3	0	0	2	2	0	2
9 Runs 7 Hits 2 errors										
Mutual Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	0	0
6 Runs 12 Hits 12 errors										

Summary: Stolen Bases: Stebenne 2, T. May, Johnson 2, Johns, Hughes, Mauldin, C. May 4, McNicholas, Carlson 2. Two Base Hits: Johnson, Moehly, DeLashmutt, Three-Base Hits: DeLashmutt. Earned Runs: Midwest 5, Mutual 4. Base on balls off Hamilton 3, off DeLashmutt 2; Struck out by DeLashmutt 17, by Hamilton 14. Wild Pitches: Hamilton. Hit by Pitcher Carlson, Johnson. First Base on Errors: Midwest 7, Mutual 2. Time of Game 2:00. Double Plays: Mauldin to C. May. Umpire: Mike.

We won the opener as charted above. It was a good game. We lived up to our title of the "Hitless Wonders." If Mutual had not tried to throw the ball to the race track every time they got the chance they might have beaten us.

Good pitching on the part of Hamilton for us and DeLashmutt for the Mutual team featured. In addition our fielding was uniformly good. One double play, Mauldin to Crawf. May was a dandy. Also Art Hughes pulled a couple of nice plays. One was the hidden ball trick which came in the last of the ninth when the first Mutual batter doubled to left. He wanted someone to run for him, so Hantz granted the request. No sooner had the new runner taken his place than Art placed the ball on him, and this nipped what little hope Mutual had left. Art also made a dandy throw from deep short, which unfortunately Crawf. May dropped for his only error. Art. Johns caught a nice game, and his peg to bases is improving rapidly. Mauldin looked good in right field, but turned his ankle sliding to third base in the ninth and will be out of the game for a few days.

The Mutual team looked good except in fielding. Carlson, Moehly, DeLashmutt, and Powers all hit well. They ought to win a few ball games. Tongwald caught well, but was weak on throwing to second.

Saturday, April 28th, marked the first game of baseball by a uniformed team from the Denver Office since August, 1921. We met the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company nine at 37th and Wyandot in a seven inning battle which started at three o'clock. We won by a score of 2 to 0 in a well played ball game.

All the boys played well, especially noted were Johnson at third base and Johns behind the bat. Roy played a bang-up game, and Art did well in his first attempt at catching a full game. Jimmy Isott pitched three innings in fine style only allowing one hit, Kessler pitched

Snaps of Opening Day Game

an inning, and Ray Hamilton burned them over for the rest of the game. Crawford May and Stebonne were the leading hitters for our team. Steb. drove in both our runs, first with a single and the second with a sacrifice fly to center. Taken as a whole the team looked good, and much credit is due to our Manager, Mr. Hantz of the Midwest Oil Co., who has taken a great deal of interest in the team and is giving much of his time to its development.

The Phone boys played good ball and especially noted were Tandy, one of the leading semi-pro pitchers of this city who chucked the last two innings, Grant at short, and Joe Libonati, Reese who pitched the first four innings did well.

The Box Score is as follows:

M. S. T. & T. Co.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wilkinson cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Regal rf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Hutch 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Tandy 1b.-p.	1	0	1	5	2	0
Grant ss.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Roberts 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Libonati lf. 1b.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Brackett c.	2	0	0	6	0	1
Reese p.	2	0	0	2	1	0
Hays lf.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	23	0	2	18	7	3

M. R. Co.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hamilton p.-cf.	3	0	0	1	1	0
T. May lf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
B. Elliott lf.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson 3b.	3	0	1	1	3	0
Johns c.	3	0	0	8	1	0
McNich's 2b.	3	1	0	1	1	0
C. May 1b.	3	1	1	9	0	1
Stebenne ss.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Hughes ss.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Mariott rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Craig rf.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Isott p.	1	0	0	0	3	0
Kessler p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mauldin cf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
	21	2	3	21	9	1

Summary: Stolen Bases: T. May, Johnson, McNicholas, Regal, Tandy, Brackett. Sacrifice Hits: Stebenne. Two-Base Hits: Regal, Tandy. Three-Base: C. May. Earned Runs: Midwest 1. First Base on Errors: Midwest 2, Phone 1. Left on Bases: Midwest 3, Phone Co. 5. First Base on Balls: Isott 1, Off Kessler 1, off Hamilton 1, off Reese 1. Struck-out by Isott 1, by Kessler 1, by Hamilton 6, by Reese 2, by Tandy 4. Double plays: Hutch to Tandy. Innings pitched by Isott 3, Hits 1, Runs 0, by Kessler 1, hits 0, runs 0. by Hamilton 3, hits 1, runs 0; by Reese 4, hits 3, runs 2, by Tandy 2, hits 0, runs 0. Time: 1:15.

Score by innings:

Phone Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Midwest	0	1	0	1	0	0	—	2

Bowling League

The first season of the Denver Office Bowling League came to an end Wednesday evening, April 25th, in a blaze of glory. Derby Dome took first place by winning twenty out of the last twenty-one games. The feature game of the last night was probably the last game between Ferris Dome and Alkali Butte. The winner would enter a tie for second place with Cat Creek. The result was a tie game. An extra frame was rolled, and Alkali Butte won handily. Good sportsmanship was the rule during the season and all the fellows voted the season a success in every sense of the word.

Standings are as follows:

TEAM STANDING

Team	Captain	W.	L.	%	Total Pins	Av.
Derby Dome	R. G. Cocanower	38	22	633	44.955	749
Cat Creek	M. E. McAlpine	30	30	500	44.740	745
Alkali Butte	R. E. Hamilton	30	30	500	43.878	731
Ferris Dome	O. B. Mauldin	29	31	483	44.447	740
Big Muddy	W. S. Nicoll	29	31	483	43.508	725
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark	24	36	400	43.856	730

1st High Team Series—Alkali Butte 2615.
2nd High Team Series—Derby Dome 2462.
1st High Team Game—Alkali Butte 956.
2nd High Team Game—Derby Dome 903.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Player	Game	T. Pins
Hughes	60	10473
Hamilton	57	9861
Krause	60	9706
Anderson	48	7726
Cocanower	51	8096
Elliott	60	9518
Clark	57	6926
1st High Ind. Series—Hughes		638
2nd High Ind. Series—Hamilton		617
1st High Ind. Game—Cocanower		233
Stebenne		233
2nd High Ind. Game—Cocanower		233
Stebenne		233

Stebenne's Lose their Baby

After a prolonged illness which took a sudden turn for the worse on May 9th, Spencer Stebenne, Jr., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Stebenne, passed away at five o'clock Thursday morning, May 10th. The little fellow was a husky lad and his sudden death came as a shock to the family and friends. Spencer Stebenne is an employe of the Sales Accounting Division and has been with us for several years. He is active in all company doings, and is well known by his fellow employes. Mrs. Stebenne was formerly Miss McMurray and before her marriage was an employe of this company. The Stebennes have been married for three years, and this was their first baby. The Midwest family sympathize most sincerely with the bereft parents.

S. A. A. B. D. Doings

Saturday evening, April 21st, Roy Johnson was agreeably surprised at his home to find that several of his friends and fellow employes with wives and sweethearts had called to pay him their respects. Singing and dancing featured the evening, not to forget the fine refreshments that were served. Everyone stayed late and enjoyed themselves to the limit.

Birthdays are prevalent of late in the Sales Accounting Division, Art Johns being the latest victim. He celebrated his 22nd anniversary on April 30th by sporting a classy new shirt for us to gaze upon.

Tom May is next. He celebrates May 12th.

"Deneen" visited the Sales Accounting Division the other day. He had a merry time until some cruel person literally annihilated him with the heel of his boot. One guess as to what this "race horse" was.

Ray Hamilton has entered the sacred precincts of auto owners and at this writing is driving a Maxwell. He does well.

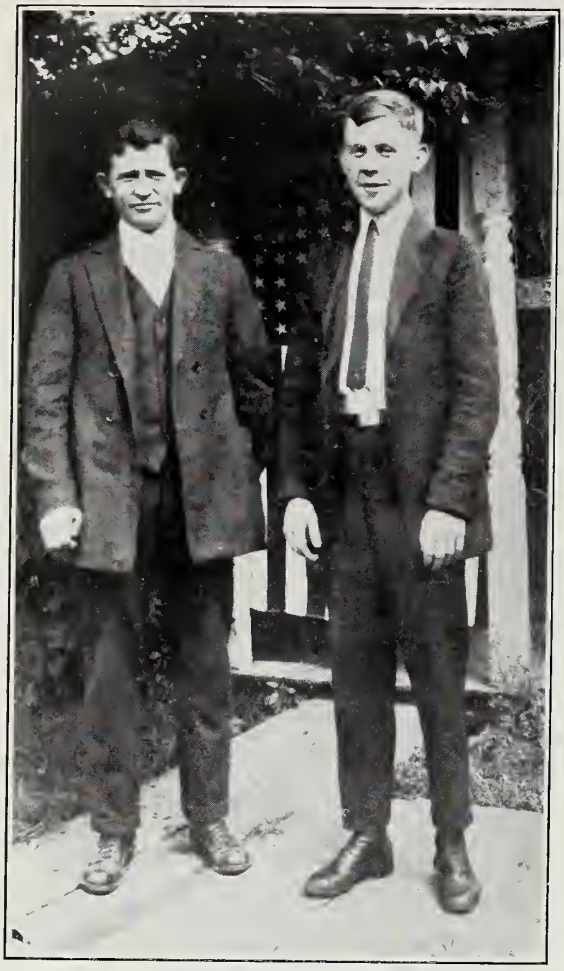
Mr. Berck, Purchasing Agent, addresses a letter to Mr. Illius, our Chief Clerk, as Mr. E. W. Illinois. That's Mississippi!

Sunday April 15th, Bob Craig, Roy Johnson, Olaf Mauldin and Bill Elliott motored to Golden and then "hoofed" it up Lookout Mountain. For the first hike this year they think they did well, and report having had a good time.

Gene Illius is laying in his summer supply of flies ranging from Royal Coachmans to Black Gnats. He expects to get going shortly after May 25th if not on that date.

HEADS UP
(We hung by our toes to get this one)

"Pipe" de gang.



Martin Thompson and His Dad

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT EMPLOYE DIES

The grim spectre of Death always makes us wonder why, especially when it takes from us a youth budding into manhood. William Martin Thompson an employe of the Traffic Department passed away at his home on Tuesday May 1st, after several weeks illness due to complications arising from an attack of influenza. Martin was not quite twenty years old, having been born September 15th 1903. He entered the employ of the Midwest Refining Co., January 15th, 1920 as a messenger, and in July of that year was transferred to the Traffic Department as a junior clerk. The funeral was held from Olinger's Mortuary, Thursday, May 3rd, and was attended by members of the Traffic Department, as this department was closed for the afternoon. Interment was at Crown Hill Cemetery. Fellow employes of the Traffc Department acted as pallbearers, they were R. G. Cocanower, R. F. Halfpenny, C. A. Magraw, Paul Werth, Homer Baker and H. E. Demarest. The Midwest Family extends their sympathy to the bereft family.

Heard and Seen

It seems like the **Heard** and **Seen** Column was Deaf and Blind last issue. Our hear-sight and eyesight is somewhat improved this month, but you couldn't call it "keen."

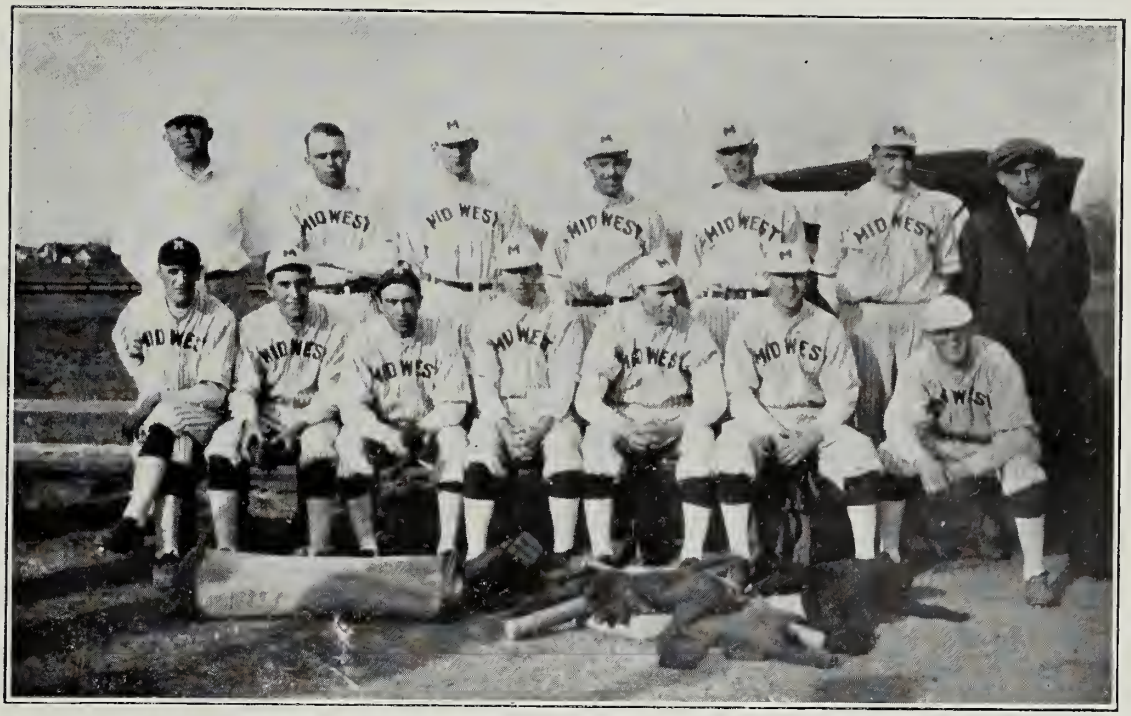
There was a baseball meeting held one evening after five and the girls stayed for the meeting. When they were leaving Miss O'Neill and Mrs. Hunt thought they would show how much **pep** and **push** they had so they proceeded to push the glass out of one of the front doors. It was a baseball meeting, not practice for football, girls.

Bulletin
Saturday April 28th, 1923
National Sweater Day
Come Early and Avoid the Grand Rush
Here is the Opportunity Girls for you to Show Your Sweaters
Midwest Sweater Committee

All the girls took turns going to the Sweater Sale at Neusteter's on Friday and there was quite a display Saturday. Those who went into the Stenographic room came out "blinking." There were yellows, blues, orange and grey, and some were combinations of all the primary colors. Some were noisy and some were quiet. Muriel Stephens and Mrs. Baird received first and second prizes, respectively. Mrs. Duff and Miss Allen didn't miss the sale. In fact, there were only a couple on the eighth floor who did. It was suggested to take a picture but no one would risk their camera.

There was quite a lot of excitement and enthusiasm on the closing night of the Bowling League. The famous rooting trio Murphy, Heuer & Southwell were there. If they root like that at a Bowling game, we would hate to sit in front of them at an exciting baseball game. Bill Southwell had a handkerchief saturated in smelling salts or was it Woolworth's best grade of perfume? It was used to fan the bowlers when they were shocked by getting a strike. Rick McNicholas became so excited at times that he threw his arms around other members of his team and embraced them very affectionately when they made a worth while play. The girls were so sorry they were not in reaching distance. It's a shame Mc to waste all that on the men they probably don't appreciate it. At any rate, rooters, spectators and players had many thrills.

Again the famous Baseball meeting—"Make it Unanimous, Krause" was in favor of speeding up matters. Every motion made Krause said "I make it Unanimous."



Mrs. Hunt's husband has a sweet job. He travels for a local candy company. When he comes in from a trip, he gives the samples to his wife and she brings them to the office. Isn't she the candy kid?

We notice from the last Review, that Mr. McAlpine had his picture taken. We were glad to get such a good likeness and we have noticed that it holds a very prominent place on some desks.

It was reported that Mr. A. L. Clark wore his best suit to Casper on his last trip, but from reports, he took his old vest, which showed signs of hard wear. What are you saving the good vest for, Archie? Another suit of clothes?

If buying black figs at wholesale prices necessitate a change of residence to Arvada, four or five in the Stenographic room will have to pack up and move. We hear them talking about different recipes, kegs and bottles. Why two of the girls were busy phoning to drug stores in their neighborhood for kegs and after they found out where they could buy the kegs they were going to carry them home in a baby carriage. Can you beat it? It's come to this? Why pick on Arvada and Barney?

Modern Geometry

Given, I love you: to prove that you love me.
Proof:
1—I love you.
2—I am a lover.
3—All the world loves a lover.
4—You are all the world to me.
5—You love me.—Q. E. D.

Baseball

The Denver Office is on the map again in the Baseball Firmanent. The company has granted us support, and we entered the newly formed Oil League here. This league is composed of teams made up of employes of Oil companies only. Besides ourselves, The Mutual Oil Company, The Continental Oil Company, The Texas Company, and The Sinclair Refining Company have entered teams. A schedule has been drawn up for playing four times around. This necessitates each team drawing a bye every fifth week.

We opened the season May 5th by defeating the Mutual Oil Company team at City Park Race Track Diamond Number Two, by a score of 9 to 6. It was a good game, especially the work of our pitcher Ray Hamilton, and Mutual Oil Company pitcher, DeLashmutt. The weather was perfect opening day weather, rain, wind, sunshine, and a little bit of everything. In spite of this a good crowd turned out to cheer the boys. We hope to see more at each game until we get a hundred percent crowd.

Mr. Hantz of the Midwest Oil Company has consented to manage and coach the team this year, and the boys are working hard under his direction.

Wrecked

He phoned his fiancee, on her birthday, that he was sending her a rose for every year. To the florist he gave the order for two dozen.

"He's a good customer," thought the florist, "and I'll send along an extra dozen."

That's how the engagement was wrecked.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Storage Yard

We made a misstatement in the last Review. We understood that Mr. Goodrich had lost his father. We are pleased to announce, that Mr. Goodrich was very sick but is improving. When George reached home his father asked him "Son have you come home for a square meal?"

Mr. Spurlock left us the last of April to work for the Midwest Commissary. He thinks that it is easier to roll beans than pipe. We quite agree with him and wish him great success in his new field.

Mrs. J. A. McBurney, left for California recently. This move was necessary account of the altitude. We understand that she is showing marked improvement, and hope for her speedy return to health.

Mr. E. N. Bowman returned from California the last of April. We are very glad to have "Baldy" with us again. He says that California has great drawing powers and that he hopes to be able to again visit this earthly paradise.

All of the new trucks have arrived; and a couple of them are all fixed up, painted and everything. Jess Lewis is mounted on one of them and to quote Bob he is all fixed up like Astor's plush horse.

E. T. Stewart left some time ago to go to Chicago to be at the bedside of his brother; who we understand is in a very critical condition. We hope that his brother may soon recover so that we may see "Big Stew's" smiling face even though we don't hear him.

"Hocks" Mathews and his wife Mabel have returned after a long sojourn in other parts. They spent some time in and around Seattle, but Mabel says that she likes Wyoming dry climate better than the dampness that abounds in that part of the country. Hocks looks and acts about the same; not in the least like a stranger.

H. C. Nichols would like to find one misplaced stove. If anyone knows of a stove that is lost kindly communicate with the above.

In the April issue of the Review, we noticed that Mr. Kelleher had the name of a Golf Club Manufacturer who made special clubs. We received some the other day but there were no special shoes present. Maybe they will come later.

Mr. StLouis is quite a chauffeur. He recently acted in that capacity for the engineering department; both at Notches and Salt Creek. We are glad that he is having all this experience. It will show him the touring car driver's point of view in regard to trucks, which is his usual forte.

Packy MacFarland is rapidly recovering from a recent illness. For which we are very thankful. Since his truck was sold and he had nothing to do and lots of time to do it in, he has learned many useful professions.

T. S. Daxley received word the other day that his sister was quite sick and was being taken to Denver. Daley left last Saturday to meet her in Denver and render any assistance possible.

Springtime in Elk Basin

The birth of Spring is a wonderfully interesting and disconcerting event. Times there are when all seems well and we, with glad smiles, prepare to welcome the gentle stranger, but (and there are so many of them) something goes wrong.

Where we look for balmy breezes and glad sunshine we are met with a blast from the north, snow and cold, and our gladness is changed to gloom, our bright hopes are dashed, our confidence in a benificent providence impaired and we wonder why in heck things can't be arranged more for our comfort and less of a strain be placed on our good nature.

It's indecent, disgusting, disgruntling and altogether unnecessary—we say it is. In the words of the immoral Byron, "it's the bunk." And these conditions have taken their toll. On the sick list we have had many of our finest and best. Ray Anderson, Miles Decker, Earl Marker, George Harris, "Stub" Reynolds, and many others, even Lulu was not immune and there have been times when we did not feel like a fighting rooster ourselves. It has been tough. But we are so abominably hopeful that it takes a lot to discourage us and when we get a day of sunshine, we are ready to forget all about it.

Carlson, ex-commissary man has hooked up with Jack Diehl for a life in the open places. He will find it all right; Jack will see to that. C. S. Nielsen is the new incumbent and he does his work well.

And we now have Louis Nelson with us—Louis of fragrant memory, and he feeds the equines and cleans us up and makes us look pretty.

Dr. and Mrs. Thixtun are no longer here. Doc. fell upon evil days, (got the pneu, and flue) and had to seek more salubrious haunts. Good old Doc. Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi. Bretheren, meet Doctor Charles E. Lane, our new Medico. Tall he is and fair. Some Doc. I should say, and if size counts for anything,

and it sometimes does, he's an effective, if there ever was one.

Our representative, Dee T. Beck took in the Big Town and incidentally, told them all and sundry what a whale of a place Elk Basin is, has been and will be. He also took in a meeting of the Mutual Benefit Association.

It is customary, I think, for a new warehouseman to be asked for such articles as left handed monkey wrenches, half round squares etc. but when a voice over the field phone asked Cappa F. Gross if he had any corned beef and cabbage, one suspects that Jiggs was on the line and as he does not appear on the roll, Cappa came to the conclusion that someone was trying to josh him.

Billy Blendt has another—a girl this time and that smile has broadened to such an extent that you can hardly see Billy behind it. We missed celebrating Easter with a snow storm by one day; it came on the second. Jim went fishing he did, on the very first day; so did John Miller and "Red" Austen. Likewise they returned, all of them. Nothing discouraged, Jim went again. Result eleven fine little fellows and for Jim, a feeling of content. He just naturally caught them all, Jim did and he sure loves to fish, he does.

Do you know we are in the lake country hereabouts? On the "Bench," usually so dry, are a number of lakes, left by the melting snow and would you believe it, there are ducks there a plenty. Of course we are law abiding and all that but the temptation is great.

Jack Diehl flashed in and out again, busy as a cranberry merchant. It was "hello, how are you" and "good bye, see you later." That's Jack.

Now that the weather has moderated we are busy getting ready for our drilling campaign. Earl Marker is building a rig on Elk 11 and will proceed from there to Tip 7 for another. Floyd Blakesley and Morse McGinley are about ready to start drilling on Tip 2 and on all sides are signs of activity. Col. Eddy being away on legal business for the company, Norman Weaver, field foreman, is the busiest man in the county and he is continually on the move. A foreman's lot is not (always) a happy one.

Mr. F. M. Stauffer has returned, but not alone. They, (Frank and the Missus) are as busy as the birds. It's nesting time you know. And Ness, the wise old bird, smiles his serene smile, goes his serene way and,

There was an Owl, lived in an Oak,
The more he Saw, the less he Spoke,
The less he Spoke, the more he Heard,
Why can't we be like that Wise old Bird.

—Selah.

A Regular Vacation

Two film actors were discussing domestic problems. One of them said: "Louie, if I had a wife such as you describe and complain of, I'd send her on a vacation to the Thousand Islands with instructions to spend one month on each island."

Casper Cackles

It seems that some violent and mysterious disease has suddenly come down upon the members of the Casper Office force for during this month the situation for the gathering of news has been especially tame. No one has submitted any bright or witty sayings and we have had to give Madam X a leave of absence for several weeks on account of receiving only one lone question and that from a boy who should have known better. Fishing is in the air and the office is full of the sights and sounds of fishing trips—both past and future—fishing and golf. Some of our hardier members are even getting up before the sun and playing golf before working hours and after working hours; it's a wonder someone doesn't invent an indoor golf course. Every conceivable opportunity is seized by our daring fishermen and when the office was closed for two hours on Arbor Day on account of the funeral of our late Mayor, Phil Korn, Archie and Ted Huegli started for Pathfinder Dam—a small matter of some 45 miles or so—to indulge in a short session of fishing before returning for work at 4 o'clock. They went in Ted's "Flying Whoopie;" however, tire trouble caused some delay and they were forced to turn back to Casper owing to lack of time.

Approximately one-half of the office force are blossoming out in new suits, dresses, etc., etc. Numerous fine light-grey suits are making an appearance and Eddie is wearing his patent-leather slippers. This is the season of the year, when to quote from the words of the poet, "A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and one of us has already taken unto himself a bride. We are looking for others to follow his example before very long. Much sleepiness and weary, dragging afternoons have been caused by the numerous circuses and indoor carnivals that have been in town. We have had to prop our messenger girl up out in the Reception entrance to permit her to get some much-needed sleep. Some of us won very valuable Kewpie dolls—others are still practicing the precepts set forth in our January Thrift Number and are saving their money—for the Income Tax man next spring. The new hours have again gone into effect—amid loud cheers and much joy—and even at that we envy the lucky devils in the Denver Office who get out at 4:30. Think of the rounds and rounds of golf we could play after 4:30! Think of the fishing trips before dark! Yes, sir! We could sit on the banks of Platte River and fish and fish and fish—the sitting is good. Spring Fever inspires us to quote from Longfellow—"Now has the season returned when the nights grow shorter and the days grow longer"—for Spring Fever has entered our veins and unless we outgrow a goodly portion of it or find some panacea before next month, we are afraid the next issue of the Review will look pretty sick or will go to press without our Casper Cackles.

I understand Poker is a very ancient game. Did they play cards in the ark? Kelly.

Madam X:—No, because Noah sat on the deck.

Picnic season is upon us—why can't we have a picnic equal, at least, to the brilliant affair of last year? We will now appoint Kelly Publicity Agent, Business Manager and Entertainment Committee. We are indifferent as to whether he rents Denver, Yellowstone Park or Garden Creek Falls for the day—just so we get our ice-cream and bottle of soda pop.

The audience will now arise and sing:—"Good-bye, Tweezers, until my eye-brows meet again."

Stan and Gibbs are taking a fast vacation—last seen they were headed Denverwards in Gibbs' car—a telegram from Cheyenne stated they had made that city in 6½ hours. Some trip! Didn't we tell you last month with tears in our voice that some folks have all the luck?

We have been wondering if that long scratch on Jack Rutz's face came from the cat or earrings.

Wayne, "Eddie, do your new shoes hurt?"

Eddie, "Shouldn't think so but maybe they do. Everytime I take a step they squeak."

Ye Ed has been trying to collect hush money from the parties of the Casper Office who attended the dance at Big Muddy a couple of weeks ago. A wild time was had by all. Wayne and Jenkins went outside and asked for a drink of water and one of the "natives," with great surprise, asked, "Water, why what's that? We ain't seen any around here since the Flood." Kelly was very much bored until the fight began and then he became chief rooter and grand referee. Jack Rutz, who arrived at the "ball" dazzlingly arrayed in a new gray Spring creation, was unfortunate enough to be a too-near spectator when one of the combatants handled the other A-la-Dempsey-Willard. And, now the new suit reposes at the cleaners. Oh dear, what a mess! But it was a nice party!

Our erstwhile messenger boy, Bill Glau, has left us and we now have with us "Wesley Barry."

OUR SLUMBER STORY
By Radio Rex

Once upon a time there lived in the Scott Apartments on East Second Street a little boy and his mother. One day while little Francis was playing with his craps something very firm and solid dropped on his bean and he ran to his mother, crying:—

"Oh. Mother, Mother, the sky is falling!"

"Why how do you know, Francis?"

"Oh. I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears and a big piece of it fell on my coco."

And after shipping his mother to Denver, little Francis took his household goods and worldly effects upon his back and with the parrot cage in one hand and the rubber plant in the other, he transferred the "old homestead" to the Bragg Apartments, where they lived happily ever after.

We have been wondering why Jack Rutz' popularity with the fair sex has been falling off of late and we have just discovered that Jack's car has been incapacitated. He left it outside the house over night and the next morning he discovered that someone had been using it as a foot-ball.

Mr. Richards has been added to the force of the Accounting Department. Any day he may be observed playing Solitaire with the Commissary Coupons. Shuffle 'em good, Rich!

Mother, may I go out to play?
Yes, my darling Francis.
But keep clean your face and slick your hair
And don't let Eddie tear your Pantses.

Around Salt Creek

"Jim" Healy, associated with the Midwest at Salt Creek for years, is now acting in the capacity of House Detective of the Henning Hotel, in Casper. All of his natural instincts and experience are again in play and Salt Creekers in Casper may find that an acquaintance with "Jim" was not a useless overhead.

"Dave" Lewis, Superintendent at Home Camp accompanied by Harry Bossart, his assistant, have been called to Casper several times this month by important Company matters.

Miss Edith Willhite, of Humbolt, Kansas, became associated with the Midwest main office force, in the capacity of stenographer early in May. Miss Willhite has been teaching the past winter in a business college located at Chanute, Kansas and this is her first trip into the wilds of Wyoming. She thinks she will like Salt Creek and we are mighty sure now that we like Miss Willhite.

George L. Simmerman of the Midwest Boarding House at Home Camp was in Casper for a few days early in the month receiving some advanced Masonic degree work.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Chaffin of the Midwest Pipe Line Department at Salt Creek are happy over the arrival of a baby girl born about the first of this month.

"Jess" Willard that daughty little manager of the Midwest Drug Store in Home Camp was joined late in this month by Mrs. Willard, who arrived from Worland, the former home of the Willards and will now make her home here. We have only good things to report of the actions of "Jess" prior to the arrival of Mrs. Willard and if we live to state it, "May we all emulate the splendid example, he set."

Mrs. Bossart of Colorado Springs, Harry's mother, visited here for the first two weeks of this month, and the numbers of Salt Creek Midwest folks here, who became acquainted

with her hope that something may develop that will bring her back to Salt Creek, permanently if possible.

Sunday, May 13th was made the occasion of a special "Mothers Day" service at the Community Church. The program was effectively carried out by music and a beautifully appropriate sermon on "Home."

The Salt Creek Masonic Club gave a delightful dance for its members and their families on Friday May 18th. The affair was wonderfully well attended and with good music and an unusually jolly atmosphere pervading, the May Dance stood out as one of the happiest occasions of the Masonic series of parties this year.

Neil Heaton, formerly of Denver where he was associated with several of the largest Drug stores, is a new addition to the force of the Midwest Drug Store at Home Camp. Mr. Heaton is acting in charge of the fountain and proving his ability to make friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reesy of Home Camp where Mr. Reesy is associated with the Midwest Drug Store as pharmacist, have as their house guest, Mrs. Neilson, a sister of Mrs. Reesy's.

Warren Runkle, head of the Pipe Line Warehouse, John Grant of the main Pipe Line office and Charles Masten of the Field Engineering Department here, journeyed to Casper on the night of May 11th to uphold the honor of Salt Creek at the formal dance given at the Arkeon by the younger social element of the metropolis. They returned home in instalments for two or three days afterwards so we are forced to believe that they had a large time and fittingly represented our fair community.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hare of Midwest Home Camp are the parents of a baby son, born on May the 6th. Mrs. Hare, we are extremely sorry to say suffered complications that necessitated her being taken to Casper after a consultation of doctors. All of the Midwest Family here hope for her speedy recovery.

George Treece, of Home Camp, who has been on an extended visit with his parents in Findlay, Ohio returned to his position with the Midwest here early in the month.

Miss Vroman of Deadwood, South Dakota is making an extended visit with her cousin, Mrs. Christine Arnott of Home Camp, where Mrs. Arnott is associated with the Salt Creek Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, accompanied by their family left for sunny California to make their future home the middle of the past month. Mr. Smith has been with the Midwest at Salt Creek where he was associated with the Boiler Shop for the past three years. He has been a splendid employee and a regular fellow and both he and his family will be greatly missed in the Salt Creek community.

Salt Creek, as has been mentioned before, has the honor of having in her midst the Mayor of Buffalo. Dr. L. L. Jefferys, has never been able to resign as the high mogul of the splendid little city to the north of us, for the simple reason that the citizens of that city will not accept his resignation, altho his work and interests all but his family are now located at Home Camp and in this field.

Chief of Police Nesbit, accompanied by his daughter from Denver, made the trip to the field from Casper, over one day early in the past month.

Mrs. Anna Hurd of Andover, New York State is visiting with her sister Mrs. R. H. Robinson of the Midwest Gas Plant for a few months.

Jack Cleary, head of the Midwest Field Engineering Department, has been spending several days in Salt Creek often this month in connection with the important supervision of work on the big Midwest dam just north of Shannon.

Ed. Hubbell, head of the organization of the Pipe Line Department at No. 1. Station has moved from Dutch Camp to Home Camp and is living in the house formerly occupied by Mike Flahie.

On the second Thursday night of the month, the Ladies Union gave a most novel, interesting and successful entertainment at the Salt Creek Community Church. The occasion emphasized the Spirit of "Mothers Day," and was just a good old time sort of a get-together involving some new and entertaining features, with melt-in-your-mouth home cooked refreshments.

A number of Midwest folks both at Home Camp and the Gas Plant are playing tennis these days and getting a great amount of enjoyment out of this wholesome sport.

B. H. Carnahan. formerly chief-gauger for the Midwest Pipe Line Department in the Salt Creek field, and for the past year chief-gauger for the Bureau of Mines in the western district, has just recently moved his headquarters from Casper to Denver.

E. E. (Daddy) Klahr, a well known old time Midwester of the Big Muddy field is now in charge of the Mutual interests in the Salt Creek field and is being greeted on all sides by former friends, who are now located here either with the Midwest or one of the other companies.

William "Billy" Welch, pump foreman for the Midwest on the Canadian Camp lease has been seen on successive occasions, without much interval, in the company of members of the gentler sex. We, who know "Billy" best and realize the depth of significance of such deliberate violations, are now more or less prepared for anything.

Chester Borsch of the Main Office at Home Camp laid up with a combination of tonsilitis and "flu" for ten days early in the month.

In the first local base-ball game of the season, played at the Home Camp diamond, Salt Creek Midwest team defeated the nine representing the Casper Clerks by a score of 9 to 6. It was an interesting game and the Midwest team showed up well for so early in the season.

Earl C. Casey and A. T. Morris, drillers for the Midwest of long standing in the Salt Creek field were transferred to the Farmington Distrct of New Mexico early in this month.

What is Good Gasoline is Debatable

(Continued from page 3)

major influence on the questions under investigation, and crank case dilution.

On this basis a program of low temperature tests has been laid out which aims to determine, first, what conditions influence results, and then to obtain quantitative measurements.

The initial stages of this investigation are being carried out in the laboratory, where ready and accurate control of temperatures is possible. The apparatus has been arranged so that load conditions are comparable to those encountered in actual service.

Lecturer—.....And the pangs of hunger can be momentarily allayed by tightening the belt.

Voice from the rear—But what can a poor girl do?—Chaparral.

The Female of the Species

A passerby saw a wildcat jump into the window of a mountaineer's cabin from which a woman's voice just previously emanated. Her husband sat serenely on the front porch smoking.

"Good Lord, man, save your wife," shouted the wayfarer.

"Yeah? Let the wild cat get out the best he can. Danged if I'm going to help him," said the husband.

Just Like Father

Willie: "Am I descended from the monkey tribe?"

Mamma: "I don't know. I never met any of your father's folks."

A man's philosophy is the formula of his personality.—George Eliot.

Two Poems by Edgar A. Guest

Keep At It

If you really want to win,
Keep at it!
When a task you once begin,
Keep at it!
It may baffle you today,
Men may laugh at your dismay,
But some day you'll find the way,
Keep at it!
If you've started for a goal,
Keep at it!
With your heart and mind and soul,
Keep at it!
Make mistakes, as people must,
But get up and shake the dust
From your garments, and then just
Keep at it!
When you've learned where you are weak
Keep at it!
You can win the joy you seek,
Keep at it!
Study, practice, think and plan,
Make yourself a better man,
If another can, you can—
Keep at it!
Even though you fail today,
Keep at it!
Never throw your dream away,
Keep at it!
Let the thoughtless laugh and jeer,
Then pretend you do not hear,
When you've conquered, they will cheer,
Keep at it!
Keep at it, day and night;
Keep at it!
If you'd paint, or sing, or write,
Keep at it!
Hold the goal you crave in view,
There is much that you can do,
By and by you'll win, if you
Keep at it!

The Lesson of the Crate

It seemed an unimportant task,
Too trifling for a chief to ask,
A little thing, nor could he see
The need to do it thoroughly;
He fancied none could ever tell
Whether he did it very well
Or slighted it, yet truth to say
On him depended much that day.
He was to nail a wooden crate,
No chance in that for splendor great,
No chance to prove his gift of skill,
A thankless post was his to fill;
Well-nailed or not, 'twould be the same,
The world would never learn his name—
And yet that wooden crate was filled
With what had taken months to build.
He did not see or understand
Just what was passing 'neath his hand—
Just as that wooden crate was nailed,
A plan succeeded or it failed;
That miles away men stood in wait
Depending on that simple crate,
For not a wheel could turn or drive
Until it safely should arrive.
He drove his nails, and let it go,
Thinking that none would ever know
Whose hand had held the hammer there
Or, knowing it, would ever care;
Yet in a few brief days there came
The news that burned his cheeks with shame:
"Broken in shipment and we stay
Facing another month's delay."
Vain is the skill of workmen great,
Unless the boy who makes the crate
Shall give his best to driving nails
The work of all the others fails;
There is no unimportant task
Whatever duty life may ask,
On it depends the greater plan—
There is no unimportant man.

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

George H. Mower

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

D. T. Beck, Producing Department
R. G. Austin, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

Secretary:

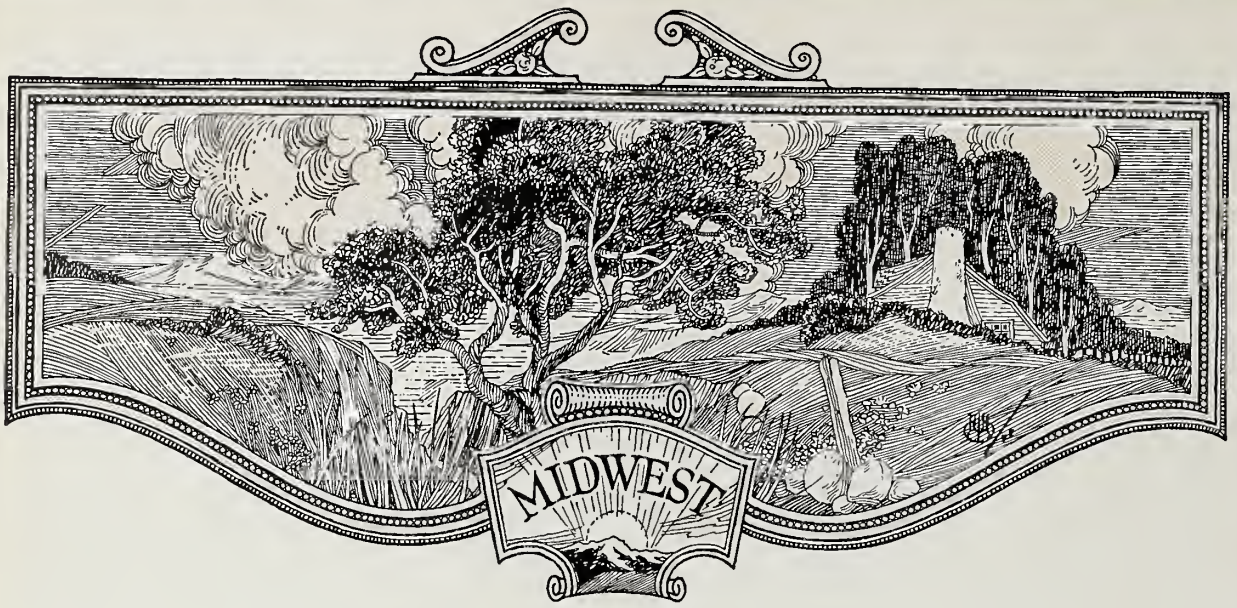
E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
D. T. Beck, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
Charles Badders, Grass Creek District
Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.

M. E. Edwards, Treasurer — T. N. Shaw, Secretary



Mother

Gentle hands that never weary toiling in love's vineyard sweet,
Eyes that seem forever cheery when our eyes they chance to meet,
Tender, patient, brave, devoted, this is always Mother's way.
Could her worth in gold be quoted as you think of her today?
There shall never be another quite so tender, quite so kind
As the patient little Mother; nowhere on this earth you'll find
Her affection duplicated; none so proud if you are fine.
Could her worth be overstated? Not by any word of mine.
Death stood near the hour she bore us, agony was hers to know
Yet she bravely faced it for us, smiling in her time of woe;
Down the years how oft we've tried her, often selfish, heedless, blind,
Yet with love alone to guide her she was never once unkind.
Vain are all our tributes to her if in words alone they dwell,
We must live the praises due her; there's no other way to tell
Gentle Mother that we love her. Would you say, as you recall
All the patient service of her, you've been worthy of it all?

Edgar Guest.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

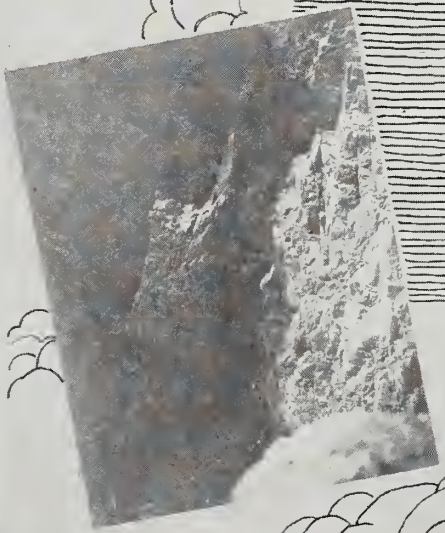
Volume IV June, 1923 Number 5

WHEN A RIG COLLAPSES. *(See Story Inside.)*

PUBLISHED *for the* MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

Glimpses of Sky-line Drive & Royal Gorge

by
"Chubby" Marriott
Denver Office



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Dollar Gasoline Would Wreck Company

(The following address given by Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors, Standard Oil Company, Indiana, was delivered in a number of points in the middle west recently, and gives a splendid insight into the workings of Standard Oil, and also points out the fallacy of some of the public statements which have been made in an attack recently on the company.—Editor.)

Standard Oil looms large in the public eye as a manifestation of Big Business, and the whole country seems to be interested, either for or against, Big Business. I assume, therefore, that you will be interested in hearing how the particular big business of which I am the unashamed representative, is conducted, what ideals inspire it, and what principles are followed in its relations with the public, its employees and its competitors.

First, I wish to emphasize that I am speaking of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and not of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, or of California, or New York, or Ohio, or of any other of the several companies whose corporate names include the words "Standard Oil." The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has absolutely no connection whatsoever, either directly or indirectly, with these other Standard Oil companies except as a real tough competitor in the acquiring of crude oil and in the marketing of manufactured products. Why we still retain in our corporate name the prefix "Standard Oil" is easily understood. The name is an asset. When we became an independent company in 1912, the merit of Standard Oil products was so well known to the consumer that we could no more have afforded to discard the name of Standard Oil than Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago, for instance, could have afforded to abandon the name of Marshall Field when that store passed from control of the Field family.

It was in 1912 that the Supreme Court of the United States issued a decree dissolving the Standard Oil Company, Incorporated, of which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was a component part. This dissolution was effected by giving to each shareholder in the parent company his pro rata share of stock in each of the component organizations. The result was that immediately after the dissolution the ownership in the various companies remained exactly as it was before.

That is not true today. During the twelve years that have since elapsed the dissolution has become actual and the ownership scattered. In the last five years the number of stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has increased from 4,623 to more than 35,000.

Five years ago our largest shareholder owned nearly 30 percent of the total stock. Today, the largest shareholder owns only 5¼ percent, and that shareholder is not an individual but a charitable institution.

A few years ago only a wealthy man could afford to buy stock in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), as it sold on the market all the way from $600 to $900 a share. Today, almost anyone can afford to buy it. We made this possible, first, by reducing the par value of the stock from $100 to $25, and second, by the declaration of two stock dividends, one of 150 percent, and one of 100 percent. This automatically caused a reduction in the market price of our stock from around $900 to about $63.

You have heard it charged that our stock

(Continued on page 24)

The Midwest's First and Only Drug Store

1. Exterior View of Midwest Drug Store, Salt Creek
2. Soda-Fountain Salt Creek Drug Store
3. Interior View—Drug Store Salt Creek
4. Mr. A. C. "Jess" Willard Manager of Salt Creek Drug Store

"Jess" Willard has started off the new Salt Creek Drug Store of the Midwest Company at Home Camp with a zip that has won approval on all sides. The catch phrase that he has meant to apply, "An Up Town Affair," became more than an idea and was installed in fixtures, stock, equipment and in the hearts and minds of his force, with the result that Home Camp's new Drug Store, established for the benefit of employees and the community, by the Midwest Company, managed by Mr. Willard, under the direction of the Commissary Department, is a great layout and a matter of pride and satisfaction to everyone here.

The building itself, located just next to the Main Midwest Office, is roomy, artistically finished and the furnishings and fixtures are as fine as anything in the State. A beautiful fountain located near the front is an outstanding feature.

Carrying a full line of drugs, and drug accessories, cut glass, stationery, ivory goods and toilet articles, fountain pens, kodak supplies, cigars, tobacco, candy, books, magazines and with the splendid fountain, the Midwest Drug Store will be an important factor in Home Camp life.

The Drug Store force, in addition to Mr. Willard, who is himself a graduate pharmacist, is made up of Mr. George Reesy, pharmacist, Mr. Neil Heaton, in charge of the fountain and Mrs. Christine Arnott, clerk.

The whole atmosphere of the place is

big league, big town, and we are so delighted with the place, the prices, the clerking force and the management that it is hard to be able to do justice in paying tribute. To Mr. Franc Brown, head of the Commissary Department and to Mr. Willard, directly in charge, is due tremendous credit for the effective arrangement, organization and atmosphere of our newest and only Midwest Drug Store, and believe it or not, nickel coca-colas and root-beers, and prices throughout to match, make for peace and harmony and greater happiness in the Midwest Family.

Midwest Salt Creek Couple Married

On the first Saturday night of the month, Miss Lillian Mae Bryan and Mr. Edwin Hamlin, both of Midwest Family connections in the Salt Creek field, were married, the ceremony taking place at the Methodist Parsonage in Casper. After a few days of honeymoon luxuriating in the metropolis, the young couple returned to Salt Creek where they are now safely ensconced in one of the new cozy houses of Midwest Home Camp. "Eddie" is Midwest Scout for the field and is a most popular member of the gang. The former Miss Bryan is a most attractive young lady and all are happy to think that "Eddie" rose to the occasion and played her for keeps, assuring us of her continual presence.

New Home Camp Restaurant

The old Drug Store at Midwest Home Camp has been moved to a location fronting on Wilson Street, just behind the big Club-House, and now completely refinished will be the home of the Portis-Miller combination, which for some time has kept the boys from getting hungry between meals. A new counter, with white enamel backed swinging stools and two nicely finished booths will go to make the interior equipment attractive and most comfortable. For sandwiches or lunches in the evening or when meal hour has been missed, the Home Camp Restaurant, has in the past and will continue in an even more satisfactory manner, to supply the needs.

New Girls Dormitory at Gas Plant

The new girls dormitory at the Midwest Gas Plant in the Salt Creek Field is finished all but some interior touching up. The building is an attractive one story affair and the arrangement consists of a large reception room, eight good sized bed-rooms each with a wardrobe, and there is also a large bathroom, a linen closet and a big basement where the heating plant will be installed.

Salt Creek Schools Close

On Thursday, June 7th, Salt Creek Schools closed with the most happy and wholesome type of exercises ever attained in the big oil-field community. The Commencement program was given in the Community Church, with the building packed full of bright faced boys and girls, young people and proud interested parents.

General Burke H. Sinclair gave the chief address of the afternoon, one full of practicalness and sensibleness and couched in forceful style with a few stories and illustrations, effective in driving home the thought.

Colonel Erwin A. Froyd delivered a short address emphasizing the importance to Eighth Grade and High School students, of going on with higher education. Mr. William Sinclair, Principal of Salt Creek Schools for the past two years gave a farewell message in which he dwelt on the importance of closer co-operation and understanding between students, teachers and parents.

Speeches of welcome and response were given by representatives of the High School and graduating Eighth Grade and Miss Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of H. H. Patterson, summed up the history of Salt Creek Schools in pithy and interesting style. Several very good musical selections were rendered by various class groups. The excitement and thrill of closing exercises filled the air and created atmosphere. Taken all in all the Commencement program of this year will stand out in the minds of Salt Creek's younger generation and it all was tremendously effective and worth while.

Building Railroad Through Salt Creek

Maney Brothers, contracting firm of Wichita Falls, Texas and Oklahoma City, are going rapidly ahead, driving thru grade work on the New Wyoming North & South Railroad. The accompanying snaps show a part of the big outfit of three hundred negroes and two hundred mule teams in action. Maney Brothers outfit, all from Texas, are camped about a half mile straight east of Midwest Home Camp. One block of ten miles thru the Salt Creek field and another of fifty-five miles north of here will be completed by this contracting firm.

His Son Graduates

Captain W. B. Ind of the Salt Creek Gas Plant took his vacation the fore part of June and went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to witness the graduation of his son from the University there. Captain Ind is on the operating force at the Gas Plant and is a World War veteran.

Perry Arner Weds

Perry W. Arner, carpentershop foreman for the Building Department in Casper, was married on May 16 at Lincoln, Neb., to Miss Florence Hazel Melick, daughter of Mr. Nicholas E. Melick. Mr. and Mrs. Arner will reside in Casper. The congratulations of the Midwest family go forth to Perry and his bride.

WITH THE MIDNORTHERNERS

Cat Creek in the Limelight

After a more or less comatose condition of several months, Cat Creek again jumped into the limelight when, on April 28th, the Devereaux Well, Sec. 12-15-28, came into production at 1725 feet, in the second Cat Creek sand. This well is some three miles west of the most westerly production in Cat Creek Field, and its successful completion was a tremendous surprise to the entire oil world. At last reports the well looked good for two or three hundred barrels settled production on the pump.

With customary speed, the Mid-Northern (thanks to Mark O. Danford, Esq.) stepped in and secured offset acreage to the new discovery, and within forty-eight hours thereafter had a National machine on the Lavadure lease, spudding in May 3rd on the SE¼, Sec. 1-15-28.

The completion of the Devereaux Well opens up to exploration and development a large tract of land heretofore held to be worthless.

The accompanying photographs of the Billings General Office Force was snapped on the roof of the Securities Building, with the rimrocks of the Yellowstone Valley outlined in the background.

While the male contingent can lay no claim to beauty, we challenge the Denver or Casper offices to produce a harder looking lot of pirates than here shown. As for the ladies, nothing further need be said, as the photograph "satisfies."

Cat Creek Fire Truck

The accompanying photograph shows the nifty fire department of the Mid-Northern at Cat Creek Feld. Two 40-gallon Firefoam Tanks were mounted on an Olds converted truck, and with brass mounted handrails and rear step the boys in the field have reason to be proud of their fire-fighting equipment.

"Captain" McDonough is at the wheel.

Woody Well Abandoned

After many long months of strenuous work with a rotary drilling outfit, the Woody Test well on the Crow Indian Reservation near Hardin, Montana, was finally abandoned at a total depth of 2772 feet. A tremendous flow of water was encountered in this well, which will be used in other drilling operations nearby and also by the reservation authorities for watering stock.

With the Billings City League all set to go Decoration Day, the Mid-Northern baseball team is fast rounding into shape for the pennant chase. Manager Scoville is putting forth strenuous efforts to whip into shape a winning aggregation, and by the time this copy of the Review goes to press we will have a fairly true line on what may be looked for on the local diamond.

President H. C. Bretschneider dropped into the Billings Office on May 18th, for a short visit, then leaving for an inspection trip to the various Montana operations in company with Mark O. Danford. The trip from Billings to Cat Creek Field was made via aeroplane with Fred Platt, garage foreman, as pilot. Fred is an old hand at the flying game, having been connected with various commercial aviation firms before the War, and during the War entered the Army Air Service.

We have not as yet heard from Mark and Bret as to whether they intend installing regular flying service between the Billings General Office and various field operations, but it is safe to assume that the "ships" won't be overburdened with passengers, at least not while the roads are good.

Personals

We were all pleased to welcome Joe O'Donnell back to our midst again, after his recent physical breakdown. Joe is now over on the Spindletop Test at Grass Range, succeeding Harry Eastwood as Field Clerk. The latter goes to Cat Creek Field Office as assistant to the Field Warehouseman.

Roger Q. Northcutt resigned his position in the Billings Office Accounting Department, May 1st, leaving on that date for Texas it is said.

L. E. Merrick, formerly of the Billings Office and later of the Cat Creek Field Office, has been appointed Field Clerk on the Big Lake Test thirty miles out of Billings.

L. G. Snow, gauger at Cat Creek Field, stopped at the General Office enroute to his home in Nebraska, being called back due to the death of his father. We were all sorry to hear of Leroy's bereavement and extend our sympathy to him in his sorrow.

The General Office stenographic force lost a valued member on May 31st, Miss Georgia Montford resigning on that date to enter the public stenographic field. The vacancy thus created has been filled by Miss Ruth Butterfield.

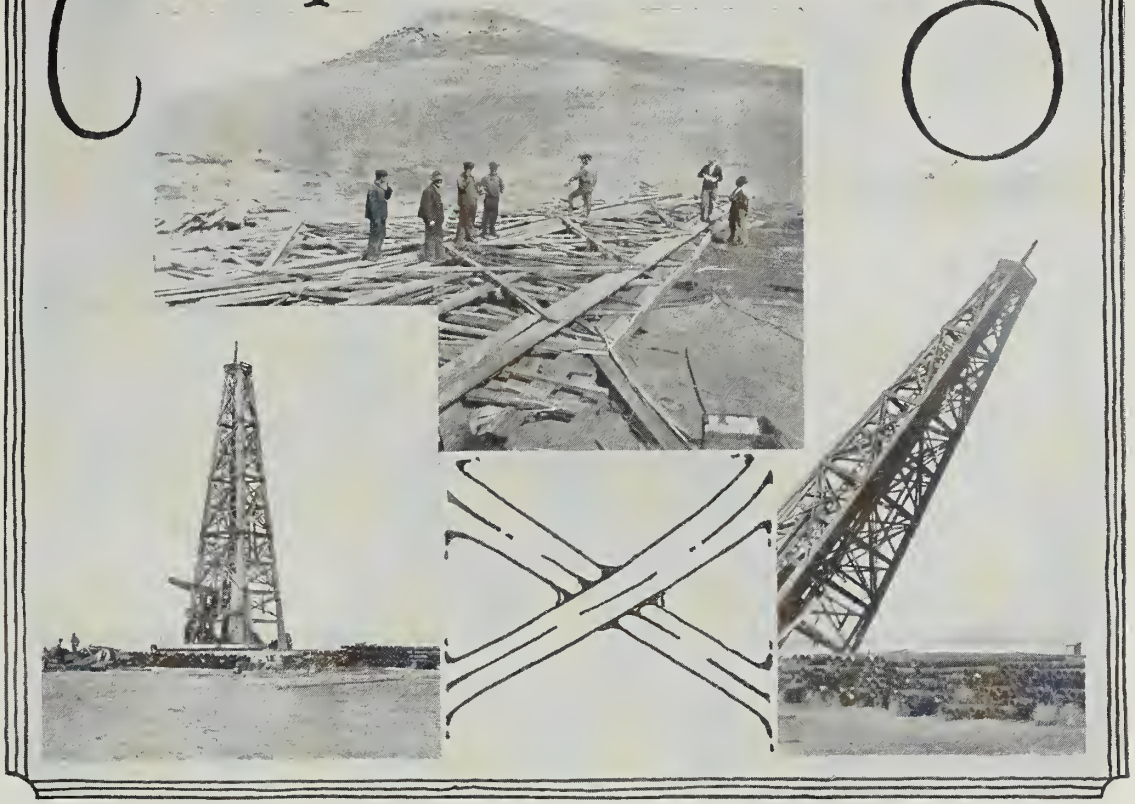
Labor Income

The farmer was whitewashing his barn with a brush that had very few bristles.

"Why don't you get a good brush?" suggested a neighbor. "You could do twice as much work."

"Why should I," replied the farmer, "I ain't got twice as much work to do."

Collapse of Barnsdall Rig



The accompanying photographs show in a striking manner the collapse of the Barnsdall-Foster standard rig on the Big Lake structure near Billings recently. This rig was dismantled, casing pulled and, where possible, all salvaged material moved to the new location of The Midwest Refining Co's deep test on the Hepp Lease, NE¼, 26-1-21.

While the Barnsdall-Foster well was also a deep test, being drilled to a depth of over 4000 feet, and then abandoned as non-commercial, the showing of oil and gas encountered influenced the company to take over the holdings of the Barnsdall-Foster Company and make a thorough test of the Big Lake structure, at a more favorable location from a geological standpoint.

Jack Rutz was warming up his pitching arm the other day—using the washroom as a baseball diamond and the towel roller as an improvised ball. Score one for the ball when it struck the light globe and the globe fell with a mighty crash. Jack says the bill from the Building Manager reached him before the globe hit the floor. We hope he comes across with payment of this bill more gracefully than he did (or rather, did not) at the time he started rumors of his own marriage and then failed to pass around the candy and cigars, in spite of many delicate hints.

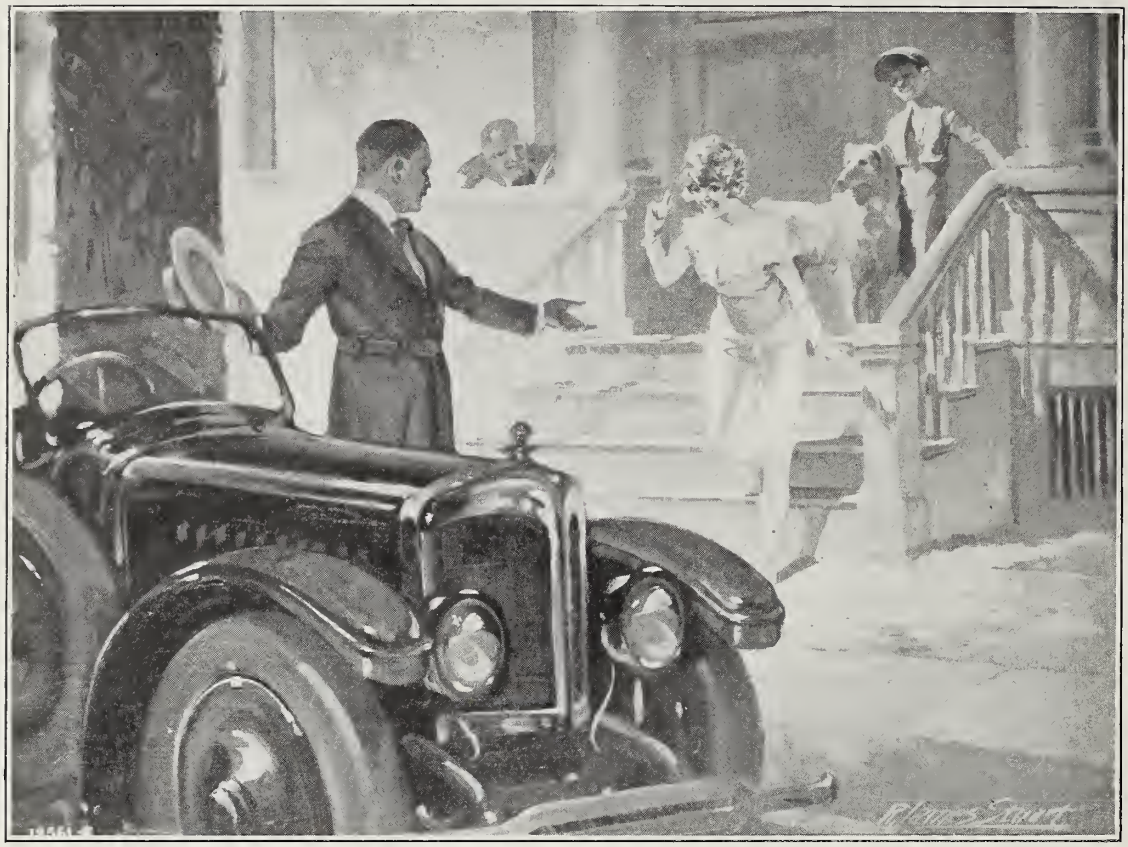
"Watts Wat?" Ask Cornie. She has a new "spark" and Kelly may "Kilowatts."

You know the difference between a crab and a fish,
Be a live fish and not a crab, because
A live fish swims upstream and—
A crab goes backward.

The new Salt Creek Theater (or it's attractive manager) seem to require Mr. Edwards to make frequent visits to Salt Creek lately. Beware, Eddie! He falls hardest who falls last!

Henry Jenkins, who intends to become one of our ten new bridegrooms, has just purchased a piano. Henry's ideals must be similar to Eddie Flynn's.

Safety First---Watch Your Car!



"Yes, I'll go out with you if you will promise to drive safely," says the young woman to her escort as he waits at the curb with his new car. And father, as he looks over his paper from his seat on the porch adds: "She's right John. Be careful."

The expert driver is not always the safest driver. The skilled workman is not always the safest worker in the shop. The champion long distance hiker may die a jay walker's death. It's the thought we put into our work and our play which determines our success or failures.

The man at the wheel has a responsibility towards others on the streets and highways which requires the utmost in careful and continual driving. These suggestions for motorists, broadcasted simultaneously by the National Safety Council from 60 of the nation's most powerful radio stations recently, should be borne in mind by every driver of an automobile or truck:

(1) Always test your brakes before you have gone a block from your garage in the morning—and if the brakes are not working properly, have them adjusted or repaired at onee. Never drive your motor vehicle unless the brakes are in safe working condition.

(2) Use your horn sparingly and your brakes frequently to prevent accidents.

(3) Always keep fifteen or twenty—twenty-five feet is better—behind the vehicle ahead of you when traveling at a speed of more than fifteen miles per hour. If the vehicle ahead of you strikes another vehicle or stops suddenly to avoid an accident, you will find that you cannot stop quickly enough to avoid hitting it unless you have sufficient distance between you all of the time.

(4) Keep a sharp lookout for children

and never drive more than fifteen or twenty miles an hour when there are children nearby.

(5) Be sure that your headlights and tail-lights are lighted when traveling after sundown. And check up on your headlights to see that they do not glare in the faces of motor vehicle drivers going in the opposite direction. Always dim your headlights when approaching a car going in the other direction on a country road.

(6) Always remember that "speeding" is not limited to sixty miles an hour or more. You may be speeding when going ten or fifteen miles an hour in congested districts. The charge of "speeding" implies "excessive speed under existing conditions."

(7) Remember that the courteous driver is usually the safe driver. Half of the road belongs to vehicles going in your direction. Give the other fellow his full share.

(8) Many accidents will be avoided if we give the other fellow the right-of-way in traffic. Your "right of the road" is of no value or importance after the accident for the damage done is not lessened and the persons injured or killed in a collision are not benefited.

"Say it with safety—and save the flowers."

Patriotic Picture Show

The Salt Creek American Legion Post stepped into the Movie Game this past month, when that remarkable patriotic and American interest film, "The Man Without A Country," was brought to the field and played to capacity houses on the 15th of the Month at the Midwest Theatre. Colonel Erwin A. Froyd Commander of the Orin Snyder Post, and the other Legion Committeemen, consummated something really worth while in bringing this picture to Salt Creek. And by no means incidental, is the fact that the Post made a good profit that will go into the local coffers to help put this years program of Legion activities and relief work across.

Movie Manager Ill

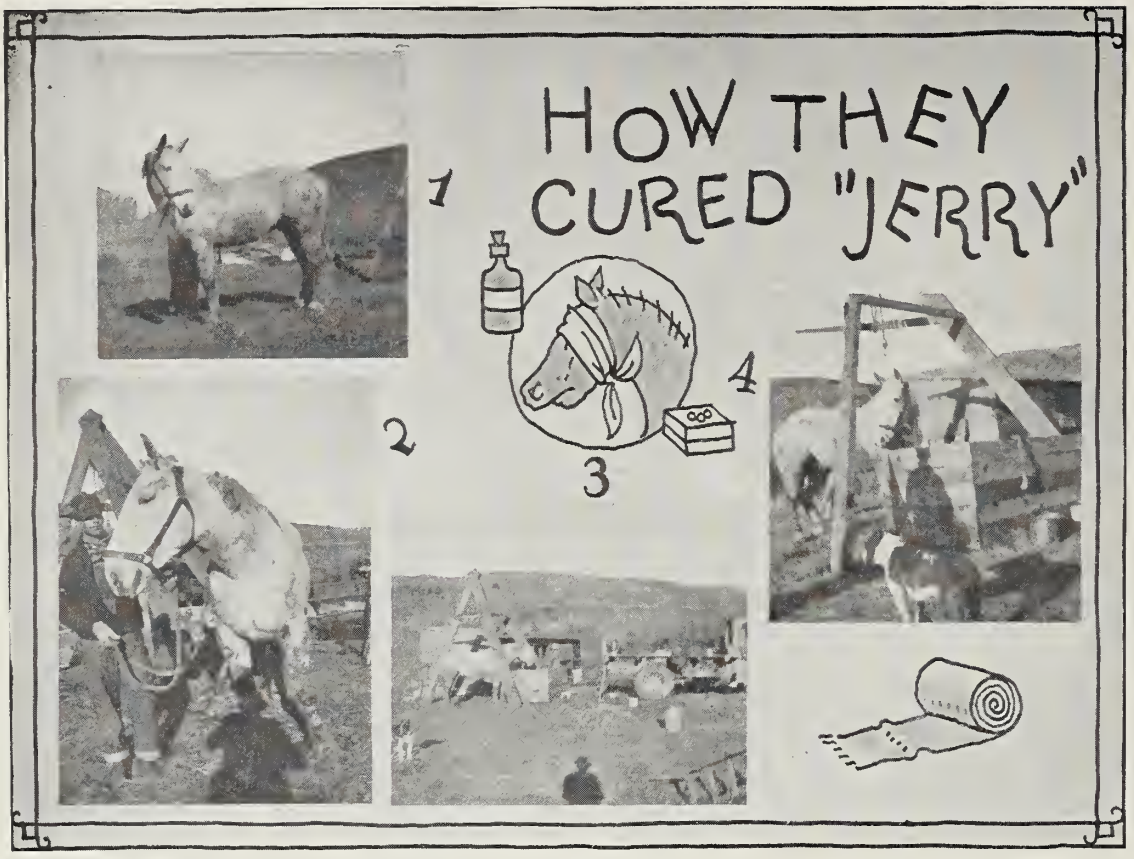
Miss Florence Ward, Manager of the new Midwest Theatre at Home Camp, was taken down with the measles late in May. After supposedly recuperating, and after resuming her duties, ear complications set in and the young lady had to be taken to Casper for some special treatments and a minor operation. She suffered a good deal but is fortunately now well and entirely over the trouble.

Midwest Life Insurance Information.

For the information of the employes of the Midwest Refining Company, the figures given below are published. These figures are for the month of May, 1923. They show how much life insurance is in force on the lives of Midwest employes; the number insured and the number of applications pending; the deaths during the month and the amount paid out in insurance. The whole is an interesting tabulation. The figures are as follows:

Total Employes insured	1,326
Total Insurance in effect	$1,694,500.00
Total applications on file under six months	976
Number of employes insured during the month. Original certificates 39 Increase certificates 130	169
Insurance issued during the month	$ 84,500.00
Number insured employes terminated during the month	118
Insurance cancelled during the month	$ 106,500.00
Number deaths during the month	1
Total amount paid beneficiaries during the month	$ 2,000.00

"Chet" Wilson a Life Saver



1. Jerry 2. Convalescing. 3. Jerry had a 5 mile ride in this truck.
4. Showing hospital and patient. You will notice by the lanterns that we worked on this chap at night. Jerry was suspended on the scaffold 12 hours.

"Chet" Wilson of Soap Creek, Mont., just won't let the horses die when they get sick. Recently "Jerry" one of the faithful ones had a touch of paralysis of the pelvis bone, which the veterinary had a medical name for, which is so long that "Chet" could not use the carriage of his typewriter to name it, but after spending considerable time and a "chunk" of money they saved the old boy, as can be testified by the pictures.

Mr. E. H. Warren Purchasing Agent received an invoice from a Denver drug concern and said with the mixture that "Chet" used old Jerry should be as good as new. Some of the drugs and equipment requisitioned are as follows:

Colic Specific, Dose Syringe, Hors-A-Lax, Balling Gun, Mineral Oil, Nutrioid Powder, Nutrioid Liquid, Distemper Balm, Universalist Liniment, Kreo-Septic, Antibloodpoison, Vulnus-Sanatine Ointment, Vulnus Sanatine Powder, Absorbaline Ointment, Injection Pump, complete with hose.

He—"I beg of you, Miss Perkins, do not say Mr. Tompkins to me."

She (shyly)—"We have only known each other such a short time now; (coyly) tell me what you would like me to call you?"

He—"Call me Mr. Jones; that is my name."

Total Blank

Criswell: "I don't think he knows much."
Howard: "He doesn't even suspect."

Some people are so fond of arguments that they won't eat anything that agrees with them.

GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

The field season well under way promises to be about the busiest since 1920. At present eight parties are in the field. Messrs. Merle Q. Dannettelle and Ronald K. DeFord entered the department late in May, and Mr. Frank G. Evans, Jr., early in June. The latter two are now in the southern fields. Mr. Albert Weeks is to join the Billings Division early in June.

Has anyone seen Harold Morley? Very likely his next appearance at headquarters will be with Mrs. Morley.

The recent gusher in new territory west of the Cat Creek productive area and the recent bringing in of the best well in the Kevin-Sunburst field by the Mid-Northern Oil Company, along with other regular work have kept the Montana Geological force on the jump.

On May 17th at the luncheon meeting of the Rocky Mountain Association of Petroleum Geologists, Mr. R. C. Coffin gave a splendid and masterful review of the geology of Southern Utah and adjacent portions of New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado. Four states and four counties have a common corner and this area very appropriately has become known as the "Four Corners District." His discussion is briefly reviewed as follows:

The southeastern part of this district is known as the San Juan Basin and is quite similar to the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming or other light oil field areas of Wyoming. In the San Juan Basin the Midwest Refining Company has developed the Southern Ute Gas Field, and the Hogback Oil Field, and is now drilling a very promising wildcat dome called Miguel Creek where light oil is expected. Other good looking domes in this basin have been discovered, and mapped in detail and are to be drilled later.

Outside the San Juan Basin the geology is very different and is better compared with the black oil areas of Wyoming, such as Hamilton Dome, Notches, Dallas and Maverick Springs, and any oil produced must be from formations much older and deeper than in the San Juan Basin. While such a comparison of geological conditions is apparent, the expectation is for a better grade of oil than from the black oil fields of Wyoming. About 1908, in the old San Juan Oil Field, near Bluff, in southeastern Utah, several wells struck oil of a grade superior to most of the light oil of Wyoming. This oil is from formations of geologic area somewhat comparable to those yielding black oil in Wyoming, and those yielding oil in the Mid-Continent, but the quality of the oil and character of the formations yielding it suggest that in the Four Corners District, outside of the San Juan Basin, conditions are more comparable to the Mid-Continent than to the Wyoming Black Oil Fields.

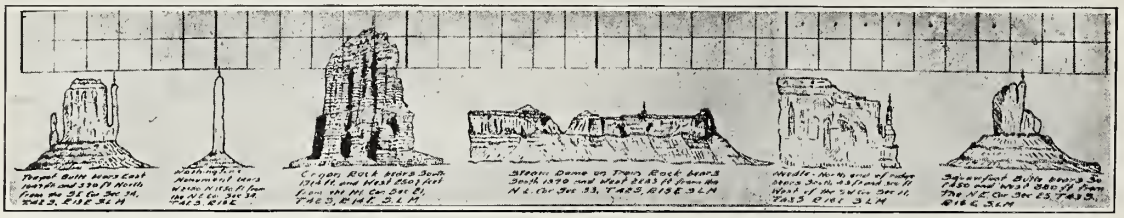
In addition to the oil discovered at Bluff, the encouraging showings of oil and gas encountered in the wells drilled at Moab, Utah, and McElmo, Colorado, together with the character of formations there drilled and the character of formations where naturally exposed, make it appear that suitable structures with such formations within reach of the drill are worthy of wildcat tests.

The region is arid and most of it is desert in character and is inhabited mainly by Navajo and Hopi Indians of nomadic habits. The country is unsurveyed and is very rough, being traversed by many deep canyons of the tributaries of the Colorado River. Such conditions render geological work slow and difficult. The famous Natural Bridges of Utah are in this region,

and the accompanying pictures show some familiar land marks which surveyors often use as triangulation stations. However, enough geologic data are available to outline a large area on both sides of the Utah-Arizona boundary, under which are supposed to be the same horizons that were either oil-bearing or otherwise attractive at Bluff, Moab, McElmo, and several other localities in the surrounding district. The test wells drilled in 1921 and 1922 at San Rafael, Caineville, and Circle Cliffs, Utah, can not be considered as condemning the area along the south boundary of Utah, which judged by available information is an area that justifies some wildcat tests.

In this area several good structures are known. The Organ Rock Dome is being prospected with a Diamond drill at this time. Preparations are well under way for testing the Boundary Butte and Gypsum Creek anticlines. Other drilling activities are under way so that before the end of 1923, there may be some new productive areas in which event other known structures doubtless will be drilled.

The pictures which appear at the top and bottom of the pages on which this article appears were taken by Mr. H. L. Rath, county surveyor at Moab, Utah.



Salt Creek Boys To C. M. T. C.

The Midwest Family at Salt Creek will be represented at the Citizens Army Training Camp, to be held at Fort Douglas, near Salt Lake City, by four of the huskiest of her younger generation, Richard Rielley, Jr., Frank Bentley, Elston Davis and "Caeser" Mansel, all sons of Midwest men, will don the khaki uniform from July 26th to August 24th. The trip and the camp experience will be a great one for these boys.

New Cooling Reservoir

A cooling reservoir, built of cement and measuring 178 x 100 feet has been completed at No. 1. Station. This basin will be needed as a factor in the new much enlarged central pumping layout of the Midwest for the field. The cooling reservoir was built under plans, specifications and directions of the Field Engineering Department, with Jack Cleary's eagle eye supervising from time to time. The actual construction work was carried out by the Building Department.

Judge—"Where did the automobile hit you?"

Rastus—"Well, Judge, if I'd been carrying a license number it would have been busted into a thousand pieces."

Win All Games

The Midwest Baseball Team at Home Camp under the direction of "Dan" Trudgen, has won all games so far. New uniforms, gloves and equipment spruced up the team and helped to put on finish. The Gas Plant team are also going strong and will make a heavy bid for the field supremacy this summer.

New State Appraiser

Mr. C. E. Hyatt, newly appointed State Appraiser and Oil Inspector arrived in Salt Creek to take up his duties early in the month. He will temporarily at least make his headquarters at the Midwest Hotel. Mr. Hyatt will have the responsibility of looking after the State royalty interests in the field. He comes from Cheyenne, where his home has been located for the past thirteen years. Many former friends, now in Salt Creek, are welcoming his presence in this location and are looking forward to the early arrival of Mrs. Hyatt.

"It's just as wrong to gamble when you win as when you lose."

"Yassah," asserted Mr. Erastus. "De immorality is jes' as great, but de inconvenience ain't."

Hauling Big Stuff to Salt Creek

"My word! But did they haul them out on trucks?"

So remarked an eastern man who was visiting in Salt Creek not long ago, and who was shown some big stills that were hauled out to the Gas Plant in Salt Creek, from Casper.

And it was enough to make an easterner or anyone else, for that matter, exclaim in astonishment and admiration.

For the truck drivers and the workers from the Casper Storage Yard have successfully loaded and hauled, from the Standard Oil Company's Casper refinery, to the Gas Plant in Salt Creek, a distance of 45 miles, six mammoth stills, each weighing in the neighborhood of 26,500 pounds. These stills are no longer useful in the Refinery, and the Gas Plant wanted them for storage purposes. Here, in brief is the way the job was done—each of the big stills, you understand, being a separate job. And along with this brief description, reference to the pictures on the Double Page layout in this issue will help you to visualize the gigantic task. Reference to these pictures is by number.

The stills are taken from their location in the refinery, hoisted onto flat cars by means of a crane, and then hauled by refinery engine to the point where the tracks cross the Yellowstone Highway. When they arrive there, they appear as in Picture No. 1. They are swung from the flat car, as shown in Picture No. 2, with the huge crane, and then gently lowered onto the prepared cradle which is to haul them to Salt Creek. A good view of this cradle as it rests on its motive power, is shown in Picture No. 3.

A brief description of this cradle is interesting. It is simply a huge bed or cradle swung at one end onto a 5-ton truck, and at the other end onto a 5-ton trailer. The cradle is built of huge timbers 14 inches square and 28 feet long. These timbers are double at the top and braced and tied together with 1¼ inch round iron trusses, equipped with turnbuckles with which to tighten them. The huge still rests on this cradle on steel lugs, and the whole load when ready for the road appears as shown in Picture No. 4. This picture also shows the crew that has hauled six of these loads out. Left to right, in this picture, they are as follows: Shorty Foglesong, Cushman, Lou Robinson and Charlie Kear.

Picture No. 5 shows the big load on the Salt Creek highway on the way. Picture No. 6 shows something else—it shows that the trip wasn't always without a few thrills. On the sixth trip, when the outfit got to nine-mile flat,they struck a high center left by the paving crew, and stuck there. Five five-ton trucks were hitched on to pull the load over, which resulted in the load truck being pulled from under the load, and left matters as shown in Picture No. 6. Repairs were made and the outfit again started. When they came to a point near Halfway, a turnbuckle on the left side of the frame broke, and when the load hit a depression, this threw the weight on the front end, and broke one of the big cradle timbers, leaving the load as shown in Picture No. 7. After this repair was made—it being necessary to haul another big timber out from Casper, the outfit went on without further mishap. Picture No. 8 shows the load at Teapot townsite, the town being obscured by the still. Picture No. 9 shows the big still unloaded at its destination.

The first five stills were hauled out in from 8 to 10 hours without mishap. The sixth required five days on the road due to the accidents related above. There are six more of these big stills to go out, but they will not be moved until late summer or early fall.

"Who's the swell guy you was just talking to?" asked Tony, the bootblack.

"Aw, him and me's worked together for years," answered Mickey, the newsboy. "He's the editor of one of me papers."—*American Legion Weekly.*

The game of "Horse-shoes" is again coming into popular favor and even threatens to rival "cow-pasture pool" in popularity. The bets on the games sometimes run as high as $4.98. George Lilley is so far the undefeated champion. See our bookers and place your bets.

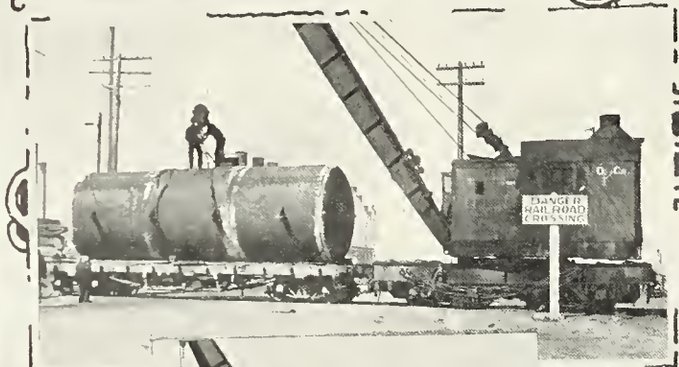
Teacher—"What are the four seasons?"

Johnny—"Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."

—*Science and Invention.*

How the Truck Drivers Hauled a Big Load

1



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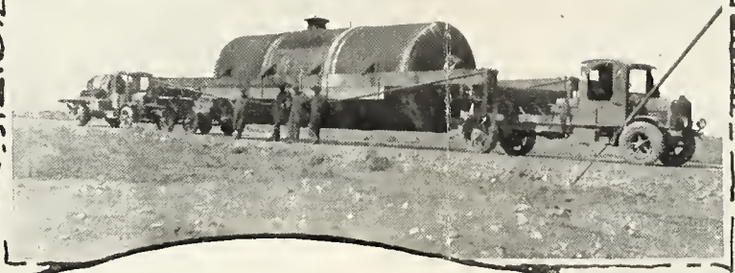

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See article "Hauling Big Stuff to Salt Creek" on page 11

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Now comes the season of the open road, "The Call of the Wild," so to speak, with its myriad of out-door activities. When the duties of labor do not hold us it is not hard to find something else to do, not in the summer time. If it isn't Archie Clark playing tennis, or 'Gene Illius going fishing, it is McNicholas playing baseball or "Billy" Nicoll at cow-pasture pool. And then there is Kahn motoring, and so on down the line. Putting baseball aside for the time being, probably the next most important event in the realm of out-door activities of recent date is the Midwest-Decoration Day Foursome between Nicoll and Krause on one hand and Curran and Kent on the other. This was played at the City Park Golf Links and was won—hold your breath you guessed wrong—not by Mr. Nicoll and company, but by Messrs. Curran and Kent with an 11 up score, absolutely Mr. Krause.

Now to the unregenerate of golfists of which we are one, the 11 up was arrived at by two points a hole, counting low ball and the aggregate. Now if you no comprehend, call upon Mr. Nicoll who is an absolute authority on golf in these parts. Now for your perusal, Mr. Reader, here is the score:

Nicoll	Out	5-5-6-4-6-5-4-5-8—48	
	In	5-7-3-7-5-5-3-6-5—46—	94
Krause	Out	9- 7-8-5-7-7-6-8-7—64	
	In	6-10-5-5-5-5-5-7-5—53—	117
Curran	Out	5-6-5-5-5-7-5-6-5—49	
	In	7-6-3-4-7-6-5-7-5—50—	99
Kent	Out	5-5-7-6-4-5-3-5-6—46	
	In	6-8-4-5-3-5-4-5-6—46—	92

Now in the language of the ivories "Read 'em and weep."

The next great activity of the Decoration day was probably a motor trip enjoyed by our younger set consisting of Messrs. John and Joe Holton, Dallas Osborne, Vic McOsker, and George Simmonds to Boulder, Nederlands, Black Hawk, Central City, Idaho Springs and returning to Denver via Lookout. It was made in Simmonds machine, and the boys got some good pictures enroute of which a few are here submitted.

An Early Boid Catches the Woims

Behold on Saturday morning, May 27th, four seekers of the elusive trout hieing themselves hitherward to yonder hills. Upon close scrutinization whom do we find. Ah! Messrs. Truby, Illius, Wright, and Miller bound for Deckers in Monsignor Truby's brand new sport model Buick. Reports are that they all had a good time fishing, but the water was low, and the fish were still wild, so they will have to go back sometime soon when the fish become more accustomed to fishermen. Ah, yes.

And, Too

Some of our illustrious fellow employes, are now considering or have done so the taking of memberships in the newly formed Black Lake Club situated on the banks of Black Lake high in the Rockies slightly below Dillon, Colorado, in Summit County tributary to the Blue River Valley. Here, one can bask in the full assurance of catching enough fish to reward one's tireless efforts, and if you don't believe it, just seek out one Mr. Jack O'Brien of the City of Denver, and he will make you believe this and a lot more, only that a flivver can't make it in five and a half hours.

Dots and Dashes:

Mr. Pedley entered one of our leading haberdasheries the other day to price a new straw hat. "Fifteen dollars," replied the clerk. "Where are the holes?" critically asked Mr. Pedley. "What holes?" asked the bewildered clerk. "Why, the holes for the ears of the ass that would pay fifteen dollars for a hat like that." replied our genial Secretary.

Mr. C. J. Barkdull has recently returned from Chicago, where he has been on an extended business trip. He reports that he is glad to have been elected president of the bowling league for the coming season, and will make things hum soon.

A dog stood on the burning deck,
The flames were leaping 'round his neck,
HOT DOG!

Dr. Mitchell: "How did you break this tooth?"

Craford May: "Shifting gears on a lolly-pop."

Does Doris Ahring understand Machines. According to Jimmy, we reckon not as she asked him why he didn't strip the gears when the engine got hot.

Left Over

There was a man named Curran
At Bowling he was a "bear."
He threw a "hook"
The pins it shook
Until they were not there.

June Bride
(?)

Maybe so and maybe we are guessing wrong, neither do we know exactly what June it will be. But we do know that it is coming. Miss Maydell Allen is the young lady who is wearing a beautiful solitaire on the proper finger. Who is the lucky fellow, May? Remember to send us a bid.

Vacations sometimes Disastrous

Stedman of the Oil Run Division ventured on his vacation to an out-of-the-way place. Saguache was or is its name. As a result Nugent received the following wire sometime in May: "Robbed wire forty dollars and waive identification." Tough luck, Sted.

Jimmy Izett of the Rate Division left June 1st with the patrol of El Jebel Shrine for Washington D. C. where he will be gone for several weeks trip. Ruddy Erickson and Manty Barnes, former Midwesters, also were with him. Some of the local contingent who did not go were down to the depot to see the boys off. Those noted were Tooker, Truby, Muehler, and Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Merwin Bristol left Denver about May 20th to make their home in Chicago where Merwin will continue his duties as Mr. J. D. Clark's private secretary. It is needless to say that the Bristols will be missed, but the Midwest Family of Denver wish them well in their new home.

During the war some of our colored soldiers while billeted with the English, undertook to teach the English boys poker.

"I don't know anything about your poker game," said a Londoner who began to feel quite proficient, "but I'll wager a pound."

The eyes of a big darky holding four aces twinkled, "Ah doesn't know nothin' 'bout your money, boss, but ah'll jest see your pound and raise you a ton."

Stenographic Notes

A little paragraph in the last number of the Review brings to mind the truth of the old saying, that "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." It was not intended to "pick on Arvada and Barney" as our own sins of omission and commission are too numerous to pick on any one, and Barney is our right hand man, no matter if he **does** buy black figs. Honest confession is good for the soul. Some of us bought black figs too.

Mrs. Hunt has returned from a vacation spent in Cheyenne, Colorado Springs, and other parts of Colorado. Mrs. Marie Janda is now taking a rest somewhere,—but we don't know where yet.

News rather scarce among the stenos this month.

"Make It Unanimous."

Many of the Denver Office employees have been wondering how one of our fellow members, Mr. Krause, acquired the "unanimous" habit. However, the mystery has been solved by one of our local sleuths who has uncovered the following story. Possibly it occurred during one of those friendly arguments which often occur between man and wife even in the best regulated families. Mrs. Krause is reported to have uttered; "I only married you, because I felt sorry for you." But Otto was not to be outdone—not Otto—and he replied right off the bat, "That makes it UNANIMOUS."

Local Office Baseball Team Trounces Continental

24 to 11. No, friends this is not a track meet nor golf score. Simply the numerical record of the final result of our contest with the Continental Oil Company. It was one of those weird, three-hour baseball contests of which we read about now and then. It started at three o'clock and the moon was high in the heavens when it ended.

24 to 3 was the score in our favor at the start of the eighth when our Mr. Kessler essayed to relieve our Mr. Hamilton as the result was not in danger. Kess got by nobly the first inning he pitched. But in the ninth aided by some bad fielding by most of the team together with poor position playing by our outfield and the Conocos ability to hit Kess at will they garnered eight runs by moonlight and made us all late for supper.

However, the game was ours from the start. During the first seven innings, the boys played good hard baseball. They hit and fielded well. Hamilton pitched masterly during his stay on the mound. He allowed only five hits, struck out ten men and walked two, allowing only three runs.

Art. Hughes was the batting star of the game. He gathered four hits out of six times at bat, one triple and three doubles, and knocked in eleven runs and scored two himself. Incidently, he played a nice game in the field, he and Art Johns being the only men playing a full game without an error. Art is a speed demon on his feet and a pleasure to watch play. He greatly outclassed the mighty Dewey Flint, his rival shortstop in Saturday's game.

Art. Johns caught another nice game, and is developing into a good catcher. McNicholas played with the old zip, scored four runs, but was robbed of any hits by hard luck. Johnson, who was shifted to first base for this game, played well at bat, but did not have much to do on first. Roy handled the team well as captain. Stann a new man on third, showed well and is a nifty ballplayer.

In the sixth inning Stebenne made a dandy running catch which was the best catch of the day.

Continental offered us a galaxy of left-hand moundsmen which were grapes for us. Brown, Axe and Davis were all battered hard. H.

Weber who took up the burden in the seventh was the best they offered us. He was a right hander, and faired much better against us. C. Weber and Bill Lord were their heavy hitters.

The following box score is about the best that could be done under the circumstances:

CONTINENTAL	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Peterson c.-cf.	5	1	0	5	3	1
C. Weber 2b.	4	3	3	1	3	0
Bruso cf.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Lord c.	3	0	2	7	1	0
Davis lf.-p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Reinfeldt 3b-cf.	5	1	1	4	1	1
Frost 1b.	5	1	0	6	1	0
Bender 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Flint ss.	3	1	0	2	1	1
H. Weber rf.-p.	4	2	1	0	0	1
Brown p.	1	0	0	2	1	1
Axe p.-lf.	1	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	37	11	9	27	12	6

MIDWEST REFG.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McNicholas 2b.	4	4	0	3	0	1
Johnson 1b.	5	4	2	3	1	1
Hughes ss.	6	2	4	3	2	0
Stann. 3b.	4	2	2	3	0	1
Stebenne cf.	5	1	1	3	1	1
Mauldin lf.	4	0	2	1	0	2
Craig lf.	2	1	2	0	1	0
Johns c.	4	3	2	10	1	0
T. May rf.	5	5	3	1	0	1
Hamilton p.	5	2	2	0	3	1
Kessler p.	1	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	45	24	20	27	9	9

Score by innings:

Midwest Refining	3	0	0	4	3	5	6	1	2—24
Continental Oil Co.	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	8—11

Summary:

Stolen Bases; C. Weber; McNicholas, Johnson, Stann, Stebenne 3, Craig, Mauldin, Johns, T. May 3. Two-Base Hits: Art. Hughes 3, Lord, Stann. 2, Hamilton, C. Weber. Three-Base Hits: Hughes, Johnson. Double Plays: Stann to Johnson to McNicholas. Triple Play: Peterson to Lord to Peterson to Frost. Struck out by Hamilton 10, Brown 6, Axe 1. Base on Balls: Off Brown 7, Axe 4, Kessler 3, Hamilton 2. Wild Pitches: Brown. Passed Balls: Lord 2.

Innings pitched:

Brown	4 2/3	Hits 8	Runs 10
Axe	2/3	Hits 0	Runs 0
Davis	2/3	Hits 5	Runs 10
Weber	3	Hits 7	Runs 4
Hamilton	7	Hits 5	Runs 3
Kessler	2	Hits 4	Runs 8

Time: 3 hours 10 minutes. Umpire: Whipple.

Denver Office Dubs Sinclair

Playing a brand of baseball that was of the highest caliber, our boys trounced the Sinclair Refining Company team by a score of 22 to 0 last Saturday afternoon at Race Track Number One. It was a good game, better than the score indicates. Until the fifth inning it was fast on both sides. In the fifth however, we gathered nine runs and took the heart out of the Sinco outfit.

McNicholas opened the first inning with a triple to right center, a double by Johnson, sacrifice by Hughes, single by Stebenne and a double by Tom May chalked up four runs. Then the game went along in rapid fashion. Mauldin made a nice catch on the left field foul line, and in the third Art Hughes made a brilliant stop and throw which was a pretty piece of fielding.

In the fifth the boys cut loose and six hits in a row drove Mr. Ater to left field, and Mr. Deacon took up the burden. In this inning Art Hughes knocked out the first home run of the season made by any of our boys. From then on we scored in every inning piling up the total of 22 runs. A fast double play in the seventh Hamilton to McNicholas to Johnson, was a beautiful piece of fielding. Sinco also made a nice double play, Wolf to Meyers, in the third inning.

The hitting of McNicholas, Johns and Hughes was enough to win any battle. Art. Hughes fielding at short was brilliant throughout the game. Stebenne played a nice game at third, while Johnson and McNicholas covered their respective positions in a very creditable manner. Mauldin did well in left field although he let Milett's fly get by him in the sixth which would have robbed Hamilton of a shut-out, only Mr. Milett failed to touch second base, and his honor,. the umps, ruled him out when Art Hughes called for the ball and touched the bag. Tom May did well in center. Craig had practically no chances to handle.

Now in reviewing the battery Art. Johns caught a good game, only one man stealing on him. But to Ray Hamilton goes a good bit of credit. He pitched a fine game throughout, allowing only four hits, two of which were infield blows, and the others to short right field. He walked only one man and struck out nine.

The boys deserve credit for winning in such a fine manner, and Roy Johnson handled the team well in the absence of Manager Hantz who was not there for some unknown reason.

A little rumpus occurred in the fifth inning which might have been very exciting if the umpire had not shown a good, cool head. Milett, the Sinco first baseman, decided to jump on Johnson between halves, but he thought better very quickly, and a good scrap was averted.

A word about the umpiring of Bridgewater should be said. He called a nice game, and we believe is the best one we have had so far.

A fairly good crowd was present from the office, but there ought to be more. We have been outnumbered by every company so far in attendance at these games. We meet Mutual next week, and we need every last one of the leather-lunged fans and fanettes in this office. Put aside next Saturday for baseball and be with us.

SINCLAIR REFG.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Milett 1b.-p.	4	0	0	5	0	1
King ss.-2b.	4	0	0	1	3	2
Meyers 2b.-1b.	4	0	2	3	0	0
Wolfe 3b.	4	0	0	3	1	3
Deacon lf.-p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Patton ss.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Siebert cf.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Martin rf.	3	0	2	0	0	0
McElroy c.	3	0	0	11	0	1
Ater p.-lf.	3	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	30	0	4	24	7	9

MIDWEST REFG.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McNicholas 2b.	6	4	5	2	3	0
Johnson 1b.	7	3	1	9	1	0
Johns c.	5	3	3	9	1	0
Hughes ss.	5	1	2	3	4	1
Stebenne 3b.	4	3	1	2	1	1
Mauldin lf.	4	3	1	1	1	1
T. May cf.	6	1	1	1	0	0
Craig rf.	6	1	0	0	0	0
Hamilton p.	5	3	2	0	4	1
Totals	48	22	16	27	15	4

Score by Innings:

Sinclair Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Midwest Refining Co.	4	0	0	0	9	4	3	2	*	—22

Summary: Stolen Bases: McNicholas 2, Johnson 2, Johns, Stebenne 3, Mauldin 2, Martin. Two-Base Hits: McNicholas, Johnson, Johns, Hughes, T. May, Hamilton. Three Base Hits: McNicholas, Johns 2. Home Runs: Hughes. First Base on Balls off Ater 1, Deacon 3, Milett 1, Hamilton. Struck Out by Ater 5, Deacon 3, Milett 2, Hamilton 9. Left on Bases Midwest 6, Sinclair 3, Double Plays: Wolfe to Meyers. Hamilton to McNicholas to Johnson. Wild Pitches: Deacon 4. Innings pitched by Ater 4⅓ Runs 12, Hits 12; by Deacon 2 2/3 Runs 5 Hits 0. Milett 2; Runs 5 Hits 4. Time 2:15. Umpire: Bridgewater.

Team standing end of first round of schedule.

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Texas Company	4	0	1.000
Midwest Refg.	3	1	.750
Continental Oil	2	2	.500
Mutual Oil Co.	1	3	.250
Sinclair Refg.	0	4	.000

BATTING AVERAGE

Name of player	AB.	H.	2 B.	3 B.	HR.	S B.	Pct.
A. J. Hughes	19	8	5	1	1	1	.421
A. B. Johns	17	6	1	2	0	3	.353
R. McNicholas	18	6	2	1	0	5	.333
R. Johnson	20	5	2	1	0	6	.250
O. Mauldin	16	4	0	0	0	4	.250
T. H. May	17	4	1	0	0	4	.235
R. Hamilton	17	4	2	0	0	0	.235
R. Craig	9	2	0	0	0	1	.222
S. Stebenne	18	3	0	0	0	8	.167
C. May	7	1	0	0	0	4	.143
H. Kessler	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Totals	163	45	15	5	1	36	.276

FIELDING AVERAGE

Name of Player	PO.	A.	E.	T. C.	Pct.
A. B. Johns	50	4	0	54	1.000
R. Craig	0	1	0	1	1.000
R. McNicholas	9	5	1	15	.933
C. May	10	0	1	11	.909
A. Hughes	8	8	2	18	.889
R. Johnson	13	3	2	18	.889
R. Hamilton	0	12	2	14	.857
S. Stebenne	8	2	2	12	.833
T. May	3	0	1	4	.750
O. Mauldin	4	2	3	9	.667
F. Marriott	0	0	1	1	.000
H. Kessler	0	0	1	1	.000
Totals	108	37	17	162	.895

Casper Cackles

In the Spring

A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fishing, golf, touring, a raise, bootleggers, a vacation, a new suit, raising a mustache, love.

Miss Cornelia Meier and Mrs. Hada Mower were hostesses to twenty-two guests at a very pretty linen and apron shower held at the home of Mrs. Mower, May 15th, in honor of the future Mrs. Wayne Upson. The evening was spent at Bridge, after which delicious refreshments were served. Mrs. Upson received many very beautiful gifts.

Mrs. Fehlman:

"Father's joined the golfing club,
But they've closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see—
No place left for him to roam—
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him—he won't bite you, child;
All those golfing guys look wild."

We are wondering why Eddie calls Cornie by her first name—perhaps since Mr. Work has been taking Cornie riding in his new car, Eddie thinks she is one of the family.

Marriage rumors have been flying thick and fast around the office lately. If these rumors are true, you can just count the impending marriages on the fingers of two hands. More later.

Two of our homes have been recently saddened by death, Mrs. McAdams and Ted Huegli having lost their dogs at about the same time. We extend them our sincere sympathy and hope "Dinty Moore" and "Brawn" have become little dog angels.

When old Noah got past the three mile limit, he opened up a bottle—a bottle of ink, and registered the names of the animals on board.

Oh, Jerome Dykeman loved the bees,
He always was their friend.
He used to sit upon their hives,
They stung him in the end.

On May 29th a very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Mabel Ayres when Miss Louise Anderson became the bride of Wayne Upson. Rev. Preston of the Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony and Miss Cornelia Meier and E. R. Ayres were the attendants. The happy couple are at home to their many friends at the DeWilde Apartments on East 3rd Street. Mrs. Upson is our head Comptometer operator and Mr. Upson is Assistant Cashier. The Midwest family hopes that the "Bluebird of Happiness" may always roost on their doorsill.

Mrs. Carroll:—"How many fish did you catch last Sunday, dear?"

Mr. Carroll:—"Six, darling, all beauties."

Mrs. Carroll:—"I thought so. That fish dealer has made a mistake again. He's charged us for eight."

Who is your new girl, Jack?

Oh, she's not a new girl. She's only my old one painted over.

Fehlman's have moved from McKinley Street to the corner of Fifth & Lincoln. After a rain Fehlman's definition of home could well be "A little house entirely surrounded by mud."

A great number of us took advantage of the opportunities of the recent "Music Week" to enjoy some very good music at the Rialto Theater during the noon hours. One of our number, Eddie Flynn, entertained with some delightful piano solos that deserve special mention.

A mule can't pull and kick at the same time. Neither can you.

The telephone rang and Warren answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is this?"

Warren, readily recognizing the voice of his small son and being ready for a bit of fun, replied:—"The smartest man in the world."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the boy, "I have the wrong number.

Dear Madam X:—We are a couple of hall-room boys and would like to know how we can stop the odor of our cooking from being detected by the landlady.

Anderson & Swanson.

Apply a coat of rubber to the top of your stove. This is sure to destroy cooking odors.

Madam X:—What is your idea of a non-essential industry?

J. A. Carroll, Jr.

A corkscrew factory.

Of course, we all have had various ideas as to the qualifications of our future mates and Eddie Flynn tells us that it doesn't matter to him if his future wife can cook or not but she must be able to "play the piano a little, sing a little and be literary." We understand that Eddie is soon to become a Benedict and hope that he won't change his ideals after the first plate of breakfast biscuits.

On Friday, May 25, in the Masonic Hall, the Midwest Athletic Club of Casper staged its first dance. It was well attended and all had a fine time. The punch and splendid music contributed greatly to the success of the occasion.

Around Salt Creek

H. H. Patterson and Lee Worth of the Field Engineering Department at Salt Creek, spent a week in Cheyenne, on business matters related to the Company.

George Jaques, in charge of the Central Machine Shop of Casper has recently been given the additional responsibility of directing all machine shop work of the field. He has been making frequent business trips out here this past month coordinating the work of his department.

J. A. Carroll, Jr. head of the Accounting Department of the Midwest, accompanied by B. H. Fehlman of the same department, were in the field for a couple of days this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mathews of the Midwest Gas Plant announced the birth of a mighty sweet baby girl, born the middle of last month.

Miss Mildred Christiansen, who has been visiting with her brother, C. C. Christiansen, chief clerk of the Gas Plant for the past few months, left for her home at Great Falls, Montana, a week or so ago. We all hope she will be back soon for another long stay.

Mrs. Clyde W. Davis of the Gas Plant was called to her former home in Peoria, Illinois, by the recent serious illness of her mother.

"Eddie" Edwards gave us a real treat with his presence for a day, a couple of times this past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Murray returned to the Gas Plant, where Ed. is foreman in charge of plant maintainance, about the first of the month after a two weeks visit in Arkansas, with relatives.

If any of the Midwest family from Casper and other points ever come to Salt Creek and want a real thrill, we would suggest that they look up any or all of this trio, Charles Masten, Charlie Wells or John Grant. The first two may be found in the Field Engineering Office and the latter at the Pipe Line Office. The hair-raising stories they will be able to give you of the Kaycee Flood and Johnson County Glacial and Great Lake Periods, will satisfy the most jaded and blase, we will guarantee.

C. E. "Heavy' Nightingale, recently took the step-up and is now a tool-pusher and Lease Foreman of the Lewis Camp District in the North Central part of the Salt Creek field. "Heavy" is a mighty efficient field-man, and better yet has grown up in this location having started here a few years ago as a tool-dresser.

The new Midwest Home Camp Garage extension has been completed and adds much to the room and general efficiency of this department of the Machine Shop. The extension measures 32 x 42 feet and in addition to the mere adding on of this much room, the front end of the building has been remodeled into office and stock-room. The general repair-room now has a capacity for ten cars.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson of the Midwest Home Camp were made happy on May 19th by the arrival of a healthy hearty new baby boy. Mr. Ferguson is connected with the No. 1. Plant of the Pipe Line Department.

Mrs. Orba Borsch and baby son, Jimmie, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borsch for a few weeks lately. Mrs. Orba Borsch makes her home in Casper.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Freeman accompanied by Miss Julia Bunch and "Bunny" Larson made a fishing trip to the Powder River north of here over an early week end this month. On the return of the party to Home Camp, word was rapidly passed that Miss Bunch and Mr. Larson had made the big "step-over" and in no time flat, a celebration, general reception and jamboree were in full swing. "Bunny" is still having a hard time to convince his friends here that drinks and cigars are not forthcoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo B. Conley of the New Chicago Camp are the happy parents of a baby boy born about the first of the month. Mr. Conley is with the Warehouse Department of the Midwest at Home Camp.

"Joe" Diamond formerly of Big Muddy fame and now in charge of the Mutual office in Casper, drove a car load of friends to the Salt Creek field over one week end the fore part of June.

Many of the "Old Timers" in the field had a chance to renew acquaintance with "Missou" Hines a few weeks ago, while this maker of

Salt Creek History was in the field catching up on developments.

Mrs. "Jess" Willard arrived in the field late last month to join her husband, who is manager of the Midwest Drug Store, and will make her home at Main Camp. Mrs. Willard has been teaching school at Worland this past year.

Mrs. J. J. Hale arrived back at her home here shortly after the middle of May, much improved in health after a two weeks trip to Rochester, Minnesota.

Robert Bales, who has been an operator at the power plant of the Gas Plant for the past two years left late in May for Oregon, where he will make his home. He made the trip overland in a Ford.

Dr. Jay Smith of Glenrock, visited the Salt Creek Field for a few days early in June.

Jess McCleary is driving a new Chandler Coupe, delivered to him here about the first of the month.

Mrs. Robert Taylor of Home Camp was called to her former home on the coast near Portland a few weeks ago by the death of her Father.

R. H. Davis of the Midwest Main Office Force is helping to keep Kaycee and several other points on the map since the acquisition of a new Dodge roadster delivered to him a few weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Yost and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hoffman, all of the Gas Plant made up a fishing party to the Powder River country over one week end late in last month.

The two new feminine members of the Midwest Gas Plant office force are Miss Alma Mitchell, formerly of Chanute, Kansas and Miss Glen Turner, formerly of Parkerton.

Miss Georgia Bentley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bentley of the Midwest, at Home Camp, has returned to spend the summer with her parents after teaching for the past year at Byron, Wyoming.

The Salt Creek Social Club, sponsored by Midwesters at Home Camp, pulled a big straw hat dance on June 1st, officially ushering the summer season. The party was well attended and everyone entered into the fun and frivolity of the affair.

Midwest well No. 26 A on the North East Quarter of section 24 is being successfully drilled with a gas engine. This is the first use of gas engine power for drilling here, and as this does away with the need of water for steam boilers, the experiment may have far reaching effects.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Eldred, made a ten day auto trip to Colorado this month returning to Home Camp about the twentieth. Mr. Eldred is in the Warehouse office, but is best known in Salt Creek as wielder of the baton both for Eldred's Orchestra and the Midwest Band.

Fire Chief and Mrs. W. S. Walton accompanied by their son, Arthur Brown, returned the fore part of the month from an automobile trip to Colorado Springs. They had a delightful time on their visit.

Mrs. Clarence Hall left, via auto, a few weeks ago for Boulder, Colorado, where with her baby she will spend the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. Hall have relatives at Boulder and the summer will be a deightful vacation at that point. Mr. Hall will join his wife and baby for several weeks late in July.

Colonel Erwin A. Froyd, has received orders to report at Fort Douglas for training this summer, where he, Salt Creek's soldier, statesman geologist, will spend a thirty day period.

Mrs. Charles Hare, of Midwest Home Camp, has safely passed thru a very critical illness in one of the Casper hospitals, and much to the relief of her friends, was able to return home the middle of the month, where she is now recuperating nicely.

Marvin W. "Red" Vastine, who for the past year has been a member of the Midwest Main office force at Home Camp, took on a heavy job, the first of the month and is on the way to a drilling job, via the tool-dressing route.

A. B. Allen, Senior, father of our former "Andy" Allen, arrived in Salt Creek a few weeks ago and is now an employee of the Midwest out of Home Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Shaw, now of Casper, where Mr. Shaw is associated with the Midwest Commissary, visited their numerous friends in the field over one of the early week ends of this month. Both Mr. and Mrs. Shaw lived in Salt Creek Home Camp for some time, before their marriage.

Mrs. W. W. Waldron, wife of Superintendent Waldron of the Midwest Northwestern Lease, visited with friends in Casper for a week the early part of the month.

Superintendent Dave Lewis spent some time the past month in Cheyenne, where he was called as a witness in legal matters pending in Court there. Mrs. Lewis accompanied him on this trip.

The new townsite of Snyder, laid out in the south end of the field on the line of the new North and South Railroad, has been rather the centre of thought and speculation for the past few weeks. Most of the lots of the first platted addition have been sold.

Several Midwesters including Ed Hamlin and Colonel Froyd made a couple of trips to The Billie Creek well, being drilled by the Carter Company, during the early part of the month, to be present for the bringing in of the second test well, that proved to be a seventy million foot gasser.

Special Decoration Day Services were held at the Salt Creek Community Church with the local American Legion cooperating. G. S. Powell gave the talk, paying tribute to "The Nations Dead." Rev. Patton spoke effectively and Mr. Scott gave a commemoration poem. Musical selections also played a big part in the special program.

Warren Runkle, in charge of the Midwest Pipe Line Warehouse, left the first of June to attend the National Shrine Convention at Washington, D. C. Following this big event, Mr. Runkle went on to New York City for a

week, and then to his home in Pennsylvania. He will return to Salt Creek early in July.

Dr. James E. Roach, is driving a fine new Nash roadster, which certainly will cover road, as well it must to carry our busy Doctor over his rounds.

Vice President R. S. Ellison, accompanied by Messrs. Charles Stafford, secretary of the Casper Chamber of Commerce, Jim Gratiot, also of Casper and H. O. Barber of Lander, stopped briefly at Salt Creek, late in May on their way thru to Buffalo and Sheridan. The party looked up the site of old Fort Fetterman, and also the location of the Wagon Box Massacre, and some other historic points, while on this trip.

Dr. L. L. Jeffries, Salt Creek Home Camp's Buffalo Mayor, left for the big Shrine Convention at Washington D. C. the first of the month. "Doc" will take in New York, and the Atlantic City and Long Island Beaches also on this trip and will help to open up the swimming season winsomely at these points before turning his face dryly westward.

Messrs. Ray Clary and Jack Gardener, well known promulgators of athletic, legion, musical and social events at Home Camp, have severed their relations with the Company and have gone into the business of furnishing gas to the town of Lavoye.

The Salt Creek Midwest Band has been again augmented by the arrival of four new musicians, mostly clarinet artists. With this addition the musical aggregation here has been increased to about forty men. They are promising the first of a series of open air concerts by July.

The road leading north from Home Camp thru Shannon Field to the site of the big Midwest Dam has been worked into good shape. Culverts have been put in, creek crossings filled and the road graded. A tremendous amount of material will be hauled over this road in the next few months, including, timbering, cement, haydite and all the other factors that will play a part in this enterprise, one of the largest undertakings ever attempted in the field.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith and family of Midwest Home Camp left shortly after the middle of May for California, making the trip by motor. Both families of Smiths have been long time residents of Salt Creek and are leaving legions of friends here, who tho regretting the departure are wishing for the Smiths good fortune and good health in the sunny clime, which they have picked for their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Burford returned to Casper the 5th of the month from the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota. Mr. Burford is still in critical condition, suffering partial paralysis of the extremities and with cardiac complications in addition. The genial "Joe" right hand man and assistant to Mr. Chandler, head of the Midwest Pipe Line Department here, is missed greatly over the field and the whole Midwest organization sincerely are hoping and praying for his speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordan Crosskill, drove out to the field in their new seven passenger Cadillac touring car over one week end lately. Gordan's host of friends here welcomed the chance to get acquainted with the new dominating factor of his life, and a mighty sweet dominant factor it is.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Freeman and Harry Bossart went a-fishing not so long ago, and the party had to phone for a truck to bring back the catch. We believe that the members of this group are still living on the spoils of their sportsmanship as they have been acting rather unusually.

State Senator and Mrs. Frank Horton of Buffalo, stopped off in the Salt Creek field for part of a day the middle of this month and were entertained at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Erwin A. Froyd.

E. L. Estabrook of Casper, accompanied by Clarence Rader, made a business visit to the field for a couple of days the early part of the month.

Ed. Mattli, who has been occupying the responsible position of head chef of the big Midwest Salt Creek boarding house, resigned the latter part of May and A. E. Warson, who has been with the Northwestern Camp in this field was transferred to fill the vacancy.

Mrs. Edwin G. Beatty has been making an extended visit with her husband. who is a driller for the Midwest here. Mrs. Beatty is maintaining her home in California.

Friday, June 1st. was a memorable day at Home Camp. Court presided over by Judge McNulty went into session in the morning on a boot-legging case. Three big kegs of evidence secured by Deputy Sheriff Leslie Snow were confiscated and dumped in front of the Main Office with the result that an invigorating atmosphere was created that lasted for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Nowels of Home Camp are entertaining Mrs. Nowels' mother, Mrs. Bass of Belleview, Texas for a few weeks. Mrs. Bass is also the mother of Bernard and Ben Bass both with the Midwest, Bernard in the Midwest Main Office and Ben located in the Warehouse Office.

Mrs. Lombard, mother of Pierre Lombard of the Midwest Canadian Camp Lease has been visiting with her son here for several weeks. Mrs. Lombard is from Elgin, Illinois.

Capt. W. D. Ind, of the Gas Plant left early in June for his annual vacation. He is spending some time at the parental home in McGregor, Iowa and on this trip also is taking in the commencement exercises at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where his oldest son will receive a diploma from the Michigan University.

Newspapers Please Copy

"If Wilbur Blank, who deserted his wife and babe twenty years ago, will return, said babe will knock his block off."

There is only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that is inside your income.—*Success.*

Casper Storage Yard

This is the month of brides. Therefore one of our young Lotharios couldn't resist the charms and the magnetic attractions of one particular member of the fairer sex, and succumbed to her wiles. He informs us that he leaves May 9th, for Nebraska, the home of Wm. J. and where resides the main attraction of his heart. There be contemplates answering truthfully, dutifully and quickly the question, "Wilt Thou?" This would-be deserter from the ranks of bachelor-hood is none other than "Al" Delay, Captain of the baseball team. He is a good fellow. He has been with us long enough to enable us to know him well, and we wish him all the joys and sorrows that go to make up a happy life. "Al" ought to make an ideal mariner on the tempestous sea of matrimony, as he served a "hitch" in the U. S. Navy; and together with his ability to cover "home" in baseball he ought to make a success of the life of a benedict.

Bob McBurney feels that his personal charms were insuficient; so he has turned in his Buick, for a Hudson Coach. Reservations are made by appointment only. Girls, call and make your reservations early.

We have just been informed that "Sid" Wilson took unto himself a wife at a date sometime in the past. We wish him and his wife all the happiness possible, and a long happy life to both.

E. T. Stewart has returned to work and Casper. He returned via a new car. He reports his brother doing very nicely. We are glad to see "Big Stew" back with us and rejoice with him and "Little Stew" in the news.

Mr. Frank Borsh, of Salt Creek has been spending the last few days with us getting the new Star Drilling machine ready for the trip to Salt Creek.

The following was submitted, in answer to the poems and verses that were in a recent issue of the Review, regarding Montana.

Old Montana

They talk of California, they say the climate's grand
They sing of Old New Hampshire, also Dixie Land;
They sing of Dear Old Georgia, and some of Tennessee,
But I'll sing of Old Montana, it's good enough for me.
In Nebraska there's a cyclone, in Kansas there's a flood
While down in Old Missouri they wade knee deep in mud.

Dollar Gasoline Would Wreck Company

(*Continued from page* 1)

dividends were for the purpose of evading the income tax. That is wrong. Our stock dividends were decided upon and declared, at my own suggestion, for the express purpose, among others, of placing the price of our stock within reach of the average investor in order to scatter still more the ownership of the company, on the theory that every stockholder is an asset as a potential customer. It was successful. We now have more than 32,000 stockholders instead of 4,600. I want 100,000 if I can get them. I want them right here in the Middle West.

So far as the stockholder is concerned, the much discussed stock dividends mean actually nothing. Suppose, last December, you had owned a share of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) stock, which was then selling on the curb around $26. We declared a stock dividend, you thereby receiving an extra share to go with the one you had. Were you any richer? No. The next day the market price of the new shares was quoted around $63. In other words, the total market value of your two shares was exactly the same as the market value of the single share you owned before the stock dividend was declared.

Stock dividends are declared from surplus. Surplus means the difference between a company's capitalization and its net assets. Thus, one company's surplus may be represented by an accumulation of cash, while another's may be represented by practically no cash but by heavy investments in properties and equipment, such as—in the oil industry—service stations, pressure stills, lubricating plants, tank wagons, etc. The latter is true of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Our cash surplus has always been comparatively negligible.

Since its very inception the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been under-capitalized. Prior to the stock dividend of last December we had an authorized capitalization of $140,000,000, whereas the actual money invested in our business through properties and equipment, was $318,000,000. This means two things:

First, that we had a so-called surplus of $180,000,000 though practically none of it was in cash.

Second, that we have to make in annual earning of approximately $40,000,000 before we can claim a return of 10 percent on our investment, and part of this $40,000,000 must be re-invested to provide for legitimate expansion, and the remainder widely scattered by division among 35,000 stockholders. Forty million dollars sounds big, but if you are fair, you will admit that $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 is not an exorbitant earning on an investment of $360,000,000.

Today, our authorized capitalization is $250,000,000, so we are said still to have a surplus of $69,000,000.

As I have said, this surplus represents, not cash, but investments in properties and equipment. It was largely the result of turning back a great portion of our earnings into the business to keep pace with the demand for our products. Just as the farmer has to use part of his earnings to buy farm machinery and to build new barns, just as the storekeeper has to use part of his earnings to install additional fixtures and stock, and often to enlarge his buildings to take care for his expanding business, so we have to use part of our earnings to build new plants, to provide new service stations, bulk distributing stations and tank wagons. You, yourselves, have been witness to the marvelous growth of the automobile industry and can appreciate what a monumental task it was for us to meet the resultant demand for gasoline. You have seen in the last fifteen years the tremendous increase in the use of machinery, in all lines, with an equally tremendous increase in the demand for lubricating oils. To finance our expansion to meet this demand was no small problem. Our surplus, therefore, does not represent unreasonable earnings, since it was no more than enough to provide for legitimate expansion.

Had we piled up a large cash surplus, that might have been evidence of unreasonable profits, and under the federal law the Secretary of the Treasury could then have levied a tax upon that surplus of 15 percent in addition to our corporate tax. But would you, who are business men, feel that it was reasonable and right, if, after you

had paid your regular taxes, you were to be assessed an additional 15 percent on the same money on which you had already paid a heavy tax, and which you used to erect an addition to your store building? I would wager you would be against that administration for the rest of your natural lives.

Whenever anyone accuses the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) of evading the income tax, or any tax, I have to indulge in a somewhat rueful smile. Here is a fact which may startle you:

During the ten years ending January 1, 1922, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) paid to its stockholders in cash dividends the sum of $74,561,005.60, and in the same period paid in federal and local taxes the sum of $79,545,160.35. In other words, in ten years we paid nearly $5,000,000 more in taxes than we paid to our stockholders in cash dividends! As tax dodgers I fear we are woefully inefficient!

To confess the whole truth, we of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) think we are pretty good citizens. We think we are good citizens of every state and city and town in which we do business. We have in these states nearly 27,000 employees, and I believe that you who have come in contact with them will agree that they are clean upstanding people, the kind of people you like to have move into your community: people who pay their debts and take an active interest in the affairs of the community. I challenge you to find a finer group of men and women anywhere in America.

These are the class of people from whom our executives are drawn, and when they become members of the Board of Directors they will be the same good fellows, the same good citizens, they are today.

Understand that members of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) are not sons of rich men placed there through their fathers' influence. Every man came up from the ranks and earned his right to the position. Of the nine members of our Board, two began as office boys, one as a truck driver, one as a stenographer, one as a mechanic's helper, one as a draughtsman, one as a timekeeper, one as a chemist and one as a member of the legal department.

It may also interest you to know that during those ten years ending January 1, 1922, when we paid to our stockholders in cash dividends some $74,000,000, and to the local and federal governments in taxes, some $79,000,000, we paid to our employees in wages and salaries the sum of $335,000,000.

It has always been my boast that the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) holds no stronger brief for the stockholders than it does for the employees. Here is what we have done to prove it:

We have inaugurated an employees' stock purchase plan whereby any employee can purchase stock in the company on the installment plan, and for every $100 invested by the employee, the company invests for him an additional $50. Shares are purchased as soon as the employee and the company together have paid in enough to buy one share. Dividends begin immediately and are applied on the purchase of more stock. I do not believe there is a more liberal employees' stock plan in America.

Having heard its terms, you will not be surprised to learn that of our 35,000 stockholders, 9,200 are employees.

We have a pension or annuity plan whereby the employee who has given his best years, or who has become incapacitated in the service, is assured an income for the balance of his life. In no case is this annuity less than $300 a year and it may be as high as 75 percent of his average yearly wage for the ten years preceding retirement. This policy gives the employee a sense of security respecting his future. It enables him to do better work and gives him a more vivid interest in his work. It makes him a better citizen to have in the community.

Under this annuity plan the company has already paid out more than $700,000.00.

In our manufacturing plants we have what is known as the industrial relations plan, whereby the employees, by secret ballot, elect to an employees' council, representatives who pass on wages, hours of labor, working conditions and all other matters relating to their welfare. No foreman, or any man who has authority to hire or discharge men, may be an employees' representative. This council, or committee, makes recommendations to the management. It is true the management has the power of veto, but at the same time we have provided machinery so that in case the employees are dissatisfied with the ruling of the management they may appeal the case to the Department of Labor at Washington, whose decision is accepted by both employees and management as final.

Industrial relations in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been an unqualified success. Strikes in our company are unknown. The men know they have a channel through which they can bring any matter before the management, as high as the Board of Directors if necessary, without in any way jeopardizing their position as employees. This gives them

a grave sense of responsibility, and as a result, of the hundreds of recommendations they have made to the management, only a small percentage have been found to be inacceptable. Our experience with industrial relations, through employees' representation has convinced me of the inherent fairness, good faith and square dealing of the American workingman. We endeavor to reciprocate by treating him always on a basis of equity and of justice.

You will note that in our treatment of employees there is nothing of paternalism. We want them, en masse and individually, to work out their own problems. We are willing and eager to help them, but first ask that they do something to help themselves. We have no desire to dominate them. At Whiting, Indiana, the location of our largest refinery, is now being built a community building to which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) contributed more than $300,000. Later we hope to finance the erection of similar buildings in all our refinery towns, but when these buildings are completed the company will have no part in their administration. We are eager to promote and broaden the social life of our people, but we refuse to say how and in what direction it shall be done. To do that were paternalism, and I do not believe in paternalism in industry any more than I believe in paternalism in government. Paternalism induces a feeling of dependence and destroys individual initiative. Destruction of initiative does not make for the permanent welfare either of industry or of government. The very genius of our American institutions has been the giving of the fullest play to individual initiative. That is what has made our country great.

In the last decade we have seen too great a growth of paternalism in government, with the establishment of a state or federal bureau for this thing or that thing, with everyone who has a grievance or a hobby rushing to Washington to demand the passage of a federal law, and the establishment of a federal agency to enforce it. Our citizens should remember that not only does governmental supervision of everything and everybody stifle individual initiative, but that every increase of governmental interference, the establishment of every bureau, every regulation of business, necessarily brings with it an increase in taxes, and the building up of a bureaucracy.

I do not mean to advocate the entirely unrestricted operation of business, either big or little. I welcome government supervision of industry in so far as it is necessary to prevent all unfair practices, but I deprecate that class of interference, of which we have had too much, that works harassment to business without serving any good purpose. The farmers and other shippers in the United States today are paying the bill for past governmental interference with the railroads.

I hope the day will never come when you will have to pay the bill for some ill-advised, improperly-inspired governmental interference with the oil industry.

As matters stand now we are able to render to the people of the Middlewest a real service. I sometimes doubt if the average citizen realizes to what extent our present civilization is dependent upon the oil industry. From crude petroleum a host of useful commodities are manufactured, the most essential of which is lubricating oil. Without this cheap and abundant eliminator of friction the age of machinery in which we are living would have been impossible. Imagine, if you can, the impossibility of obtaining enough animal and vegetable oil to keep turning the myriad bearings of modern industry. Picture, if you can, a world without petroleum. Railroads would not run; manufacturing by machinery would be limited; agricultural practice as we know it would be impossible, and civilization would be but little advanced over that which obtained a hundred years ago.

The most obvious example, of course, of the great industries made possible through the development of petroleum products, are those engaged in the automotive industry. Today, there are 10,397,000 automobiles and trucks in operation on the roads of the United States, and the building program for 1923 calls for a minimum output of more than 2,500,000 machines, which, allowing for the junking of 500,000 cars, will mean 12,397,000 in operation during 1923. To supply these with gasoline, something in the neighborhood of 4,524,905,000 gallons will be required. Gentlemen, you can remember the day of cheap gasoline, but you can also remember the day when the sight of an automobile was a rarity.

Here, again, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has rendered an inestimable service to the people of the United States. With gasoline consumption fairly leaping to dizzy heights, and with geologists declaring that the world's supply of petroleum was limited, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), at enormous expense, carried on experiments which resulted in the Burton process for the manufacture of gasoline, doubling and trebling the yield of gasoline from crude, and maintaining the price of gasoline at a much lower figure than it otherwise would be. The company has not kept this process to itself but licenses its use by any refiner who wishes to use it.

While rendering this service to the people of America, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was performing an equally important one for the people of the Middlewest by building up a comprehensive distribution system. The effectiveness of automotive power depends on an adequate supply and efficient distribution of gasoline and other petroleum products. The users of automobiles, motor trucks and tractors of the Middlewest would find themselves seriously handicapped were it not for the practically universal distribution of gasoline and oils maintained by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). In the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota and Kansas, which comprise the territory in which

we sell, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) maintains for the convenience of its customers 3.973 bulk or wholesale stations, so located as to assure rapid distribution of gasoline and oils. It maintains 1,605 service stations situated with a view to the convenience of the motoring public. It maintains throughout the rural districts 7,167 tank wagons which serve the farmer at regular intervals, enabling him to keep his truck, tractor or motor car ready for instant use. The roads are never too bad for a husky, devoted Standard Oil Company (Indiana) driver to force his way through to the most isolated farm. It is nothing unusual in the northern states of our territory for a driver to get snowed in while on a delivery trip. Often such deliveries are made at an actual loss to us, but our drivers have a boast which they live up to: "Standard Oil Service, Anywhere, Anytime, Under Any Conditions!"

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is particularly interested in the problems of the farmer. For one thing, I was reared on a farm and know something of his problems. For another, I, and most of my associates in the company, do not believe that the farmer has been given a square deal of late, and we are of the opinion such a condition is bad for the country and bad for business.

I have told you who we are, what we are, what ideals inspire us, and something of what we do. Now, I wish to tell you of some of the things we are NOT.

I am aware that a great many people have a hazy sort of notion that we own all the oil wells. That is far from the truth.

Until very recently the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) owned no oil wells and had no crude oil production, having to buy its crude in competition on the open market. The war, however, demonstrated the necessity of a permanent source of supply for our refineries. As a result, during 1920 and 1921, a one-half interest was acquired in the Sinclair Pipe Line, as well as a one-half interest in the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company, which has for its purpose the purchasing of crude oil to supply business for the pipe line company. This gave rise to rumors that we controlled Sinclair, consolidated, and to some talk about "monopoly." As regards the first, we have no interest whatever in Sinclair, consolidated, except as that company interests us as a competitor. As regards the second: the Sinclair Pipe Line Company already was constructed and we had the choice of acquiring an interest in it or of building a line of our own. To have gone to the expense of building a new line, at a cost of millions of dollars, when one already laid was not being used to capacity, would have been an economic crime.

While the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) now has some crude oil production of its own, we are still dependent upon others for the major source of our supply for our refineries at Whiting, Wood River and Sugar Creek.

As to monopoly—the management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) appreciates that a monopoly is abhorrent to the minds of the American people and will not be tolerated by them. It does not desire, nor does it endeavor to put any competitors out of business. We believe, in fact, that our competitors are as essential to our business as our customers. Most of them are good, clean, business men, who manufacture excellent products and market those products in an honest businesslike way.

It is a mistake to believe that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has a monopoly of the oil business of the Middlewest and Northwest, or that it can arbitrarily dictate the price of gasoline, either up or down. I have told you of our tremendous resources of manufacture and distribution, and it is true that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is the largest single manufacturer and marketer of gasoline in the world; but it is equally true that if the so-called independents were to cut the price of gasoline five cents a gallon, or any sum, tomorrow, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) would have to do likewise, and do it quick, or lose its business. We would have to do it even if we had to sell temporarily under cost of production. Here are the reasons:

As regards crude oil, others than ourselves own practically all of the production in the Mid-Continental field, which is the source of our principal supply for our refineries at Whiting, Wood River and Sugar Creek.

Our competitors combined have approximately five times more refining capacity than has the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

As to sales of gasoline, lubricating oils and other petroleum products, in the ten states where we have distributing facilities, our competitors have twice as many service sales stations as we maintain, while the number of bulk stations operated by them about equals our own.

With the great bulk of production in the hands of competitors, and with their refining capacity far in excess of our own, it is apparent that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) can not so dominate the market as arbitrarily to put the price of petroleum products up, or down. We must of necessity ride along with our competitors so long as they maintain a price which follows the dictates of the law of supply and demand, and is not exorbitant, but is normally based upon a reasonable profit. In other words, though we are the biggest frog in the puddle, we are not the puddle.

In January, I was a witness before the United States Senate Committee of Manufactures which was investigating the alleged high price of gasoline. You have no doubt seen the report of this senatorial committee published in the newspapers. I wish to discuss it briefly.

In the first place, this was an ex-parte hearing, wherein the oil companies, though placed in the position of defendants, were denied the right to present their side of the case. We who were witnesses were permitted to answer only those questions which were asked of us, and then only within limits prescribed by at-

torneys for the committee. The result was that a mass of half-truths was introduced into the record, whereas had we been permitted to develop the whole truth, a very different light would have been thrown on the entire industry.

But even though only half-truths were developed, the report of the committee was not substantiated by the evidence, as anyone who reads the record can readily see.

The committee warned of $1 gasoline. Where in all that evidence was one single line which would warrant such a ridiculous prophecy? Where in all history of the Standard Oil can be found any evidence of such a lack of business sense and acumen as raising the price of gasoline to $1 a gallon would mean? The Standard Oil Company, gentlemen, has been accused of many things, but this is the first time I have ever known it to be accused of lacking ordinary business sense!

Consider the question—what would $1 gasoline mean to Standard Oil? It would mean the closing of every service station we have. It would mean the junking of most of our refining capacity. It would mean, if the government didn't take us over instanter, that the oil business would cease to be a big business. How many of you would drive cars with gasoline at $1 a gallon? How many cars would Mr. Ford be able to sell with gasoline at $1 a gallon? How many automobile companies would go entirely out of business with motor fuel at that preposterous price?

And with gasoline at $1, how long would it be, do you suppose, before the former distilleries throughout the country would be turning out alcohol for fuel at 30 to 40 cents a gallon? The war demonstrated how quickly an industry can be converted into a similar one, and with gasoline at $1, a year would see the country flooded with cheaper motor fuels and the Standard Oil Company's business would be on the rocks. I would have thought that even a senatorial committee would have credited Standard Oil with possessing enough business sense not deliberately to wreck its own business!

The committee charges that we fix the price. I have already told you how impossible it is for any one company arbitrarily to dictate the price of gasoline, either up or down; that if our competitors were to cut the price tomorrow, we would have to meet the cut and do it quick.

Let me quote a paragraph of the committee's report and then ask you to examine exactly what it means. The report says:

"While it may be that a Standard company in a particular territory does only about half the business in that territory—and some of the Standards do more than half and some less—yet in all the territory some Standard company is so much larger than any single competitor that it has come to be almost universally accepted that the tankwagon price in any territory is controlled absolutely by the Standard marketing company for that territory."

Now exactly what does that mean? It can mean only one thing—that there IS competition, and that the prices are determined by the most efficient organization. If not, isn't it clear to you that a smaller company would undersell the Standard and so bring prices down? Destroy the most efficient organization, which the committee admits to be the Standard, and what would happen? Numberless small companies, doing business inefficiently and with high overhead costs, without the efficient competition of the Standard, would immediately force prices up, not down.

When the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), in accord with market conditions, has raised the price of gasoline in this territory do you know of any instance where the so-called independent companies have not also raised the price just as quickly as they could? You have only to read the oil trade journals, gentlemen, to discover that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is under constant pressure from the so-called independents to put the price of gasoline up, not down.

The success that has attended the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) comes to it not by reason of any monopoly, domination or unfair advantage, but solely from the high character of the employees who handle its affairs and their devotion to the high ideals of service to the public.

I have said, gentlemen, that it is the boast of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) that it holds no stronger brief for the stockholders than it does for the employees. I add to that, that we hold no stronger brief for the stockholders and employees than we do for the public. We are trying to make a fair return for our stockholders, to pay our employees better than a living wage and at the same time perform our entire duty to that public on which we realize we are dependent for our existence.

Milly—I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world.

Billy—Of course not. You'd be killed in the rush.—Pelican.

It takes a lot more energy to watch for the boss while you are loafing on a job than it does to work on it.

It is all right to strive to rise to the top, but don't go up in the air.

Well Seasoned

I wear my silk pajamas
In the summer, when it's hot.
I wear my flannel nighty
In the winter, when it's not.
Sometimes in the springtime
And sometimes in the fall
I jump in between the sheets
With nothing on at all.

C—"Shiver Shiver."

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

George H. Mower

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

D. T. Beck, Producing Department
R. G. Austin, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

Secretary:

E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
D. T. Beck, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
Charles Badders, Grass Creek District
Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.

M. E. Edwards, Treasurer — T. N. Shaw, Secretary

The Ten Commandments of Success

By Charles M. Schwab

1. Work hard. Hard work is the best investment a man can make.

2. Study hard. Knowledge enables a man to work more intelligently and effectively.

3. Have initiative. Ruts often deepen into graves.

4. Love your work. Then you will find pleasure in mastering it.

5. Be exact. Slipshod methods bring only slipshod results.

6. Have the spirit of conquest. Thus you can successfully battle and overcome difficulties.

7. Cultivate personality. Personality is to a man what perfume is to a flower.

8. Help and share with others. The real test of business greatness lies in giving opportunity to others.

9. Be democratic. Unless you feel right towards your fellow-men you can never be a successful leader of men.

10. In all things do your best. The man who has done his best has done everything. The man who has done less than his best has done nothing.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Volume IV JULY, 1923 Number 6

GREGORY S. POWELL
Assistant Director of Industrial Relations, Salt Creek.

PUBLISHED *for the* MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

This picture of Salt Creek Camp was taken last winter, by moonlight, at 12 o'clock at night, by Gregory S. Powell.

The Midwest Review

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The Chimera of Dollar Gasoline

By Dr. Warren K. Lewis in The Lamp

It is related that in 1844 one of the principal stores on the Bowery, then in the business center of New York, displayed signs advertising "White muslin for ascension robes" and conducted a brisk trade therein at good prices, the purchasers being citizens who had heeded the warning of one William Miller, a religious prophet, and who desired to attire themselves suitably for the ending of the world, definitely fixed by the prophet for the night of October 22, 1844.

In the nature of things, the prophet has all the best of the argument. Until the appointed time has come, no man can prove that he is wrong. In the meantime, therefore, is it not the part of wisdom to make modest preparation for the scheduled event? Persuasive as this reasoning may be, the sale of ascension robes has steadily decreased from that day, although the supply of prophecies has been well maintained.

It would seem that a like skeptical and unbelieving spirit has manifested itself with regard to a recent prophecy by a senatorial sub-committee, of gasoline at $1 per gallon. It will be interesting to inquire whether dollar gasoline is a reasonable prospect or whether the prophet has overlooked some fact which the public in general knows, and is not going to be argued out of by gentlemen who have white muslin for political ascension robes to sell. The answer is short and plain. The motorist will not pay $1 a gallon for gasoline now or at any future time.

The ultimate future of gasoline, however, presents some very real problems and the prediction by the experts at Washington, of $1 gasoline, has served the very useful purpose of focusing public attention on these problems. To the average motorist, gasoline is any liquid fuel which will propel his automobile. Theoretically he has the choice of three great classes of liquid fuels. The first is the light petroleum distillate known as the present day "gasoline," the second is the light oil distillates obtained from ordinary soft coal, lignites or oil-bearing shales, and the third class is ordinary alcohol produced by the fermentation of practically everything that grows—grain, leaves, fruit or plain ordinary wood. Since "gasoline" means motor fuel, all of these are gasoline, and all three have been for years actually used for motor fuel in this country, so they all come naturally into the calculations as to the motor fuels of the future.

Let us assume that the motor industry will grow during the next fifteen years at the rate it has maintained in the past ten. If so, there might be 35,000,000 automobiles in use in 1937 against 12,500,000 registered today. This might mean a possible consumption of 280,000,000 barrels of gasoline per annum as against the present consumption of 100,000,000 barrels. Has the United States sufficient petroleum reserves to meet this demand? A more hopeless subject for prognostication could not be imagined, but we do know that at the present time our production of crude oil is approaching 2,000,000 barrels per day. The next obvious inquiry is as to the yield of motor fuel which scientific methods can obtain from our crude oil production. In 1922, the production of gasoline represented 29 per cent. of the total crude run through the refineries in this country.

Much consideration has recently been given to the problem of increasing these yields and it has been found in a recent test by a committee of scientists and engineers that by changing the quality of the gasoline only very slightly—so slightly that the inexpert operator cannot tell the difference in the performance of his car—the yield of gasoline by straight distillation methods can be materially increased. In addition to this, by a process known as "cracking," the cheapest of all petroleum products, fuel oil, constitutes the basis for an enormous potential addition to the gasoline reserves of the future.

There was produced in the United States last year a total of 262,000,000 barrels of this fuel oil and it is estimated that without affecting the yields of kerosene, lubricants, or the specialty products of petroleum up to 80 per cent. of this fuel oil might be converted into a satisfactory gasoline if the market required that amount. This would mean that we should have available in 1937, without change in quality or decrease in quantity, or proportion of lubricants, kerosene and specialty products, almost 300,000,000 barrels of gasoline against an estimated maximum requirement of 280,000,000 barrels.

It is thus apparent that assuming crude oil production to remain stationary, processes now known and used commercially for the manufacture of gasoline would enable that product to hold its own during the next generation from a supply standpoint, although it is possible that it might be to some extent supplanted by other fuels, by reason of price or cost considerations.

This computation completely ignores the probability, which is almost a certainty, that automobile engine efficiency will be noticeably increased, and fuel consumption per car greatly decreased in the next ten years.

Considering the second class of natural resources from which motor fuel can be obtained, the most obvious is ordinary soft coal. The average present yield of motor fuel per ton of coal coked is about two gallons and last year's actual production of this fuel was about 1,400,000 barrels. By a mere extension of existing facilities this yield might be increased to 7,200,000 barrels. In this class also are oil bearing shales and the State of Colorado alone contains shale reserves sufficient to supply oil equivalent to present crude production for one hundred years at least.

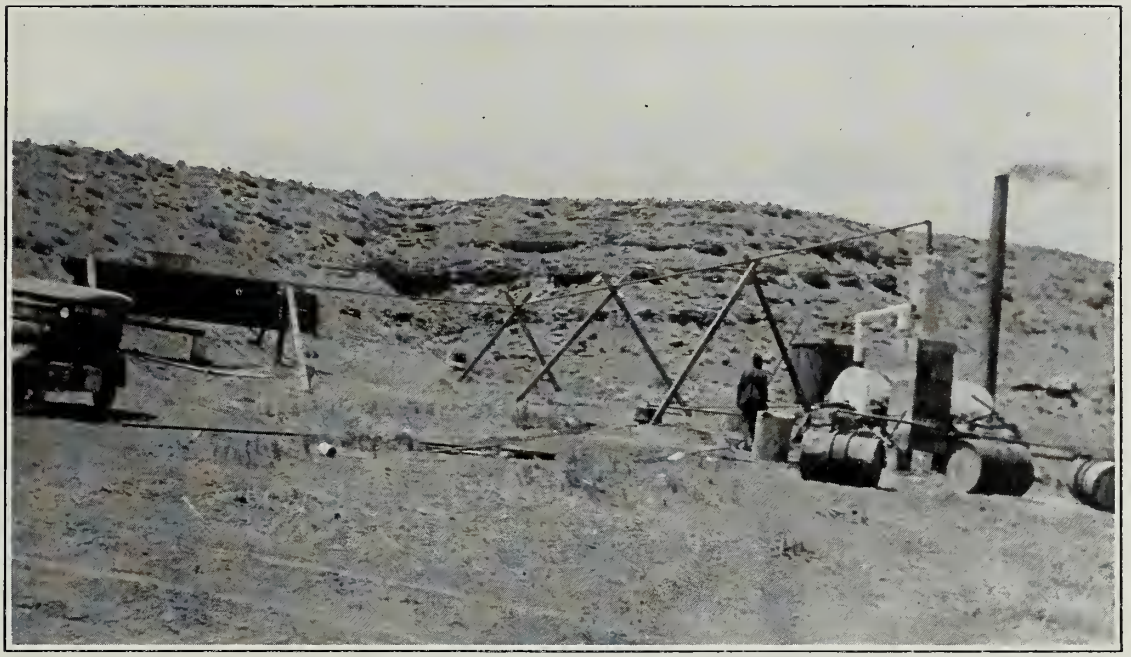
The boundaries of the third class of motor fuel, alcohol, are roughly the limits of vegetable growth. At the present time its production for motor fuel is from price considerations confined almost entirely to crude molasses. About two and a half gallons of molasses make a gallon of alcohol. Ordinary corn will yield two and one-half gallons of alcohol per bushel and in addition corn oil, cattle feed and other by-products. Sawdust and wood waste are raw materials for alcohol and in fact, a British commission appointed to investigate the motor fuel resources of the Empire found that, technically speaking, there was no limitation on alcohol production from vegetable matter and that the sole practical question was one of price. It is obvious that motor fuel, like any other commodity, must be produced from the cheapest available source of supply and the problem of the future is not as to whether there will be a supply but is solely one of cost balance between the three natural resources mentioned. At present, crude petroleum is far in the lead from the cost standpoint but the second and third classes have already gained a foothold.

Considering crude oil first, therefore, only a simple calculation is necessary to prove that if a refiner able to sell his gasoline at a dollar a gallon were content to secure only that amount of the product obtainable by what is known as the "skimming process," and willing to regard about 70 per cent. of the crude oil as waste, the crude oil would be worth from $8 to $10 per barrel. The present average price is about $1.50 per barrel and the highest price ever reached by Mid-Continent crude was $3.50 a barrel. If instead of his primitive equipment, the refiner installed one of the present accepted types of cracking stills, his crude would be worth $20 to $30 per barrel, although it would take almost a week's profits to pay for the necessary cracking equipment.

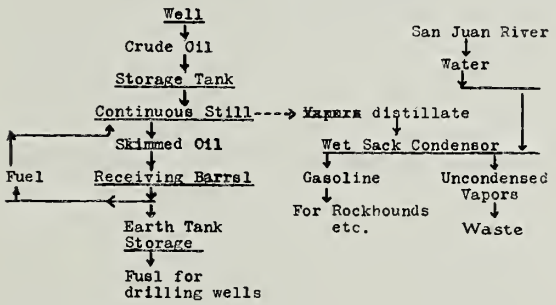
If the crude producer determined to raise the price of crude until the refiner was reduced to a normal profit, it is appar-

(*Continued on page* 31)

Among Our Competitors



Flow Sheet
Mexican Hat Refinery



Casper may well look to its laurels as the chief refining center of the Rocky Mountains for Mexican Hat, Utah has entered the lists.

In the accompanying illustration the local refinery is shown. On the right is seen the battery of stills with the refinery force grouped in front. The force is a little bashful and has its back turned on the photographer. Showing over the edge of the battery of stills is the crude storage tanks. Leading from the still will be seen the vapor pipes running to the wet sack condensor. Water from the tank behind the condensor drips over the wet sacks and a little drips into a trough beneath and is caught in a five gallon can and later thrown back on the sacks. Gasoline storage is shown in the foreground. The refinery gets its crude from a well near the plant said to be capable of producing 300 barrels of 35 degree Be. oil per day. The product, about 5 bbls. per day, is sold to the local people, visiting rockhounds and some is even exported across the Ute Indian trails to Bluff.

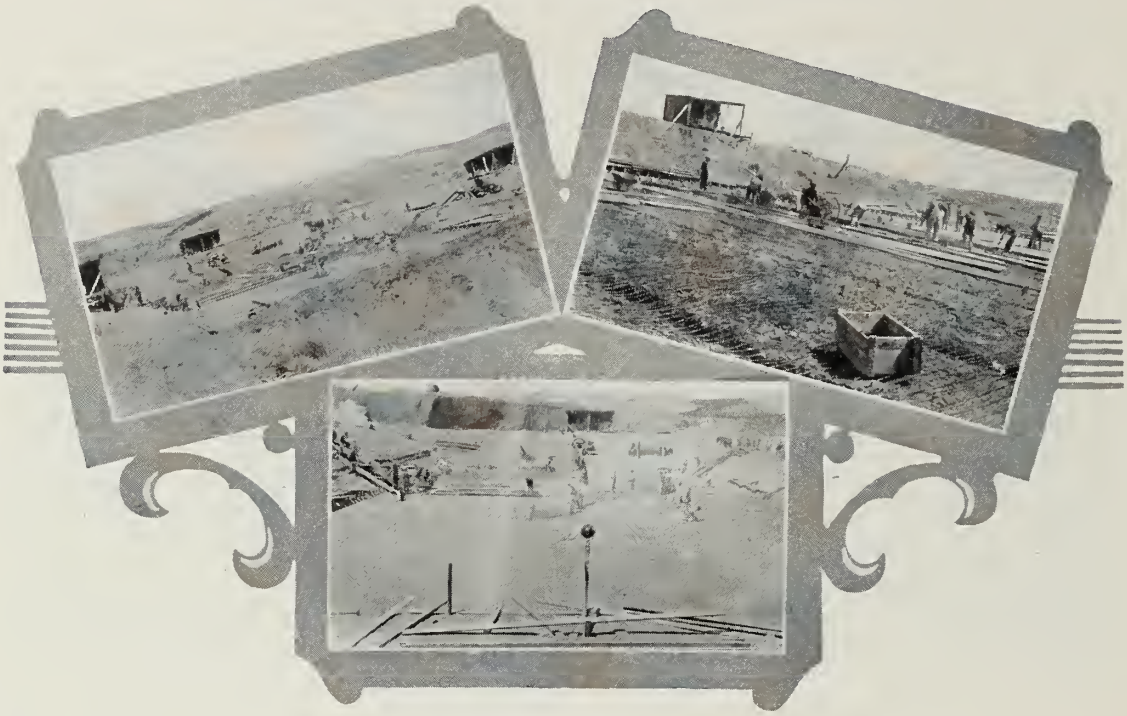
The car is the one used by the Midwest rockhounds in making a visit.

Spring Creek Test Abandoned

The Conrad-Spring Creek Test Well, known as Broesder No. 1, was finally abandoned at a total depth of 3040 feet. This well was also drilled to the Madison Limestone and found dry. No showing of oil or gas was encountered, though a considerable flow of water was touched and cased off. Casing is now being pulled and all material that can be salvaged will be transferred to the Markham Lease on Teton Ridge Structure, near Dutton, Montana, where another wildcat test is now in progress.

A man who dies, leaving his wife and family without life insurance, doesn't die; he merely absconds.

New Cooling Reservoir



A big new cooling reservoir at No 1 Pumping Station in Salt Creek is just being completed by the Midwest organization. Pictures herewith show something of how it looked while under construction.

The reservoir is constructed of cement, and is 178 feet by 100 feet in size. The plans were made by the engineering department in the field. The construction work was done by the Building Department

Salt Creek Council Increases in Size

In order to give fuller and more equal and adequate representation on the Salt Creek Join Industrial Council, the Producing Division in that field has been divided into three voting divisions.

Each of these divisions will be represented by a representative on the council, making now a Council of twelve members, six employes and six management. The new voting divisions in the Producing Department are as follows:

Division No. 1—Drillers, Tooldressers, Connection men, Roustabouts, Big Builders, Electricians, Plumbers, Casing Men, Welders, Masons, Linemen, Blacksmiths, Pipeshop men.

Division No. 2—Pumpers, Gang pushers, Office men, Boilermakers, Machinists, Warehouse men, Fireman, Oilers.

Division No. 3—Boarding House Employes, Building Department, Truck Drivers, Tractor Drivers, Garage men, Teamsters, Swampers, Housekeepers, Janitors, Scouts, Watchmen, Haydite Plant, Miscellaneous.

At a special election held early in July, Frank Keeley, a driller was elected to represent Division No. 1. Fred Koehler, the present Producing Department representative will represent Division No. 2. George Zimmerman was elected to represent Division No. 3.

At the regular election the first of the month, U. G. Shideler was reelected to represent the Pipeline Department for another year, and George (Whitey) Hoffman was reelected to represent the Casper Division. William Breeden holds over as the representative for the Gas Plant.

The new members on the Council took their seats at the first regular meeting following their election which was held on July 9.

Water Well At Hogback

The attached pictures show the result of Well No. 27 at the Hogback Camp of the Midwest Refining Co., in New Mexico.

The water is flowing high above the casing from this well and is estimated at 3000 barrels daily. It will be noted in one picture that the casing was raised 22 feet above the derrick floor and still the water cascaded over the top. These pictures were taken by Mr. Frank Webber of the crew which brought in this well. Mr. Webber is an expert with the kodak, pictures of the Miguel field in New Mexico have appeared heretofore also taken by him.

One of the above pictures shows the crew at the well, reading from left to right: H. J. Barlow, Frank Webber, F. V. Allsup, Lee Doyle and Boyd Peshalapai, teamster. Another picture shows the Hogback Camp and the other pictures show the flowing water well.

Casper Boosters in Salt Creek

Fifty Casper Boosters, on their annual "Good Fellowship" tour, arrived at Salt Creek on the morning of July 10th with Kiltie Band and several other novelty attractions and loads of little presents for the kiddies, Salt Creek's younger set were simply sent into ecstacies of delight. L. A. Reed made a very appropriate short speech at the Midwest Hotel just after an eleven o'clock luncheon, served specially for the Boosters. Shortly before twelve noon the caravan of cars moved on leaving in its wake, a better understanding coming as a result of the direct personal contact with a group of mighty fine Casper business men.

Mid-Northern Nimrods on Trip in Beartooth Mountains

Midnortherners Go A-Fishing
Frank Clark
Bill Pasco waiting for a "nibble"
"Bill" is the one with the Cap on
Hick and his catch
By our Camp Fire
Frank Clark and the fish he bought

C. B. Hicknernell, C. C. Warner and W. D. Pasco of the Accounting Department, and Frank Clark of the Purchasing Department, Billings Office, spent the week end, June 16th and 17th, on the Stillwater River, near Absarokee, in quest of the "finny tribe."

The streams were altogether too high, on account of recent rains, to bring back their limit of trout.

It was "Hicks'" good fortune, of course, to successfully land the biggest one that was caught. It was a beauty and weighed ..... pounds (Hang it all! Hick is too modest to take any credit for himself) but the writer will say that Hick opened the fish's stomach to see what it had been feeding on and found therein several frogs and a muskrat; further than that—the writer sayeth not. The accompanying photographs show for themselves. Hick weighed his prize with his rod while it was full of fight, and it is rumored that he is in the market for a new rod.

An auto tent was used for shelter the first night and the crowd had just nicely got set when two electrical storms collided directly over our heads and made quite a display of fireworks; then the rain fell in bucketfuls ! ! The tent was about as protective as a sieve and after a few hours of lying on the cold rainy ground Warner took to the back seat of the car, and the soliloquy that emitted from that direction during the next few hours, as to the desirability of such an appurtenance for sleeping purposes, furnished so much delectation for the rest of us that we almost forgot our own sad state.

Three hours was enough attempt at sleeping and as soon as day broke in the east we were up smoothing out the corduroy in our flesh and preparing something warm for our stomachs.

With all our misfortunes in breaking fish rods and having a leaky tent we are making tentative plans for another trip

(*Continued on page* 14)

Dog Days

By C. M. R., Denver Office

My son owns a dog called Peggy. This story is appropriately prefaced with the statement that to all first class publishers, like Funk and Wagnalls, Curtis Publishing Company, and the Midwest Review, it is known that all rights, copyrights, pedigree and registration papers, privileges and perquisites pertaining to Peggy are the property of its owner. He has consented to my writing for the Midwest Review this thrilling account of an ordinary incident.

Peggy is a Toy Fox Terrier six weeks old, mainly white but mottled with brown spots. She became an orphan at the age of four weeks on the same day that a ruthless herder of a Ford ran over and killed Peggy The First. Consequently, Peggy received much attention from its owner and all the children in the neighborhood, also from others who are too old to be classed as children, but who know a good dog when they see one.

From the time Peggy was able to see and walk, she was noticeable for the unusual things she could do, many of which were naturally expected of a puppy, but in all her actions there was apparent that unexplainable something which showed that she was destined to be the subject of this, if not other and more wonderful stories in the future. Among other traits could be noticed those of the faithful watch dog. Being so tiny and apparently helpless, her efforts at watching caused much laughter and petting and were the incentive for much training and care to develop those traits. She responded with almost daily increase in surprising feats of watchfulness. Was it unusual that this led to our expecting her to watch the house and affording her opportunities to do so? At any rate, she promptly assumed that duty and it appeared that she might soon rule the house in addition to watching it.

As I was placing a telephone call, my son held Peggy close to the phone and got her to bark. Instead of the usual "Number?" the operator said, "What a peculiar bark! Is it a dog?" I assured her it was and had Peggy repeat the bark, this time a little louder. I also told her that it was from our young watch dog who seldom barked thus unless there was apparent need of it. This incident was soon forgotten because of the ever interesting new tricks Peggy continued to perform.

Early one evening everyone but Peggy and the man of the house were out visiting, and without thinking much about it I had said to Peggy that she and I would have to look after things and I recall now that her expression indicated that she not only understood me but seemed pleased to have been trusted. At that time I sat smoking and soon thereafter was startled by the sound of an old friend of mine driving up in his new auto. Grabbing my hat hurriedly, I left the lighted short cigar stub on the ash tray and ran to meet my old friend who urged me to go with him to dig some fish bait, saying he would bring me back in ten minutes. I could see no harm in this, for was not the house guarded by Peggy?

As we drove away, I was telling my friend about our wonderful watch dog and why, with her on duty, it was not necessary to lock the door. At that very moment, as later developments showed, that lighted cigar stub, hastily and improperly deposited on the ash tray, fell on a bearskin rug which soon began to burn. Here was Peggy's opportunity! She ran to the front door and whined for me. She hurried to the back door and barked. She jumped on a chair near the window and barked and could attract no one. Then occurred the real display of watch dog sense. She made a real good jump to the telephone shelf and knocked the receiver off the hook and barked as she had done once before. It is probable the operator was the one who had heard that "peculiar bark" previously referred to. At any rate, the operator, hearing Peggy continue to bark and believing that such barking occurs only when there is apparent need of it, phoned the neighbors in adjoining houses declaring there must be danger and urging them to investigate. They arrived and found Peggy almost overcome with smoke, pulling the bearskin toward the kitchen sink. At the end of ten min-

utes, I returned, of course. Meanwhile the blaze had been extinguished and the neighbors were petting and praising little Peggy, who at first opportunity ran to the smoking stand and showed by actions and expression that it may be well for me to cease smoking or be more careful to all of which I agree.

Such performance by such a young and tiny dog is too wonderful to be kept secret. With such a start, I look for many more remarkable and distinguished services from Peggy. Possibly the Editor may want this continued as a serial story.

I will offer a suitable prize for the one who can equal this story, whether it be about radio, golf, or about your pet goldfish, your cat, your cow, white rats, guinea pigs, or what-not.

Midwest Tank Farm

By Lyle S. Garner

How many people passing the group of crude oil storage tanks north of the Casper refinery while driving along the Salt Creek highway have any idea of the part these tanks play in Wyoming's great oil producing industry?

The above question and frequent requests from those responsible for the news compiled for The Review has prompted me to at least endeavor to explain in part what the Tank Farm is, why it is and such other information as might be of interest to the average person in my humble effort to set forth in this article a general idea of this Tank Farm.

To begin with let us get down to the cause of necessitating the construction of a Tank Farm which as the average person knows will in the case of this particular article take us to Salt Creek where crude oil is at present being produced from wells at the rate of some sixty five or seventy thousand barrels per day which is a total amount produced from the numerous wells in the Salt Creek field and which is accumulated in several large tanks at the Pipe Line Department's No. 1 station at Salt Creek whence it is pumped to Teapot pumping station and from there to the Tank Farm at the rate of better than 70,000 barrels per day. Now that we have vaguely explained the route of oil from the wells to the Tank Farm let us ascertain what happens to the oil when it reaches the Tank Farm.

As has already been explained, the amount of oil received daily is rather large and it is this large amount of oil that has necessitated the construction of this Tank Farm.

Of the 70,000 barrels received daily at this Tank Farm approximately 50,000 barrels is used by the refinery each day in the manufacture of gasoline and other products which can be refined from crude oil, the above figures tell us that the amount going to the refinery each day to be refined is about 20,000 barrels less than the amount received from the Salt Creek field via Teapot which is self explanatory as to the necessity of a Tank Farm as the difference between what is received and what is refined must be cared for and this amount is stored in tanks.

The question now arises as to how we know where to place the oil and how it is pumped into a tank etc., this being a rather complicated question for the author to attempt to intelligently answer without going into details and even after explaining at great length it would still be somewhat vague to the average person unfamiliar with the particular requirements of the refinery, the Pipe Line department and everything in general connected with the management of a Tank Farm, therefore, an answer that will suffice is that there are 4 filling lines branching to different parts of the farm to which certain tanks are connected according to the location of the tank on the farm depending on what line or lines it may be filled through.

No doubt persons wonder how we know when a tank is full and what we do when a tank is full. This like the above situation is handled by a system familiar to those

upon whom the duties of handling the storage of this oil comes, and is not to be explained to the average person unfamiliar with methods used in transporting and tankage of crude oil without going into lengthy details, and to eliminate this lengthy explanation will say that the approximate time to change from a full tank to an empty one is determined by figuring the rate per hour at which the oil is being received which is divided into the amount of room left in the tank and the change is made accordingly.

To handle the receiving and storing of this oil and supplying the refinery also with what they require each day it is necessary that a gauging force of 8 men be kept on duty working eight hours per day, their working hours being so arranged that there are two or more on duty continuously both day and night.

All tanks in which oil is being received are gauged hourly and the amount received is transmitted by telegraph to Teapot who in turn transmits to the Tank Farm the amount pumped and when the difference between these two amounts has been determined one can see whether there is any trouble in the pipe lines such as leaks or broken lines between Teapot and the Tank Farm.

When a new tank is completed it is measured as to height, circumference, depth and all permanent contents such as supports, filling pipes, suction pipes etc. are also taken into consideration, this is called "strapping" and these measurements are figured from feet and inches into barrels from one sixteenth of an inch to the height of the tank which is 41 feet in a tank of 80,000 barrels capacity and 29 feet 6 inches in a tank of 55,000 barrels capacity and these measurements are put on paper by a photostatic process and this paper is known as a "tank table" and it is from these that the amount in barrels in each tank is determined, there being a separate chart for each tank as there is some variation in the measurements of each tank according to permanent contents etc.

At the present time there is a total of 181 tanks on the Tank Farm some of which are under construction. All of these tanks are of an 80,000 barrel capacity except 12 which have a capacity of 55,000 which will provide when all are completed a total of over fourteen million barrels storage space, which when multiplied by the present price of Salt Creek crude per barrel will reveal to the reader the value of the Tank Farm and its contents.

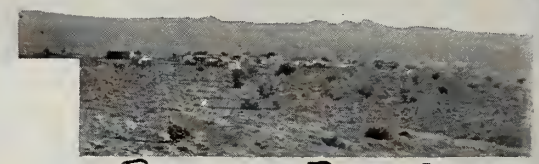
In bringing this article to a close I desire to bring to the readers attention that the Tank Farm is a part of The Pipe Line Department of The Midwest Family and in its own humble way is a part and parcel of the machinery necessary to enable us to drive up to a filling station and fill up with gas and oil prior to starting on our fishing expeditions, vacation trips or otherwise making use of an automobile for without tankage facilities a refinery could not operate, a pipe line system would be of no use and the oil would consequently remain where Mother Nature stores it, therefore harmony between departments from the wells to the consumer should exist all for the eventual benefit of the consuming public who perhaps little realize the importance of the tanks they see on their trips on the Salt Creek highway, the proper functioning of all departments being necessary for the benefit of the consuming public and the author believes in department pride and is pleased to tell the world that the Pipe Line Department and all its auxiliary and interior workings are properly functioning.

Our Salt Creek Director

Occupying a prominent place on the front cover of this issue of the Review, is an informal snapshot of Gregory S. Powell, assistant director of Industrial Relations, stationed in Salt Creek. "Greg" takes the insurance applications, writes up the Employes Record cards, gathers a little news for the Review, cherishes and comforts the sick, supports the dying, bosses the Boy Scouts, assists the doctor, makes matches, patches up domestic differences, sings in the church choir, teaches a Sunday School class, referees the boxing bouts, carries water for the baseball players, supervises Council elections and assists materially in the meetings, assists Deputy Sheriff Les Snow, substitutes in the public schools, keeps the industrial machinery oiled and acts as guide, mentor and friend to every homesick man in camp. His spare time is all his own.

In the Southern Areas

Close-up of Boundary Butte Camp

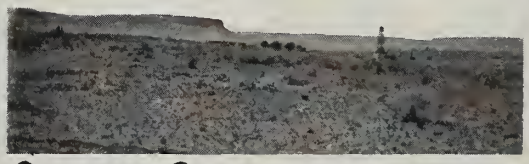


Boundary Butte Camp

Volcanic Plug on the Rio Puerco, New Mexico

Cabezon Peak, a volcanic plug, New Mexico

Where Bluff, Utah, got its name



Miguel Creek camp & rig

GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

1. A Navajo visitor—Hustine Scan.

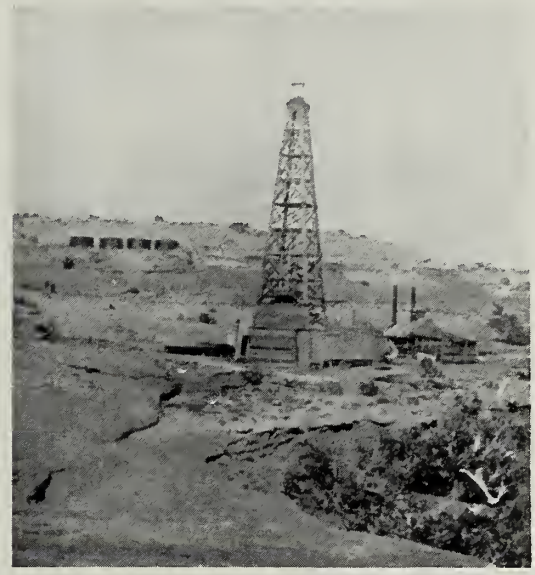
Most of the field men engaged in Southern work were at headquarters over the FOURTH and after new space was assigned in rooms 901 and 902 they worked like beavers for an hour moving furniture into those rooms and soon thereafter were working comfortably and smoothly on new maps and reports. These men are not in the movies but are always on the move. It is hoped the present assignment of space may be permanent.

John H. Wilson recently used his camera to good advantage and has submitted the pictures shown herewith, illustrating points of interest in the latest southern areas where the Midwest Refining Company is operating.

C. H. Wegemann, our Chief, visited several of the parties in the field lately.

H. T. Morley and Mrs. Morley have completed their trip to Kansas and Harold is back on the job at the Denver office. They expect to move into their new home at 959 St. Paul Street, the middle of July.

Just before going to Press we received the news of Mrs. Hunt's resignation. Anne has been troubled with neuritis for some time and it has been found necessary for her to give her arm complete rest for several months. Anne is one of the most popular girls we have and she will be missed by all the Denver Office. We sincerely hope she may be entirely cured and will be back with us again in the near future.



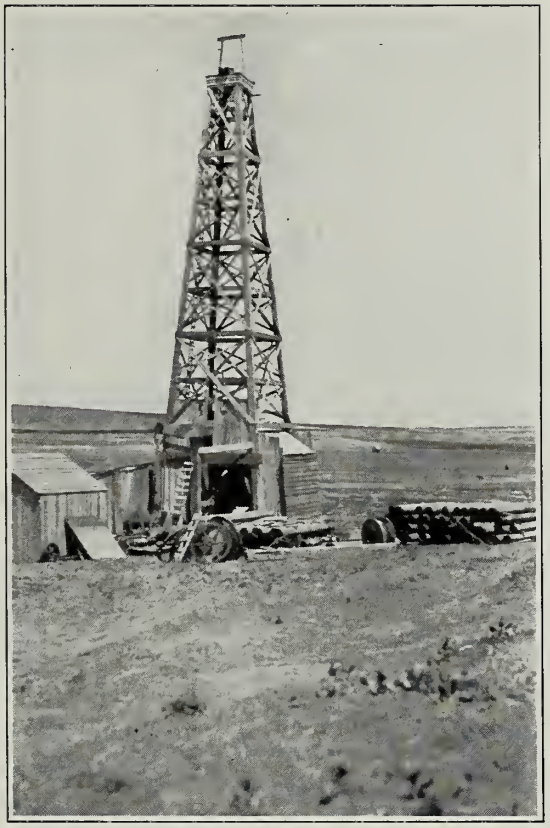
2. Boundary Butte rig.

3. The Main street at Gallup, New Mexico.

4. El Navajo Hotel, Gallup, New Mexico.

WITH THE MIDNORTHERNERS

The upper photograph shows the former headquarters of the Billings Office—until February 18th, located over the Security Trust and Savings Bank. The lower photograph was taken from the new office of the Midnorthern Oil Company and shows Billings "Forty-Second and Broadway" during the noon rush hour.



The accompanying photograph shows rig of the Midwest Refining Co's deep test on Big Lake Structure, 30 miles out of Billings, Montana, known as Hepp No. 1. At this writing drilling crew is on the ground and by the time the July issue of the Midwest Review comes off the press operations will be well under way. Perry Garritson, tool pusher, who has handled several test wells for the Mid-Northern, will be in charge of this operation.

Mr. Albert Weeks joined the Geological Department in the Treasure State June 4th. He is now working with Mr. Ernest Guy Robinson in mapping structures west of the Cat Creek Field.

Mr. Dean Lounsbery and Mr. Donald Batchellor, who are connected with the Geological Department, are now assisting Mr. C. Max Bauer on some Depletion Reports for the Second Sand in the Cat Creek Field. They are also enjoying the "Bright Lights" after a long stay in the "Sticks".

Mr. Donald Campbell, General Counsel, left shortly after June 1st for Washington, D. C., where he will look after Mid-Northern interests. Enroute Mr. Campbell spent a few days in Westfield, New York visiting with relatives.

We are glad to introduce Mr. L. S. McAlister who has recently accepted a position in the Purchasing Department.

F. T. "Cubs" Daylis, Coach of the local High School during the past year has become one of the Mid-Northerners. "Cubs" is a new member of the Producing Department and is First Baseman on the Mid-Northern Baseball Team. "Keep an eye on 'em "Cubs".

Miss Florence McDonald, stenographer and better known as the "Vamp" in the accounting department, left June 30th for Shelby, Montana to attend the "Big Scrap", after which she will tour through Glacier Park.

Earl Scoville, Head of the Producing Department, fearing his dry land farm was getting too much rain, took "Henry" early Sunday, June 25th, and went to look over the crops. Scoville reached there O. K., but as "Henry" wasn't equipped with water wings Scoville was obliged to make his bed under the stars and complete his journey home Monday morning after the waters had subsided.

We regret to say that Mr. Howard Rafferty had to undergo a major operation on June 27th. Mr. Rafferty is Chief Clerk in the Billings Office and Star Short-stop on the Ball club. He is greatly missed in the office and on the ball diamond. It is the hope of all that he has a speedy recovery.

"Barney" McCann made a trip to Red Lodge the County Seat of Carbon County and the Home of Hard Rock Coal Miners, where he anticipated some trouble with the Assessor's Office in making returns for Midwest interests in Elk Basin, but no trouble was incurred as "Barney's" smiling countenance won over the Assessor. "Barney" we hope to see your smile again in the near future.

George L. Kay, Treasurer, returned to the office June 12th after a ten days' visit in Denver.

Mark O. Danford, Vice President, was called to Walsenburg, Colorado, the first week of June due to the illness, and later death of his mother. The entire organization extends sympathy to Mr. Danford in his sad bereavement.

Spindletop Test Abandoned

Rush No. 1 well on the Spindletop Structure, twelve miles south of Grass Range, Montana, was abandoned the first week of June by the Mid-Northern Oil Co. at a total depth of 1965 feet. This well was drilled well into the Madison Limestone but no showing of oil or gas was encountered at any stage of the operations.

A Wail from the Stenos

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

To wed, or not to wed; that is the question.
Whether 'tis better after all to marry,
And be cajoled and bullied by a husband
Or to take up stenography or clerking,
And slave alas! for someone elses' husband.
To love, to wed—and by a wedding end the struggles
And the thousand petty cares that slaves are heir to.
'Tis a rare vocation devoutly wished for.
To love; to wed—perchance divorce, aye, there's the rub,
For in that dream of bliss what jolts may come,
When we have cast aside our little jobs,
Must make us wary. 'Tis a sorry thought,
That makes so many spinsters hesitate.
For who would bear the long eternal grind,
The employer's joke, the chief clerk's contumely,
The insolence of the office boys and the smoke of
Last week's stogies clinging to the hair, when
She herself may quickly end it all by getting married.
Who would not exchange a dingy office for a kitchenette,
A keyboard for a cookstove or a cradle, but that the
Dread of something worse to come after the honeymoon—
That life of chance whose dark bourne so many
Have returned—by way of Reno—fills us with dismay
And makes us rather bear the jobs we have, than to fly
To evils that we know not of. This cowardice
Makes spinsters of so many.

Howling No. 3

Mid-Northern Well Howling No. 3 from all appearances is a "Howling Success." The tankage on this lease is not sufficient to hold the production from this well for one day. It is rated by our General Superintendent V. W. Shoemaker as a 3000 barrel well, having flowed several times at the rate of 150 barrels per hour. This makes the possibilities in the Kevin-Sunburst Field look more interesting than ever.

Mid-Northern Baseball

The Mid-Northern has a real ball team this year. This is evidenced by the following excerpts from accounts of two games recently played, and as reported in the Billings Gazette. The first game was as follows:

In a pitchers' battle, Lawson for the Mid-Northern shut out the Northwestern Auto Supply with a score of 4 to 0, allowing only two hits. Lawson had a little better of the break throughout on Crawford, the Northwestern's new pitcher, who, however, allowed only six hits. Lawson struck out 12 men and Crawford nine. For the most part the game was played in the infield, with the fielders getting only an occasional chance to pull in a fly. Poor decisions in returning by Auto Supply pitchers helped Lawson in winning his battle.

Following is a brief account of the second game:

Playing a brand of ball that would tickle the palates of a crowd at a world series, the Mid-Northern and Gazette nine of the city league, Thursday evening, battled through eight fast innings to a scoreless tie.

The five lonely hits, divided two and three between the clubs, and the two goose eggs at the foot of the run column, tell only half the story of a tight, but sensational baseball classic. For there were thrillers—such as brought the 700 fans to their feet in high hope and sat them down again in painful disappointment. Hits when hits were almost needed, and victory-snatching plays were minced with A-1 pitching, heady playing and intelligent base running.

Oh Justice Where Art Thou?

A young man asked his employer for a raise. The employer told him he didn't deserve a raise because he hadn't done any work at all last year.

"What?" stammered his clerk.

"Figure it out," said his boss. "There were 365 days last year. You slept eight hours each day or 122 days. That leaves 243 days. You rested eight hours a day or another 122 days, leaving 121 days. Fifty-two Sundays you didn't work, leaving 69 days. You had an hour and a half each day for lunch, a total of 23 days, leaving 46 days. You got half a day off each Saturday, or 26 days, leaving 20 days. You got two weeks' vacation, leaving 6 days. These 6 days were New Year's Day, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. The office was closed on these days, so you didn't work at all."

Mid-Northern Nimrods on Trip in Beartooth Mountains

(Continued from page 6)

soon, but with a slight modification of camp and fishing equipment—i. e., a leak proof tent and a derrick to land the big ones.

Frank Clark furnished the car, a very reliable model and popular make known as a Henrietta Ford, with but few changes this is the same as a Henry Ford. It's the female of the species and more deadly than the male.

Bill Pasco's stock of good stories kept the crowd in good humor despite the rain and at his advice we all charged off thirty percent for depletion, and outside of one warped leg in Bill's make up we are none the worse for the experience.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Sometimes when composing a column of writings thoughts come unhampered and it is easy to jot down what one wishes to say. Before me on the table as I write are many notes, but which to start with, is a question.

This is the Grand and Glorious Fourth of July, the natal day of Our Country. What better use could be made of it, than composing a column for the Midwest Review. However, when this appears in the printed form it will be another natal day, that of our State. So working as we are between these two famous days, we should not find it hard to get started.

July Fourth spells for most of us the middle of the summer season. It seems that from then on things turn toward the end of the year. Summer is generally at its peak on this date. The vacation season is well on its way. Many of us have gone and returned, some are just going, and others are waiting with anticipation. As Peterson would say, "Who is Aunty Cipation?"

Mrs. Dorothy Ohnemus spent a nice vacation motoring with her hubby to Estes Park.

Crawford May took in high-school baseball games and El Dorado Springs.

Bob Halfpenny spent his leisure hours on the banks of Clear Creek.

Doris Ahring traveled to the East.

"Billy" Larkin cut the hay on the slopes of his country home.

The Petersons ventured to Grand Lake. "Carl Arthur Peterson, Himself and Wife, Not a Moving Picture."

The Nugents hied eastward to Illinois.

The Muehler's spent their vacation in around Denver, while Erdmann fixed up the house. Incidentally, they attended the Denver Office Picnic.

Arthur Hughes labored diligently around home.

Mort. Parsons is planning on a visit to Idaho again this year. Mort sure covers the ground with his "Gardner."

And this is not all, there are lots of others; but we haven't got all the dope on everybody.

Just Golf

There are foursomes plenty around the Denver Office now-a-days. Golfing is getting very popular. One day or rather late afternoon after the toils of the day were o'er, four exponents of the Scottish game hied to City Park and Billy Nicoll and Ralph Dietler proceeded to trim the daylights out of Myron Dietler and Leslie Thompson, Jr. Some of the drives were remarkable for their distance, and it is reported by due authority, that they could not be followed by the naked eye. Much time was therefore lost looking for balls. "Les" offered the alibi that he just completed thirty-six holes, so was not up to the standard; but, nevertheless, this did not stop Billy and Ralph from glorying in their victory.

Fishing by Mail

No, dear reader, this is not intended to be an advertisement depicting the ability of a correspondence school to teach the art of fishing by mail. Rather it is to tell you that our own Billy Nicoll is a past master at this art. Just shortly the mail man came tugging in a large package, and on opening it Billy found a mammoth trout sent to him by a friend. He did not mention whom, so it is still as big a mystery as who is putting the money in Andy Gumps way every day.

Black Lake and Return

Early in the morning of June 30th found several members of the Denver Office traveling westward beyond the confines of our fair city. Messrs. Truby, Miller, Illius, Hantz, Nicoll and Krause were some of the boys present. They were bound for Black Lake situated high in the Rockies. They left at three o'clock in the morning and reached Black Lake at two-thirty in the afternoon. After fishing for a spell and looking over the site of the new Country Club located on this lake, they left on their return trip at twelve noon on July 1st and reached Denver at eleven thirty that evening—dead tired. They went up via Idaho Springs and Kremmling and returned by way of Fairplay, Hoosier Pass and Bear Creek. It was some trip they all agree.

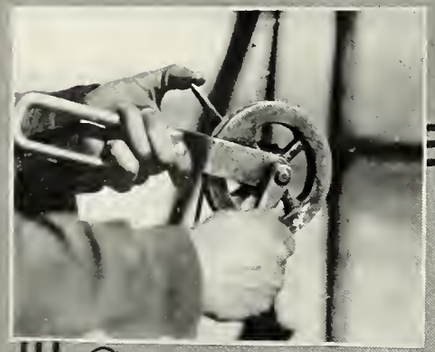
Six Greatest Denver Office Notables

In a recent issue of one of our leading periodicals an article appeared naming several of the Greatest Americans and reasons thereof for their selection. This gave birth to the idea of naming for our readers the six greatest notables in the Denver Office and for what they are noted. They are as follows:

Greatest Fisherman—"Gene" Illius
Greatest Golfer—"Billy" Nicoll
Greatest Bowler—"Otto" Krause
Greatest Politician—"Barney" McCann
Greatest Motorist—"Milton" Kahn
Greatest Mechanic—"Jake" Bohmann

There are, no doubt, others in their various scopes, but we hesitate to mention more for

The CASPER TANK FARM



Gauging reel used for gauging oil in tanks. Wheel holds 50 ft. steel tape line which, with plumb bob is lowered into tank to gauge oil

Low pressure Manifold House and Office on Tank Farm

80,000 bbl. Tank showing Gas Evaproration Line running from top of Tank

Left to right – Operator Jones – Linerider Gallinger – Chief Gauger Garner & Gauger Rigby

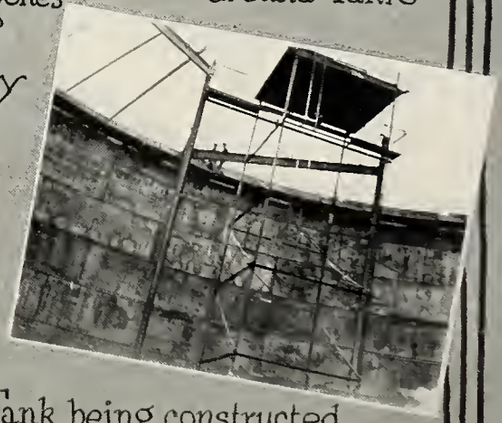
Steam Shovel in operation on Tank Farm. Dirt excavated is used in building Fire Walls around Tank

L.C. Garner, Gauger, in charge of gaugmg a Tank

L.C. Garner and Mascot "Rowdy"

Left to right – Gaugers Weidner & Reichey – Tank Farm Mascot "Rowdy" Gauger Dee.

L.C. Garner, Gauger in charge of Tank Farm, at top of Tank Stairs



Tank being constructed showing Interior & Scaffold used in Riveting Interior

the lack of space. We cannot pass on as yet without a word or two regarding our selections.

"Gene" Illius is picked as the Greatest Fisherman in the face of very strong competition. He is hard pressed by "Bill" Miller, "Les" Truby and others.

"Billy" Nicoll is the leader in the Scottish game, but he has some rising rivals.

As to bowlers, while Art Hughes and Ray Hamilton are champions, we pick "Otto" as the greatest on account of his picturesque style and remarkable delivery. Otto is also a golfer, motorist and politician.

To Barney McCann goes all the laurels due a politician. Although he has backed two losers lately, this does not deter from his ability along this line.

Milton Kahn is our leading motorist. He is the only one known to be able to roll down a mountain-side and come out alive.

As to mechanics, we have several. But after due consideration we pick Jake Bohmann as the only one capable of making a Ford engine from the works of a discarded alarm clock.

From Eight to 4:30

William Nicoll, Jr., was taking a stroll with his dad one day when he saw a sign, "Painless Dentist." "What's a painless dentist, dad?" he asked. "A painless dentist, my son, is a liar," replied Big Bill. (Editor's note—This will probably happen some years hence, as Billy, Jr., isn't old enough to understand the intricasies of dentistry as yet.)

"Waiter," shouted Harold Carpenter after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup in a restaurant the other day, "have you ever been to the zoo in City Park?"

"No sir."

"Well," replied Carpenter, "you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whizzing by you."

Miss Collett of the Purchasing Department has just returned from an extended vacation spent with her father in Detroit.

Mr. J. A. Richards, Refinery Purchasing Agent at Casper, accompanied by his wife, stopped in the office for a few minutes while on their way to visit the refinery at Florence,

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Smiling F. J. Keleher has been spending his vacation in and around the Denver Office. He has become a loyal supporter of Casper since we last saw him. But maybe there is reason, and if there is, we hope that the Casper Office correspondent will soon let us have the inside dope.

Miss Dorothy Coleman, who greets us with a pleasant smile every morning as we report for duty, gave a fine exhibition of Terpsichorean art at the Elitch Garden Theatre on the evening of June 14th as a member of Miss Drum's Dancing Class.

Heard and Seen

When writing what we have heard and seen we may occasionally put in an article that would appear to be a little personal but it is never intended in anyway but a friendly spirit, and we hope it will always be taken in that way. We are merely making an attempt to tell a few jokes and "happenings" around the office. It may be a poor attempt but here goes:—

And you won't believe this when you read it but did you know that Archie Clark doesn't pay his bets? Ask H. M. S and M. E. M.

And did you know that George Heuer is a blackmailer? Ask D. O.

And did you know that Ted Mooberry owes the Comptometer girls a lot of candy and won't buy it? Ask the girls about it.

Anyone would know that it was the day after the fourth to look over the office Thursday. We haven't talked to anyone who stayed at home and rested. Some went hiking, some to the bathing beaches and the majority went to the mountains. All agree that it was a Grand and Glorious Fourth. The next big event will be on the 10th. When the bulletins were passed around we heard someone remark—"I thought it was to be a lamb barbecue and the bulletin says "Hot Dawg Big Barbecue Feed." Everyone will be there whether it is lamb or hot dogs. We will take our pencil and pad along and try to get some bright remarks for next issue.

We don't like to play favorites but George Heuer seems to give us a lot to write about. One of our publicity agents turned in this rare piece of news. It seems George was driving in the vicinity of City Park and he passed a street car that was standing still. George didn't see that the car wasn't moving but he did see the inspector take his number. We wouldn't think of putting wrong ideas in anybody's head, especially about George, but figure it out for yourself what he was doing when he passed the car. He rode around the block and came back to the same place and told the inspector he didn't mean to do it and the inspector smiled and tore up the slip. He was young once himself.

Dorothy Ohnemus has some exciting stories to tell about her vacation. In company of friend husband, they drove to Ft. Collins and up the La Poudre about 40 miles. When they arrived at their destination they didn't like the surroundings so they proceeded to Estes Park. They were unfortunate in having rainy, disagreeable weather the whole time but the excitement was on the homeward trip coming down the Big Thompson, going thru ditches and roads that looked like rivers. But their Pierce Arrow, I meant Fierce Sparrow, never failed them once.

Cecile Devinney had one week of her vacation but instead of plowing thru mud, she was chasing cob-webs. She says when she takes her next week it will be a real vacation.

Regina O'Neil, Dorothy Ohnemus and Cecile Devinney, with their escorts, had a very delightful evening last week. Leaving town about 5:30 they went up Turkey Creek and had a beefsteak fry. Mountain air and scenery are conducive to large appetites and they say they never enjoyed a meal so much. If we know what we are talking about, none of that group need a long ride and fresh air to whet their appetites.

Just Chaff

The Mid-Northern Office challenges the Casper and Denver Office to show pictures of harder men and prettier girls than were published in the June number of the Review. Well, we congratulate them, but give us time and we will produce some pictures of our local ladies which will make all the boys leave home. And as to hard eggs, we got some here. When they walk down the hall, you'd think all the A. E. F. had arrived in Berlin.

F. F. Stevens, formerly of Denver and Casper, and now with the Continental Oil Company, covered himself with glory lately at a picnic given by the Conoco Men's Club. "Steve" always was a good man around a picnic, and we know that the Conoco picnic must have gone over big with his genius behind it.

SAABD Doings

Vacations are prevalent in this department as elsewhere. Olaf Barnard Mauldin who has made quite a reputation as a traveler of late, has journeyed to La Veta to spend his two weeks with his mother and father.

Joyce de la Gardie spent his vacation at Pine Cliff on the Moffat Road in company with his mother and younger brother who are spending the summer in Colorado away from the heat of Chicago.

Homer Baker journeyed to Trinidad and spent two pleasant weeks on or near the old ranch. Homer left the ranch when only a mere lad, so did not have the opportunity of learning to ride horseback. While back on his vacation he strolled out to the corral and asked one of the cow-men if there was a nice, gentle horse on which he could learn to ride. One of them pointed out a beautiful bay a few rods away, and turning to Homer said: "Son, there is one who has never been ridden before; you two can start together."

Homer took along his kodak and submits a few views for the Review Readers.

Our Boys Tie Texas Company for Leadership

Battling like tigers behind the marvelous pitching of Ray Hamilton we defeated the fast-going Texas Company nine by a score of 10 to 1 at City Park last Saturday afternoon. The largest crowd of the season was present, and we hope to see it increase during the season.

THE feature of the game beyond doubt was the pitching of Ray Hamilton. He worked like a big-leaguer. Until the sixth inning only one hit due to a mis-judged fly was made against his delivery. The same mis-judgment occurred again in the seventh inning. Altogether, even with these misplays, Texas Company only made six hits. Ray did not walk a man, struck out eleven men, and made six assists himself. Ray is due lots of credit for his work, and incidentally his loyalty to his team and company. This boy is fast enough for any semi-pro team, but he is giving his ability, time and energy to our team. It wouldn't hurt a few more of us to get his spirit, and support our team by their attendance to our games.

They say figures never lie, but the box score never tells the whole story. Art Hughes has three errors chalked against him, but they were all hard chances, and the good plays that Art made, largely offset them. In the first inning Art made a beautiful stop and throw to first. In the second with third occupied on a mis-judged fly, the infield came in in big-league fashion. A fast hit ball to short was handled perfectly by Art with a beautiful, accurate throw to Johns and the runner trying to score from third was nipped by feet.

Then again was the ever-willing McNicholas playing a fine game in the field. Steb. handled the only put-outs in centerfield in fine style. Roy Johnson fielded his position well, and as captain handled the team well. Johns caught his usual good game, while Mauldin showed speed in making three hits two of which were of the scratch variety.

Again let us mention Art Hughes, he had a perfect day at bat, four out of four and one walk. He drove in three runs, and scored three himself. Stebenne also came into his own and hit well twice in pinches. Johns also got two healthy cracks. McNicholas also hit for a three-bagger and might have made home.

A word further about Hamilton's pitching. He should have had a shut-out as everyone knows who saw the game, but for the second mis-judged fly he would have had. More power to him.

Texas Company put up a good game against us, and showed fight and a never-say-die spirit. Eltrich, their first-baseman, and Cecil, their shortstop, probably played the best ball for them. Eltrich made a catch of Crawford May's foul in the fifth inning that was nice work. Grimes pitched well, striking out nine, but we were out for blood, and we got it.

STANDING OF LEAGUE

	G. P.	Won	Lost	Pct.
Midwest Refining	5	4	1	.800
The Texas Co.	5	4	1	.800
The Continental Oil Co.	4	2	2	.500
The Mutual Oil Co.	5	2	3	.400
Sinclair Refining Co.	5	0	5	.000

BOX SCORE

The Texas Co.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Gibson, c	5	0	0	9	0	0
Eltrich, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0
Grimes, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Cecil, ss.	4	0	3	2	4	2
Daniels lf.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Beulah, 3b.	4	0	1	3	0	1
Byrd, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0

Covey, cf.	4	1	1	0	0	2
Terry, 2b.	4	0	1	2	2	0
Totals	37	1	6	27	8	5

Midwest Refining

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McNicholas, 2b	5	1	1	4	1	0
*Johnson, 3b.	5	2	1	2	1	0
*Johns, c.	5	3	2	12	0	0
Hughes, ss.	4	3	4	0	3	3
Stebenne, cf.	5	1	3	2	0	0
Mauldin, rf-lf	5	0	3	0	0	0
T. May, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Craig, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
C. May, 1b.	5	0	0	7	0	0
Hamilton, p.	5	0	1	0	6	0
Totals	43	10	15	27	11	3

*Johnson ran for Johns in sixth.

Score by Innings:

Midwest Refining Co.	3	0	1	0	1	4	0	1	0	10
The Texas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1

Summary:

Stolen Bases: Johnson 3, Hughes 4, Stebenne, Hamilton; Sacrifice Hits: T. May; Two-Base Hits: Stebenne, Johns; Three-base hits: McNicholas, Hughes, Stebenne, Cecil Terry; Base on Balls: Off Grimes 1; Struck out by Grimes 9; by Hamilton 11; Left on bases: Midwest 7, Texas 3; Double Plays: Cecil to Beulah; Cecil to Eltrich; Wild Pitches: Grimes; Passed Balls: Gibson; Hit by pitcher: Daniels; Earned Runs: Midwest 7, Texas Co. 1; Time 2:00; Umpire: Bridgewater.

Continental gives Denver Office A Good Spanking

There is an old nursery rhyme about a little girl which follows something like this, "when she was good, she was very, very good; but when she was bad she was rotten." Well, that seems to be the way with our team. When they are winning, they are world beaters, but when they are losing they are like the little girl.

Well, to make it short and snappy, our boys got trimmed by the Conoco's something like 14 to 5 or seven earned runs to one. Seven errors and thirteen hits knocked us for a goal. Why we lost, well, it must have been an off day, and then again there were divers reasons, but we suppose that the least said about them, the better. Chief, however, was the absence of what is known in baseball as the "old fight." We couldn't get going, and Mr. Brown didn't give us any chance. Incidentally, young Lefty Brown—not Curley—pitched a nice game. He allowed only six stingy blows, struck-out fourteen. He walked nine men in the first five innings, but after then never issued another pass.

The Continental team was greatly strengthened since the last time we met them. Under the guidance of Dewey Flint, they went like a house-a-fire. Their outfield with Dewey in center—and he played a great game last Saturday—Lord and Reinfelt in right and left was a hard one to beat.

Our team played well at times, but the Conocos found too many holes for hits. We were back in the doldrums at the bat.

The box score tells the story:

Continental:

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Peterson 3b	6	0	2	0	1	1
C. Weber, ss.	6	2	3	1	0	0
Lord, rf.	5	2	1	1	0	0
Flint, cf.	3	3	1	4	0	1
Rapp, c	4	2	1	14	0	2
Bender, 2b	4	2	2	2	1	1
Frost, 1b	5	2	1	5	0	1
Reinfelt, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
H. Weber, lf	1	0	0	0	1	0
Brown, p.	5	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	43	14	13	27	6	6

Midwest Refining

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McNicholas, 2b	4	1	2	2	3	1
Johnson, 3b	4	1	1	2	3	1
Johns, c.	2	1	0	5	0	2
Hughes, ss.	5	0	0	2	5	2
Stebenne, cf	5	0	0	1	1	0
Mauldin, rf.	3	1	0	1	1	0
Baker, rf.	1	0	1	1	0	0
C. May, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	1
T. May lf.	1	0	0	1	0	0
Lott, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hamilton, p	4	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	34	5	6	27	16	7

Score by Innings:

Continental Oil Co.	0	2	5	2	0	4	1	0	0	14
Midwest Refg. Co.	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	1	0	5

Summary:

Stolen Bases: Flint 2, Bender, McNicholas, Johnson 2, Johns 4, Mauldin 2, C. May, T. May, Hamilton 2; Two-Base Hits: Rapp, Peterson, C. May; Three-Base Hits: Lord; Base on Balls Off Brown 9, off Hamilton 4; Struck out by Brown 14, by Hamilton 5; Double Plays: McNicholas to C. May 2; Wild Pitches: Brown 2; Passed Balls: Johns; Earned Runs: Continental 7, Midwest 1; Left on bases: Continental 5, Midwest 9; Time 2:30; Umpire "Pop" Daily.

Legal Department

At Last! Order is Restored!

The legal department of this company, consisting of five of the most illustrious, distinguished and eminent members of the "Midwest Family"—to wit:

Messrs: A. K. Barnes, Frederick D. Anderson and Kent S. Whitford, Esquires, and

Misses: Edith Hammond and Leonora Gunston,

have, owing to the confusion and state of perpetual unrest which is so prevalent on the ninth floor, at last made their exodus, having obtained a suite of beautiful and spacious offices on the tenth floor of the First National Bank Building.

LAW——as you all know, is a subject which requires not only the inherent ability of the practitioner himself, but his undivided attention and of course this could not exist under conditions as they were prior to this time, but the weighty problem was solved by this illustrious body and now, in order to gain admittance to the sanctum of one of these honored gentlemen hereinabove referred to, one must present his engraved card to one of the charming young ladies, also hereinabove referred to, who, after carefully perusing said card, will carefully consider your case and, if you create a favorable impression, you will be admitted, but first you must take a solemn oath that you will confine your visit so that it will come within certain prescribed limits covered by a code of rules and regulations compiled by W. Merwin Bristol, late of our legal Department, who now resides in the town of Chicago, near Evanston, Illinois.

It was a great shock to all of us to learn of the death of Mrs. Kent S. Whitford, wife of Kent S. Whitford of the legal department. Mrs. Whitford was the daughter of John Garrison, Denver pioneer and was a graduate of East Denver High School and of the University of Denver, and had a large circle of friends.

All of the officers and employees of the Denver Office wish to express to Mr. Whitford their heartfelt sympathy in his great loss.

Frederick D. Anderson, although he probably did not have as much fun as did Brother Whitford, gained 13½ pounds during a two weeks vacation in California-Los Angeles and vicinity, Riverside, La Jolla, San Diego and other points were completely "taken in" by Fred. The writer was informed, after making inquiries relative to the situation in "Hollywood," that things were running along smoothly.

During the absence of the other members of the "Invincible Trio," the work of the department fell upon the broad shoulders of A. K. Barnes. "Kim", as he is called by those who know him, has not definitely decided where to spend his vacation, but he indicated that he might take up "GOLF", and all golfers know that one who first takes up the game can very easily spend fourteen (14) days looking for lost balls.

On account of the large volume of work handled by the Misses Gunston and Hammond, they have intimated that they would rather not take advantage of their vacations. However, this information coming from young ladies is subject to change without notice.

Judge A. C. Campbell, of Cheyenne, has been visiting the Denver offices of the legal department this month; Judge Campbell is the representative of the legal department in Cheyenne.

New Grass Creek Representative

At a special election held last month to fill the vacancy on the Grass Creek Joint Industrial Council, caused by the leaving of the employ of the Midwest Refining Co., of George Mower, employe representative, James M. Holder was elected to the place, and took his seat at the June meeting of the council.

The Holton Brothers, John and Joe, recent additions to the Denver Office Force. They are live-wires and up-and-coming young men.

Why Homer went to Trinidad.

From Eight to 4:30 (Continued)

Bill Elliott has not had his vacation yet, but we are all suspicious. Just the same Bill believes in traveling all he can. So he up and joins the Elks on June 28th, and now it is Mr. Bill Elk instead of Bill Elliott. It is rumored that Brother Demarest had a hand in the ceremony, and Bill got his money's worth.

As the President was seen from the Eighth Floor.

President and Mrs. Harding visited Denver on June 24th and 25th. We tried hard to get a good snap-shot of him for the Review, but the above is the best we could do. The President is seated in the back seat on the right-hand side. You can't miss him, if you find him.

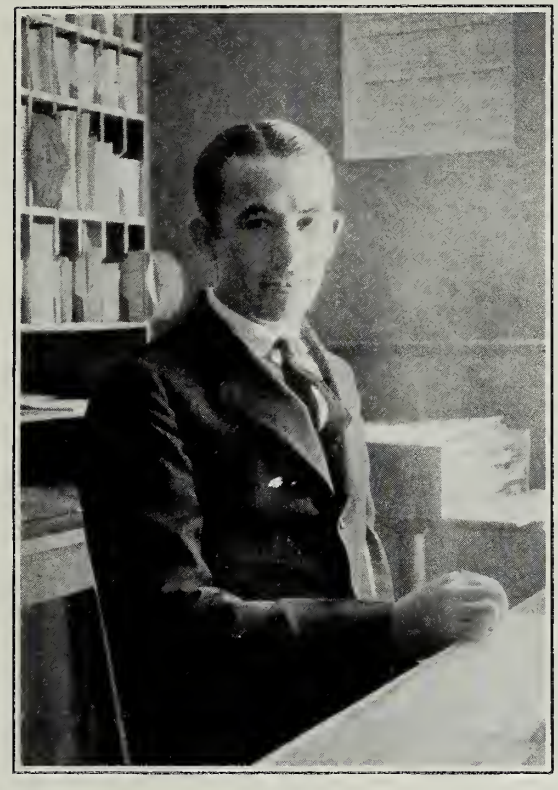
"Who's Bill's Press Agent?"

Above is the living likeness of one William Southwell and his assistant Frank Neujahr. They guard the vouchers. This is not near as good a picture as was posted on the bulletin boards by Bill's press agent, recently. This poster gave Bill considerable publicity as a saxaphone player (not a piccolo player), and a shiek. Beware girls.

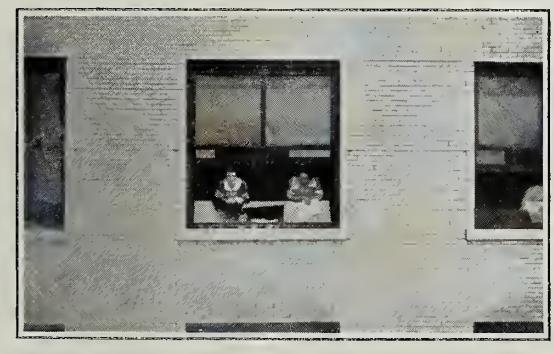
Views around Trinidad, Colorado.

Another Dog Story

Archie Clark has just become the owner of a cute little fox-terrier puppy. McAlpine his chief-assistant having learned the fact spoke up and says, "Clark, do you know the kind of dog that I like the best?" "No," replied Archie, "Well," says Mc, "It hasn't any eyes, hair, ears, feet or tail." "What kind of a dog is that?" asked Clark. "Hot dog!" exclaimed "Mc."



TOM MAY
(One of the Denver Office Veterans)



Mrs. Dorothy Ohnemus and Miss Cecilia Devinney, co-authors of the "Heard and Seen" column which appears now and then under the general heading of Denver Office News.

Homer on the "Hurricane Deck of a Bucking Cayuse."

Let Us Smile

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the
Most, is just a pleasant smile.
A smile that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellow-man, will
Drive away the cloud of gloom
And coax the sun again. It's
Full of mirth and gladness, too,
With manly kindness blent. It's
Worth a million dollars and it
Doesn't cost a cent.

Speaking of Vacations

Lucille Dunn: "What kind of a place was it where you spent your vacation last year?"

Dorothy Kirkland: "Well, one hairnet lasted me two weeks?"

Our Wantad Section

Wanted someone to string beans and kid gloves, apply Ray Hamilton, Sales Accounting Division.

John Doe asks to know if the Komet Club which has recently been organized by some members of the Sales Accounting Division will have a meteoric career. Ask Rick McNicholas, he is Big Haley Himself.

Mr. E. W. Illius, known to the gentry, as "Gene" is about to embark upon his annual fishing trip into the heart and wilds of Colorado. We wish him luck.

Ray Hamilton and Rick McNicholas have just finished spending their vacation. "Mc" spent many of his days at Merchants Park studying baseball as she is played in Des Moines, Omaha, and all points east.

"Gene" Illius says that when a worm turns it meets a chicken or a fisherman.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Cackles

"Even I chew Wrigley's", quoth the sparrow as he downed another inch of worm.

My hair is getting very thin. What can I get that will produce a head of luxuriant hair?

—Phil Korn.

Madam X:—Would suggest porcupine glands.

Everybody Works

Gaiser's in the kitchen
Washing out the bottle.
Korn is in the pantry
Taking off the labels.
Warren's in the cellar
Mixing up the hops.
Dykeman's on the front porch
Watching for the cops.

PERSONAL

Jerome. Please do not 'phone me again. Father is cleaning his gun.

Blondie.

He kissed her. And she, being a proud girl and not wishing to accept favors from any man, returned it.

Quotations.

Missouri is noted for three things—raising Democrats, mules and hell.—Cahill.

Lips that touch a cigaroot will never park beneath my snoot.—Blondie.

Following is a familiar conversation heard within a modern apartment building where many midnight "hooch parties" are held:—

Voice from Without:—"Cut out that noise or I will have you put out of this flat."

Voice from Within:—"We should worry—we have been put out of better flats than this."

1st Week:—"My wife's gone to the country—Hooray!"

2nd Week:—"My wife's gone to the country."

3rd Week:—"My wife's gone to the country—wonder when she'll get back."

4th Week:—"My wife's gone to the country—darn it, I'm going after her!"

Signed:—Korn, Gaiser and Reeson.

At the Palace Inn

Cahill:—"Do you ever play anything by request?"

Delightful musician:—"Certainly, sir."

Cahill:—"Then I wonder if you'd play dominoes until I've finished my lunch."

Mrs. Korn (with a newspaper):—"It says here that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains."

Korn:—"Exactly. And women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins."

Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.

The Midwest held a picnic at Glenrock Park since last issue but the attendance was not worth mentioning.

We have a very charming addition to our office. Jewell Sullivan of Denver has joined our force of comptometer operators.

They tell us mournfully that bartending is a lost art and we wonder where Dykeman got his practice. The last Poker Party held by the Casper Office Poker Champions was at Joe Gaiser's and was well attended. Our reporter tells us that Dykeman, who after much persuasion consented to chaperon the bunch, was the bright and shining star of the evening. He kept the phonograph going, poured the beer, washed the bottles and then he sat in the corner and lent his charming and gracious presence to the occasion.

Our reporter has discovered a rival for Kelly. Someone in the Casper Office wears shoes almost as small as Kelly does. The other day a package came from Jenkins, mailed from Gano-Downs in Denver, containing a pair of ladies' shoes and addressed to "Miss H. Jenkins." What Jenkins wanted was a pair of shoes to get married in.

Isn't it awful to be in love—we can walk by the Cashier's Office almost any time and see Jenkins standing at the window, gazing soulfully in the direction of the Hart Apartments.

Kelly is spending his vacation in Denver taking in the sights and playing nurse—maid to his brother's children. Mildred Fehlman is entertaining her sister, who is visiting her from Tulsa, Marrin is spending his vacation on the Coast and Work is rusticating "down on the farm" near Trinidad, Colorado.

Our friend, Phil Korn, is going to have an awful lot to account for when his wife gets home. He has been letting various single fellows around town borrow his roadster evenings and now the rumor is going around that Phil is stepping out with the ladies. However, as long as Phil has Joe Gaiser to chaperon him we don't think the scandal will have any foundation.

Variety is said to be the spice of this dull existence of ours—if this be so, then the life of the Casper Office force is well seasoned. With all the comings and the goings we scarcely know in which office to find whom. Gibbs and Stan Freeland have left for greener pastures—Ted for an indefinite vacation—Wayne has become Gibbs' successor, Richards is Wayne's assistant, Work is taking Wayne's place in the Cashier's Office, Archie is taking Work's place, Snedden is Korn's assistant, Hoover is handling the coupons, Neal Shaw has been moved into the Analytical Department and has been succeeded by Hancock, and two new members have been added to the Warehouse Department—Lucas and Dullaghan.

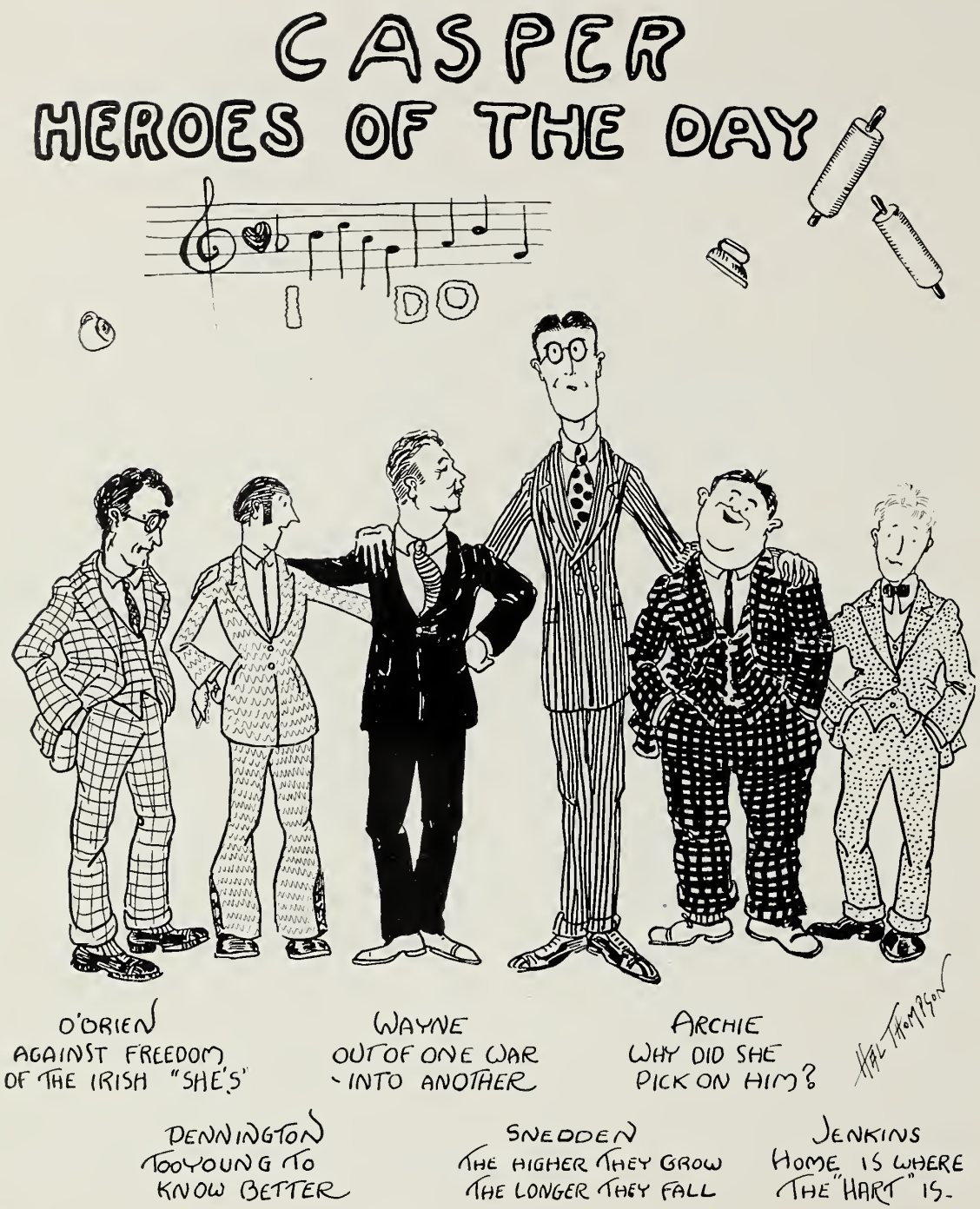
MARRIAGE AND WAR

Take Notice:—"Heroes of the Day"

Several have asked me why we refer to marriage in the same sense as war.

There is no difference—a fellow meets a girl and decides she is the woman he wants to battle thru life with.

You present "arms" and she "falls in." You



talk it over and decide upon an engagement. At the marriage license bureau you "sign up" and a minister swears you in.

There are only a few skirmishes during courtship. The real fighting starts with marriage.

That's when a man thinks he is a Colonel and finds he is only a Nut.

In the home as well as on the battlefield, they use grenades, such as flatirons, pots and rolling pins.

The wife is usually a good rifler, and rifles her husband's pockets every night.

Whether you have done anything or not, she always has you on mess detail.

She makes her "counter attacks" in the de-

partment stores and she knows how to "charge."

She is your Commanding Officer, and you are her Supply Officer. In the trenches the fight lets up once in a while, but in the home——?

In France you got a mask to protect yourself from gas, but you don't get one while talking with your wife.

The fiercest fighting is yet to come—wait until the "Infantry" arrives. Instead of shouldering arms, you shoulder Baby. On the battlefield, shell may screech and scream, but they have nothing on the kid.

You get your walking papers every night. This is the only hike you take.

In war you sign up for only four years. There is no such clause as that in your marriage certificate. You can get exempt from war on account of marriage, but you can't get exempt from marriage on account of war.

(Censored—OK) —Anon.

This is vacation time and we erect a headstone on the grave of our collective ambition, saying "Here lies the Ambition of the Casper Office Force"—it is too darn hot to write anything more for the Review this month.

Around Salt Creek

The new Union Hospital, under construction at the south end of the Salt Creek field, just across the Highway from South Continental Camp, is being rushed to completion as rapidly as possible. This institution will be used by the Continental, Ohio, and Carter Companies jointly and will be under the supervision and management of Dr. H. R. Lathrop of Casper, with perhaps a resident physician in direct charge in addition to two trained nurses. The new building will have room and equipment for over twenty beds.

Mrs. Mary Darrell, a waitress at the Midwest Boarding House, was the victim of a seemingly innocent fall, on the Main Camp dining room floor, early this month, while carrying out her breakfast dishes. Altho hard to understand just how it happened, her foot became doubled up under her and the tibia or main ankle bone was broken. Mrs. Darrell was carried to the rear, a rush call sent in for the Company ambulance, and she was taken to the Midwest Hospital where she received the immediate care of Dr. Roach. The broken bone is knitting nicely and Mrs. Darrell will be able to be back at work by shortly after the end of the month.

Flock of Field Boilers—at rest—before being sent out to drilling wells.—

Baby Eagles—captured in the sand-rocks a few miles north of Salt Creek, and now used to mascot the big Midwest Dam project.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Estes of Home Camp where Mr. Estes is Postmaster, motored to Sheridan over the 4th of July.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lucas of Midwest Home Camp spent a few days early in the month at their ranch near Arminto. Mr. Lucas is manager of the Midwest Commissary at Salt Creek.

The Salt Creek Social Club gave a very attractive dance at the Home Camp Hall on June 29th. The party was well attended and the crowd proved a very congenial one.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borsch motored to Casper for a couple of days over July 4th spending the short vacation with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Horton of the Midwest Home Camp, where Mr. Horton is a member of the Electrical Department, have a baby boy born on July 8th. Horton, himself, was so excited that he gave away eleven boxes of cigars, all of which were much appreciated.

Miss Florence Ward, manager of the Midwest Theatre at Salt Creek, spent several weeks the latter part of June and early part of July in Denver, where she underwent an operation on her ear, necessitated as a result of an abcess developing following an attack of the measles. Miss Ward was able to resume her responsibilities at the theatre late in the month.

The past month at Salt Creek has been replete with the visits of big officials of most of the larger Companies of the field. Chairmen of Board of Directors, Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Directors and other mighty men in the petroleum world of the Standards of Indiana, New Jersey and California, of the Midwest Refining Company, the Continental Oil Company, the Ohio, the Carter and the Kasoming have all been here to look over late developments and catch up on production, pipe-lines and activity in general, first hand.

The very attractive and vivacious younger

sister of Mrs. George Reesy of Midwest Home Camp spent a few weeks here early in July, and to say that "She came, saw and conquered," would but state it mildly, for Miss Jacqueline Neilson, just simply combined that demure way, with a personality and chic that all but disrupted several supposedly sane and conservative young minds. Her home is in Thermopolis, but we hope not for long.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Freeman and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Waugh spent a few days over the 4th fishing and camping in the Big Horns and report a most delightful outing.

Mr. Van S. Harding of the Midwest Canadian Camp is on an extended vacation trip visiting with his mother and other relatives in Denver.

Miss Karine Traylor, whose middle name is "Adelade" and whose cognomen among those who are really well acquainted is "Tutti-Frutti" made a trip to Casper early in the month to drive back their big Hudson Touring car. She reported that the return trip was all serene

and that all trucks and cars, gave her a wide birth.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Tyrrel of New Chicago Camp became the parents of a baby girl, born on July 1st. Mr. Tyrrel is a carpenter employed by the Building Department of the Company at Salt Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Gildner and family spent a two weeks period touring thru Nebraska by auto, visiting with relatives and friends.

"Ed." Hamlin is driving a sporty new Jewett touring car.

Mrs. H. H. Patterson and daughters, left early in the month for an extended trip to Chicago, traveling in the big Nash touring car. The Pattersons will visit with relatives in Chicago and other points in Illinois for a month or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wilson of the Midwest Gas Plant are the proud parents of a fine healthy baby boy, born on the first day of July.

Ray S. Clary who for the past three years has been associated with the Warehouse Department of the Midwest at Salt Creek, has left the employ of the Company to become associated with business interests at Lavoye.

Word comes to Salt Creek that Mrs. Clarence Hall and baby son are thoroughly enjoying the delightful climate and beautiful scenery of Boulder, Colorado where they are spending the summer.

Mrs. Don Kennedy, is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Moyar at Midwest Home Camp for several weeks. The home of Mrs. Kennedy is Alamosa, Colorado. The Moyars have also had as their house guest, this month, Mrs. Coyle of Huntington, West Virginia, who is an aunt of Mrs Moyar's.

"Joe" Burford, of Salt Creek Pipe Line Department where he is known to all the boys as the one and only "Joe" is improving greatly and is able to be up and around some after his recent very critical combined heart and paralytic trouble. Hope has been revived on the part of his hosts of friends here that he may soon be completely recovered.

Dr. L. L. Jeffries spent a few days early in the month including July 4th at home getting acquainted with his family and came back rubbing his hands and seeking congratulations based on the fact that during the last visit he had been able to remember and call them all by their right names.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Koehler and sons Arthur and Fred, Jr. left early in the month for a visit to Duluth, Minnesota, making the trip by auto. Fred will return to resume his duties as Midwest time-keeper at the Production Department office in two weeks, while Mrs. Koehler and the two boys will remain for a couple of months visiting with numerous relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Willie returned to Salt Creek the middle of this month after enjoying a two weeks vacation trip back to visit with members of their immediate families in Wisconsin and other middle eastern states.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Patterson and family, Lee Worth, Harry Bossart and "Andy" Anderson spent a couple of days over the glorious 4th spinning, trolling and flying for the wily "speckled babies" in the streams of the Big Horns, and in spite of "Andy's" splashings and Harry's lilting Harry Lauder imitations the catch was good.

Mike Tegeland and family spent a two weeks vacation period early in July in Thermopolis and returned to work much rested and revived after the change of scenery and environment.

Lyle C. Garner, formerly of the Pipe Line Department at Salt Creek and now in charge of the Midwest Office at Casper Tank Farm stopped briefly in the field on his way thru to Sheridan to aid in looking after the body of his relative, Oakie Hendrickson, of the Midwest Company who was killed in an auto accident north of Buffalo on the evening of June 30th.

Casper Field Garage

Helper: "Aren't you going to grind the valves on the left side of the motor of G62 Scottie?"

Scottie: "No."

Helper: "Why not? it must be dirty and the valves haven't been ground for a long time."

Scottie: "Well she's been pulling to the left for some time and on these V type motors the only way to stop it is to grind the valves on that side. You see the right side is working, the best and wants to pull ahead all the time."

Bill: "When I lived in Denver I saw a close race, it was a horse race and one horse had a white nose and the judges just saw a little of the white skin ahead and that white skin on his nose won the race for him."

Bert: "When I went east last year and came back with a boss or director or whatever you want to call 'em I saw a boat race and the winning boat had five coats of paint instead of the usual four and it won that race by the thickness of that last coat of paint."

Walt: "Well you guys may have seen some close races but neither of those can compare with the race I saw."

Scottie: "Aw goan with ye, where'd you ever see a closer race as them, and what was it?"

Walt: "Why its the Scotch race, and you see 'em all over."

It was rumored some time ago that Midwest Stock was going to go down, its O K now they sold H7 and Scottie bought same, it had him down to his last $500,000.00 and he sold same for a good round price and is again on his feet but the third time is charm and the poor fellow can't even trade Sparky off.

A few months ago the Jewett was the best car on the market as related at the Garage, then the Dodge came to be the best and if you want a car now that runs like a sewing ma-

chine and will pass anything on the road just buy an Essex as Donko did.

Excess vitality is being shown at the Garage, maybe all the fellows can't explain but they can demonstrate.

One of the boys passed the smokes the morning following the Fourth, he wasn't celebrating a marriage or birth, so it must be that he won on the Fight.

The boys spent the Fourth in different ways, some motor boat riding, some just riding, some working, some sleeping after a hard nite before, but the one that has us guessing is the fellow who says he went fishing and never even took a pole or hook, he had quite a little drive too. They say he headed for Alcohol Gap, but that didn't need inspection. He is good as a motor inspector but as a geologist or landscape artist he would make a good seamstress.

For the drivers information will say that Mr. Parker and Allen request that you pass Websters they don't care for M & O's or Mozart Vanderbilts, we have some that will smoke anything tho, even to Mozart three for a half.

Grass Creek Notes

The season at Grass Creek, now well under way, promises to be the busiest for several years back. Perhaps that is the reason you have not heard from us lately. We have been silent for so long that we supposed you might think we had all died off up here.

Mr. Bechtel is putting on an extensive building programme. Since January we have built an attractive eight stall garage, three cottages, and a number of comfort stations. A large new bath house is being completed and an attractive club house is to be erected. These new buildings, when completed, will make living conditions in Grass Creek second to none. Mr. Paden also has a force of painters at work here which greatly improves the camp's appearance. Jim has made us several visits this Spring and Summer looking after this work.

Grass Creek was well represented at Cody, Wyoming on the Fourth of July. We had lots of fun stamping at the Stampede, even Ralph Viles who got there the night before the Fourth and had to curl up in the back seat of his jitney for want of a bed.

We are just completing a new line system in the field for collecting the casing head gas and carrying it to the Ohio gasoline plant.

The Midwest baseball team at Grass Creek has played two games this Summer, losing a practice game to the Ohio's team and winning a one sided game from a Thermopolis Team. New uniforms furnished by Mr. Sinclair, have livened up the team which bids fair to be one of the best in this community.

Mr. Peake and Mr. Estabrook both visited Grass Creek in June. Mr. Rader, of Casper also spent a week's time working here. Mr. Burke H. Sinclair was up from Casper to attend the regular Council meeting on June 22nd. Mr. Knickerbocker spent several days in the Field and at the Neiber Dome test well during the middle of June taking inventory.

Dust from the Storage Yard

'Tis a bad season to test the patience of a truckdriver; with "tail" winds coupled with Detour Signs; life is just one damn hole after another. Some of the drivers have been staying in Salt Creek over Sunday, watching the ball games. Truly, the people of Salt Creek should get behind that team, as it is, in our opinion a well organized club.

The employees of the Storage Yard should patronize the library more as there are some wonderful new books by well known authors. Below is a list of the authors and the books they have completed:

McFarland, P. "Under Doctor's Orders."
Lewis, J. J. "On the Road to Glenrock."
Scott, Chas. "There is no Place Like Home."
Kear, Chas. "One at a Time."
Donahue, Ed. "On a Stilly Night."
Robinson, L. A. "Holes and How to Avoid Them."
Kelly, R. P. "The Girl from S. C."
Scribner, Ross "The Pea-Huller and it's Faults."
Stewart, E. T. "The Truck that made Chicago Famous."
Stewart, Bert. "If I were a Man."
Anderson, E. K. "Thirty Trips per Month."
Mathews, Harley, "Saving, It's Advantages and Results."
McCormick, L. B. "Were I a Millionaire."
Miller, Heavy "What to Eat & How Much."
Cushman, R. "A Five Ton White."
St. Louis, Sir Duke, "Weird Tales of London."
Nichols, Horace, "Ten Nights on The Bar."
Clayton, T. Cyril. "The Women I Love."

There are many more, that space forbids mentioning.

In regards to books, we understand, that Frank Bulter, is preparing a new addition of "Lost Roads and How to Find Them." In it he will tell how he went up one side, and came down the other on which there was supposed to be no road and how he was within twelve miles of Casper before he realized that he was not lost as he supposed.

Mr. G. F. Hoffman, was again elected to represent the employees of the Casper District, on the Joint Industrial Council, for the coming year. We are pleased that the employees of this district were so well pleased with the work done by "Whitey" and we wish him a good year of service.

Mr. T. P. Counts, who has been with this company for several years in various capacities, is planning on taking a few months vacation to try and build up himself, and overcome his failing health. We sincerely hope that the out-door work that he has planned for himself will accomplish the desired results, and he will again have good health.

We are very sorry to lose "Al" Delay. He has left our company and state to return to Nebraska. We feel that we have lost a good friend and baseball player. However we hope that great success will come to him in his new location.

T. S. Daley, known as "Stivy" learned a great lesson out at Salt Creek about a month ago. He asked why some houses had doors and others none. The reason was very clearly explained to him. If you notice any such condltion just speak to Daley and he will explain.

Don Saunders felt the call of the "Home Town," and left for Miles City, Montana, to visit with his friends and companions of other days. We hope that he has a very pleasant trip and will be glad to see him when he returns.

The following little news item was printed in the Casper Tribune the early part of June: "Miss Nellie Doyle Emerick and Frank Evensizer were married Saturday afternoon, of last week at the home of the bride 140 North Virginia Street. The Rev. George Woodard officiating. The couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Emerick. The couple will make their home at 238 East K Street." Needless to say we were greatly surprised. We didn't think you dared Frank. But you know we all fall sooner or later to the affections that flesh is heir to. All of the Benedicts are extending their congratulation and the others their——. Well here is to a long and happy wedded life Frank.

Chas. Wynn has returned to herding trucks again. He has been recuperating from an operation and he is looking fine. We are glad to see him and hope that he doesn't have to take a like vacation again.

The Chimera of Dollar Gasoline

(*Continued from Page* 2)

ent that no refiner could afford to be without a cracking plant. On this basis the producer might well ask $25 a barrel for the oil for which he is now receiving $1.50. With such profits he would be justified in spending something like ten times as much money in discovering and delivering oil as he does now. This would mean that where he can now afford to drill, let us say, one dry hole, representing a bad guess, for every three producing holes, he could at the price quoted afford to drill ten bad guesses for one good guess. Under these conditions, caution would, of course, be the least of virtues, and it is certain that the countryside would in six months look like a pin-cushion with drilling derricks ornamenting the view in every direction.

Leaving this picture of prosperity in the petroleum industry, let us pass to the second natural resource. The prosaic operation of converting coal into coke would at once become an Eldorado not in quite the same way as oil production, but in its own sedate fashion. The $2 obtained from the sale of two gallons of motor fuel recovered from every ton of coal would more than pay for the coal, leaving all of the other products—the coke, gas, fertilizer, and chemicals—as outright gifts to the producer against which he would have to charge only the processing cost and no materials whatever. But this is only beginning of the widespread prosperity which $1 gasoline would mean. Let us consider the State of Colorado. The shale reserves of this State yield in the neighborhood of one barrel of oil per ton. These reserves are estimated by the Colorado School of Mines to amount to about 60,000,000,000 tons. Deducting a liberal figure for the mining of the shale and the retorting and refining, these shale reserves would be worth from $10 to $20 per ton in situ. This would give a figure in the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000,000 for the taxable wealth of the State of Colorado alone. This is just about four times the estimated total wealth of the United States at the present time. Incidentally, it may be remarked that Colorado shale lands are freely offered at the present time at prices from $5 per acre up, depending on situation.

Let us turn to the third class of natural resources: Blackstrap molasses, which sells delivered at New York for from three cents to five cents a gallon, would be worth approximately twenty cents per gallon. Sawdust would be worth half as much as a good grade of wood at the present time. Corn, now selling around ninety cents per bushel, would be worth from $2 to $2.50 per bushel and other grains would increase proportionately. To the farmer, at least, motor fuel at $1 per gallon would be a blessing of all blessings, since it would be a very poor farmer indeed who did not profit many times as much from the increased value of his grain crops as he would lose by the increased cost of the average of four hundred gallons of gasoline per annum which he burns. With $2 or $2.50 corn and other grains in proportion those of us who have ever been engaged in farming would be quit willing to face this prospect of $1 gasoline.

Now, all of the above calculations are patent absurdities—not that they are mathematically incorrect, for great care has been taken in the estimates of yields and costs of motor fuel on which they are based; and they are conservative within the limits given. The absurdity is a fundamental one, that is, it is inherent in the assumption that gasoline could reach a price level of one dollar per gallon.

But for the present and for years to come we are dependent upon crude oil to keep the wheels of industry turning. The facilities for the production from vegetation or solid mineral deposits of motor fuel in sufficient quantity to supply the consuming markets have not come into existence, for the reason that, generally speaking, these fuels cannot economically compete with the product of crude petroleum. What security have we then that some mishap may not overtake the crude oil giant, now occupying the field substantially alone, or that he may not grow extortionate in his attitude towards those dependent on him? The answer to both questions is that the giant is not a giant but a multitude.

The oil industry is but a characteristic development of modern commerce, less centralized than most of the other great industries, a giant viewed and measured by the work it is doing

but in actuality a host of American citizens quietly attending to their individual businesses. There are probably 30,000 producers of crude in the United States and some 450 refiners. Of these not much more than a hundred actually produce even a part of the oil that they refine and on the average less than 900,000 barrels of crude a day is refined by the companies or individuals which produced it. On the surface, no industry is more vulnerable to an unforeseen and drastic curtailment of raw material which would be immediately translated into afamin and high prices of motor fuel. A timber cruiser's report is collateral at the bank and the diamond drill picks out unerringly the copper and coal supplies of the next generation, but one may only guess where the oil of the future lies. Producing fields come and go, some short lived but for a time drenching the markets with an over-abundance of petroleum. Others maintain a surprising regularity and permanence of production but all, in time, unless reinforced by new sources of supplies, fail to keep pace with the consumption of gasoline. Are we justified, then, in assuming that the supply of crude petroleum and the gasoline production from crude will be, on the average, sufficiently maintained to prevent either a serious shortage or an exorbitant price, while the second and third classes of natural resources have time to get into the market if they are needed? The only answer to this is the record of the past. The industry has already shown its ability to increase gasoline production from 20,000,000 barrels in 1913 to 120,000,000 in 1922, of which 100,000,000 barrels were consumed in this country. This has been done by three methods: first, by increasing crude production; second, by cutting more deeply into the crude to produce the most needed products, and third, by cracking fuel oil. In this latter process the industry must in the future make some further scientific progress to the end that the maximum yield of gasoline to meet future requirements be secured As has been said, there remains 11,000,000,000 gallons of fuel oil available for cracking each year. A factor which has already been mentioned and which operates in conformity with the varying demands for motor fuel is that the percentage of gasoline obtained from crude is far from being a fixed quantity. There can be an enormous difference in the specifications and yield of gasoline, and, as has been said, the average consumer will barely notice it. If gasoline is relatively short, therefore, the gasoline yield on the average, goes up until the balance point is reached. As gasoline piles up in storage and competition grows keener, the yield goes down and the quality gets somewhat higher. The extent of this change is seldom realized but its great stabilizing influence can scarcely be over-estimated.

It is safe, therefore, to adopt towards this problem the same method of reasoning which the insurance actuary must use—both as to the continuance of supply from existing petroleum fields and the discovery of new fields. It is upon the average of past experience that the economics of the future rest and they promise us ample warning if the day ever dawns when a retirement to the second and third lines of defense proves necessary.

The only limitation upon our assurance of comparative stability, both as to the supply and price of the motor fuel of the future, is the human temptation to tinker with a structure that has grown into being under purely natural laws. This huge instrument for the production of motor fuel of today, with its myriads of humans delving into the earth for the crude, or every day contriving some new device for the extraction of its products, or distributing these products far and near, sometimes may appear a heavy, clumsy, and inefficient machine. Its only recommendation is that it has functioned to keep pace with possibly the most rapidly growing demand on the part of the consuming public that modern industrial progress has produced. But to many it must seem a mechanical monstrosity capable of great improvement. What a temptation it presents to the amateur mechanic, highly skilled in the operation of a wheelbarrow, to cut off a few of the noisy projecting parts which offend the eye and ear, plug up the smokestack, and thus stop the outpouring of smoke, and in general improve its appearance and operation. Our mechanic would doubtless promise that when these improvements were carried out the machine would be silent and efficient, beautiful to look upon, have untold power, and would thereafter never exceed a nice easy speed on the one hand nor be a minute late on the other.

How is all this to be accomplished? Let us fix the price of crude oil, or, if it is to be allowed to change at all, then limit the permissible change to twenty-five cents a barrel in any one year. Let us next fix the specifications for gasoline, so that it shall always be exactly the same, which means that the yield from the crude will be definitely fixed. This also might be made subject to change if the proposed change were proved to be necessary beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt—and the courts should finally so hold.

Last of all, let us provide that any oil company getting up an improved cracking process to increase the yield of gasoline from crude oil shall be held *prima facie* guilty of an attempt at monopoly and that the attorney-general shall thereupon bring the guilty one into court and give him an opportunity there to establish his innocence if he can.

In the past there have been wide, sometimes almost wild, fluctuations in the price of crude oil, but nevertheless, experience has proved that these wide and sudden swings were necessary to stimulate the production of crude when it was needed and to cut it down when it threatened to swamp us. The actual individual changes have not been great—about half a cent doses of the same medicine were sometimes per gallon at a time in most cases—but several needed in quick succession to effect the required regulation. No one could fix in advance the size or number or doses. The consumers merely kept at it until it worked. Is there any other way?

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Frank Keeley
George Zimmerman

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper
Jack Moyer
T. S. McCleary

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

James M. Holder

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

D. T. Beck, Producing Department
R. G. Austin, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

Secretary:

E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

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Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.

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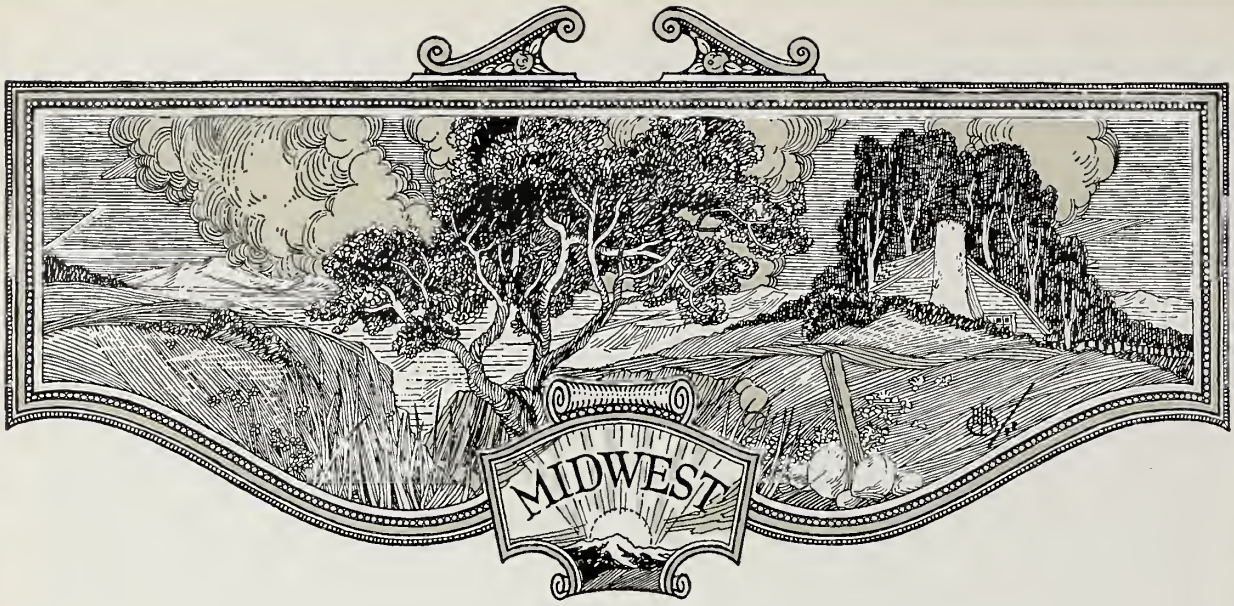

WHAT IS "PEP?"

Vigor, vitality, vim and punch—
That's Pep.
The courage to act on a sudden hunch—
That's Pep.
The nerve to tackle the hardest thing
With feet that climb, and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's Pep.
Sand and grit in a concrete base—
That's Pep.
Friendly smile on an honest face—
That's Pep.
The spirit that keeps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown,
That loves its neighbor, and loves its town—
That's Pep.
To say, "I will," for you know you can,
To look for the best in every man—
That's Pep.
To meet each intending knock-out blow
And come back with a laugh, because you know
You'll get the best of the whole great show—
That's Pep.

—Author Unknown

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Volume IV August, 1923 Number 7

SALT CREEK NOT BAGDAD

PUBLISHED *for the* MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

The Midwest building in Casper as it was decorated for the Casper Rodeo, which was held the first of August. This excellent picture was taken by E. C. Whittenburg of the Casper Garage force.

The Midwest Review

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Insurance Nears Two Million Mark

At the close of June, the total amount of Life Insurance carried by the Midwest Refining Company on the lives of its employes, amounted to $1,720,500.00. A glance at the figures contained in the statement below will show that the number of employes insured is greater and that a large number of applications awaiting the termination of the six-months probationary period, are on file. The statement for the month of June is as follows:

Total Employees insured	1,330
Total Insurance in effect	$1,720,500.00
Total applications on file under six months	1,262
Number employes insured during the month:	
Original certificates ... 42	
Increase certificates ...120	162
Insurance issued during the month	$ 87,000.00
Number deaths during the month	0
Total amount paid beneficiaries during the month	0

Daily Crude Oil Production

The American Petroleum Institute estimates that the daily average gross crude oil production in the United States for the week ended July 28 was 2,274,400 barrels as compared with 2,255,950 barrels for the preceding week, an increase of 18,450 barrels. The daily average production east of the Rocky Mountains was 1,424,400 barrels, as compared with 1,404,950 barrels, an increase of 19,450 barrels. California production was 850,000 barrels as compared with 851,000 barrels, a decrease of 1,000 barrels.

The estimated daily average gross production of the Mid-Continent field, including Oklahoma, Kansas, North Texas, Central Texas, North Louisiana and Arkansas for the week ended July 28 was 1,043,000 barrels, as compared with 1,049,850 barrels for the preceding week, a decrease of 6,850 barrels. The Mid-Continent production, excluding Smackover, Arkansas, heavy oil, was 950,200 barrels, against 957,900 barrels, a decrease of 7,700 barrels.

The estimated daily average gross production of the Gulf Coast field was 107,950 barrels, as compared with 102,400 barrels for the preceding week, an increase of 5,550 barrels.

The combined daily average gross production of the Southwest field was 1,150,950 barrels, as compared with 1,152,250 barrels for the preceding week, a decrease of 1,300 barrels.

Oklahoma-Kansas shows a daily average gross production of 570,550 barrels, a decrease of 584,400 barrels; North Texas shows an increase of 1,100 barrels; Central Texas an increase of 5,400 barrels; North Louisiana a decrease of 250 barrels; and Arkansas an increase of 750 barrels.

The estimated daily gross production of the Wyoming and Montana field was 159,950 barrels as compared with 139,200 barrels for the preceding week, an increase of 20,750 barrels.

Derricks Instead of Pyramids

Ancient Greece and Rome held their pageants of the military and state, the barbarians gave full sway to their love of color and pomp in victorious celebrations and religious rites, modern Europe saw the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" and in this country there have been occasions where were gathered hosts in the celebrating or commemorating of events that made history, but Salt Creek History was made on July 18th, when with derricks for pyramids and the proverbial hot sands, interspersed with oil-pools, tanks and pipe lines, the great oil field provided setting, scenery and background for the All State meet of Wyoming Shriners.

"Bob" Ellison said, "Put it across," and the Midwest wheels began to grind. From the time of first plans and arrangements on thru to the strains of the last waltz of the monster reception and dance, no effort was spared and every big element and every detail was provided and dovetailed to make Salt Creek's first all state event or convention of any kind not a mere success, but a veritable triumph.

Dr. L. L. Jeffers of Midwest Home Camp, our much appreciated dentist and a real fellow, was the general chairman in charge of the event and to him goes a great deal of the credit. "Doc" proved a versatility, diplomacy and managing ability combination that couldn't be surpassed. Among the Midwest men who especially aided and abetted him thruout in effective and efficient manner, were Harry Chandler, who had charge of Housing; C. V. Fletcher, Transportation; Warren Runkle, Parade; John Grant, Entertainment; Ed Hamlin, General Secretary of the Shrine Committee.

Superintendent D. W. Lewis played the game thruout and turned all local Midwest factors directly in line supporting the general program. Every Department and every sub factor, in truth, almost every man had something to do and played a part.

There were over five hundred visiting Nobles in Salt Creek on the Eighteenth, and near two hundred visiting Shrine Ladies. Fifty-two novices were most effectively put across the burning sands and the manner of their crossing will bring back a smile for many a day. H. H. Patterson in a hula hula skirt, Jack Clary and his pet goats, Lee Worth in a ball and chain, Johnny Nance in a breech cloth and Ed Vreelin and his camel, humanly propelled, as well as many more, were sights to cause a riot of fun and they did.

The celebration of the day started the night before, with Nobles, wives and friends arriving from all over the State. From the Jackson Hole and the Big Horn Basin, from Buffalo, Rawlins, Rocksprings, from Cheyenne and Laramie, from Riverton and Lander, the caravans rolled in and the Zero Hour proved to coincide with the arrival of the Sheridan Kalif Temple delegation, with Drill Team and Trombone Band and from that moment no one was in doubt of the tremendously enthusiastic sort of a success the event would prove.

On the morning of the 18th the first few hours were taken up with registration and business details with car loads of visiting Nobles arriving every few minutes and Casper coming in to the tune of over a hundred.

The parade at noon was a riot of color, with the Sheridan drill team and band of Kalif Temple leading off. All of the Shriners were in line, with the special features of this part of the program built up around the fifty-two novices, all of whom won undying fame as clowns of the first water. It was better than a circus.

In the afternoon, ceremonial work was put on in the big Brown Palace Hall, while for the visiting ladies, a special matinee preformance at the Midwest Theater held the boards.

The giant Shriners Banquet for men at the Midwest Hotel, served at 8 p. m. under the direction of Manager Dan Trudgen was just about the peak and crux of success. Every factor was perfectly and efficiently arranged and the feed itself was one of the finest ever set forth on a banquet board. About four hundred were seated and the big dining room was a blaze of decorations with the red fezes splashing color in an ever changing swirl. The details of the service went with a

Salt Creek Entertains Shriners for a Day

Rodolf Anderson of Salt Creek gives Mudgett of Casper a close shave. John Cleary, Casper novice helping..+

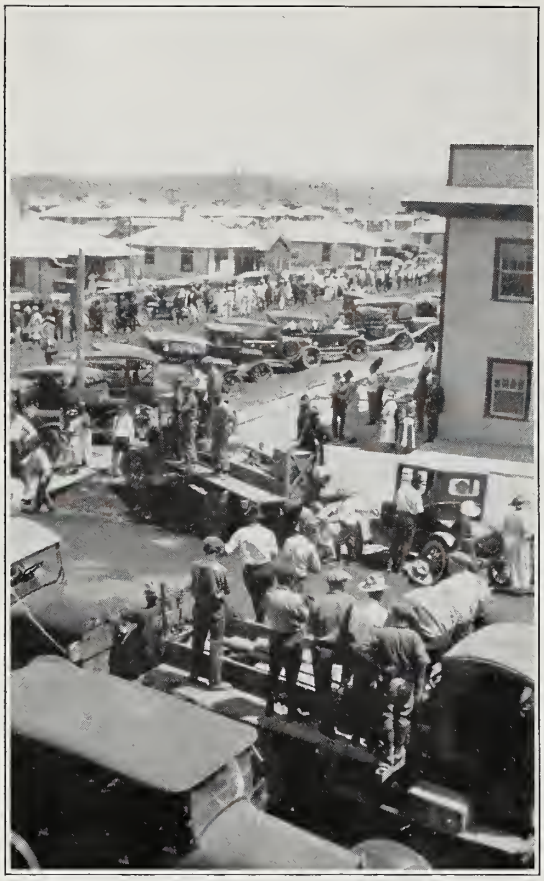
John Cleary, Casper *the chains are real*..

O'Brien-Casper . . Storage Yards is . the gay Caballero

+and M.E. Edwards Casper Noble . . . .

A group of novices . Designated by the . . . White Robes . . . . . .

The Parade through Salt Creek Salt Creek Band Leading . . . . .



Showing part of parade and crowd at corner of Midwest Theatre.

smoothness and dispatch of a well oiled machine. Mr. Trudgen showed marvelous ability not only in the distinctive manner in which the banquet was put across, but in handling the tremendous extra crowds of the day at the regular noon luncheon and evening dinner. Over nine hundred were fed at the Midwest Hotel at noon in one hour and fifteen minutes.

Entertainment features of the banquet were provided by Eldred's twelve-piece Midwest orchestra and "Irene", who sang and danced her way into a popularity that was expressed by vociferous applause and some other ways.

The brief round of toasts and speeches were delivered in very effective style with Ralph R. Reed of Buffalo, acting as Toastmaster. R. S. Ellison in most happy and appropriate manner spoke for the Midwest Hosts. Hudson W. Darrah of Cody and Harry M. Huntington of Salt Creek made brief talks. Jack Clary spoke representing the novices of the day. L. A. Reed made a very catchy little talk and L. L. Jeffers, general chairman of the convention, spoke briefly and strongly. The visiting Shrine Ladies were banqueted at the Community Church, with the Ladies Union in charge of the dinner. Over one hundred and twenty attended the ladies' banquet.

On to the big dance was the next step and this reception and dance combined was a nobly staged affair and everyone had a good time. The Brown Palace Hall as the largest open floor in the field, furnished the setting for the big evening wind-up party.

The Kalif Temple of Sheridan was in direct charge of the convention and its formal ceremonies. The Salt Creek Shrine Committee handled all the local arrange-

Jack Clary and his pet goats.

ments. The cooperation of the Korien Temple of Rawlins and of the Casper Shrine Club, of which organization George Campbell is president, also was complete and sincere.

Mrs. Leslie E. Snow of Salt Creek, staged individually one of the biggest hits of the convention with the canvases she painted, caricaturing well known Shriners locally. Her pictures were more than ridiculously funny, they were artistically conceived and carried out very cleverly.

The big Shrine doings had to come to an end and so end it did, leaving everyone tired but utterly satisfied. Taken all in all the atmosphere furnished by the Salt Creek field as a background for a State meet proved the most novel ever witnessed by most of those who attended. This was probably not only the first convention of state-wide importance staged in Salt Creek but was the first time an oil field ever acted host for so large and prominent a gathering.

A happy bunch of novices, chained together.

Midwest Salt Creek Baseball Team with Manager Dan Trudgen in center—disguised in blue glasses.

Everyone connected with the Midwest Organization and with Salt Creek gave cheerfully all they had to make the event a success and bade farewell to the departing visitors with palms extended and the message "May the Grace of Allah be with you," on their lips.

Salt Creek Legion Post

The Orin Snyder Post of the American Legion, at Salt Creek, was reorganized on the first Sunday afternoon of this month, the meeting being held at the Club Rooms of the local post in the Home Camp Amusement Hall. Colonel Erwin A. Froyd, Midwest Geologist for Salt Creek, was elected Post Commander, with Ray Clary of the Midwest Warehouse force as Vice-Commander, John Grant of the Midwest Pipe Line Office, as Adjutant and R. A. Goodman of Lavoye, as Treasurer. Colonel Froyd is the man to logically head the Legion Organization, and with his personality, loyal spirit, and good judgment directing, much is hoped for the Orin Snyder Post, this year.

The feminist orator was wound up as she addressed the gathering of mere men.

"Women," she shouted, "have in all times and in all countries been the mainspring of national existence. Who was the world's greatest hero? Helen of Troy! Who was the world's greatest ruler? Queen Victoria! Who was the world's greatest martyr? Gentlemen, who, I say, was the world's greatest martyr?"

And with one voice that immense crowd of men arose and cried:

"My wife!"—Tulsa World.

Midwest's New Lake Building

Work is progressing rapidly on the immense reservoir which the Midwest Refining Company is building near Shannon, six miles north of Salt Creek. The pictures on the accompanying page show the location of the big lake, the dam and the tunnels being constructed for the spillway.

The big lake will be held back by a dam 900 feet long, forty feet high, varying at the base from 100 to 200 feet in width. The lake will be over two miles long and nearly forty feet deep at the lower end.

Big engineering feats were necessary in the work of construction, among them being the boring of a tunnel through sandrock to act as a spillway and overflow around the dam. The tunnel is seven feet wide and eight feet high.

Exploration Department

One of the departments of The Midwest Company about which very little has been mentioned in the magazine, is the Exploration Department. This branch of the Company is charged with the duty of acquiring additional drilling acreage in a constant effort to discover new sources of petroleum in the Rocky Mountain district. Its activities extend from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande, and from the middle of Kansas to the western boundaries of Utah, Idaho and Montana.

From the very nature of its duties, this department must work unobtrusively, for, should a certain area appear to be an interesting oil prospect, and the news become public, a great many speculators will try and get acreage in the vicinity without participating in the drilling of a test well. This is a case where it does not pay to advertise—possibly this is the exception that proves the rule.

We shall therefore give the Midwest readers a very brief and sketchy introduction to the Exploration Department.

Just a word as to the personnel. Mr. George B. Jenkinson, with headquarters at the Denver office, is manager of the department, having succeeded Mr. H. C. Bretschneider in March last. The latter built up the department organization and still acts in an advisory capacity with his other duties as Director of the Midwest and assistant to the President. Mr. Mark O. Danford, Vice President Mid-Northern Oil Company, also represents the Midwest Exploration Department at Billings, Montana. Mr. H. E. Dailey is the Casper representative for Wyoming. Mr. S. R. Cohagan, headquarters at Albuquerque, covers New Mexico and Arizona, and Mr. J. E. Bramwell, of the Utah Oil Refining Company, looks after the State of Utah. With this organization, the department is kept fully informed and can act quickly to close on any acreage considered desirable.

The Denver office personnel is as follows: Mr. H. Roe, Chief Clerk, Miss Hattie E. Giffin and Miss Clara M. Johnson, stenographers; Mr. L. W. Terrill, who handles business of the Western States also devotes part of his time to Exploration matters? Mr. Kent S. Whitford, of the Legal Department, devotes most of his time to Exploration Department business. Mr. J. E. Redburn, formerly in the Geological Department at Denver, is assisting Mr. Danford in Montana leasing matters. As the personnel of the Geological Department has previously been introduced to the readers of the Midwest Magazine, we will not repeat at the present time on account of lack of space.

Jenkinson is a professional pessimist—he modestly but firmly admits this when he is obliged to sluice the ice-water on some hectic proposition for producing oil from some place where the geologists know it is two miles deep, and all gone when you get there. And no doubt the other named gentlemen are the same, only more or less so.

The Exploration and Geological Departments are closely allied; in fact, the Geological Department from their information obtained in the field, and from U. S. Geological Service Bulletins, and various other sources, is in position to determine im-

(*Continued on page* 26)

Scenes at the New Midwest Reservoir

Part of the Lake Bottom

Looking into the Bed of the Lake

The Tunnel & some of the workers

Another Glimpse of Site

The Lake site

The Tunnel Entrance

The Third Annual Picnic

A topic to be interesting must be timely. But it so happened that the day on which the Annual Picnic of the Denver Office Employes was held, was also the day that the July Review columns were closed. For this reason, and also due to the fact that considerable material was already on hand for the July number, it was desired to hold the article and illustrations on this event over until August. Therefore, when you opened your July number and scanned its columns carefully for an account of the picnic, you found it missing for the above stated reasons.

The Third Annual Picnic of the Denver Office was held at Silver Plume, Colorado, on Tuesday, July 10th. Now picnics are picnics, just the same as "pigs is pigs." Like a circus one is the same as the other; you see one and you see all. But, the Third Annual was heralded as being **different.** While its fundamental principles were the same, the ingredients took on a different hue.

Like all picnics there was the start, the train ride to our objective point, the "eats," the sports and games and the return home. But where we were bound for, the "said and aforementioned eats," the sports and games, and even the train ride to and from, were distinctively different.

Silver Plume, Colorado, situated high in the pine-covered, rock-clad hills was the setting for this year's festivities. Over nine thousand feet in the air, taking us up the renowned Clear Creek Canon, and over the "Far-Famed Georgetown Loop." It was a trip we will all remember. So the Picnic of 1923 can be jotted down in the archives of our memories for the trip, if for nothing else.

But there were other things. A real, honest-to-goodness "Barbecued Feed," the menu of which was composed of roast lamb, and spare-ribs, rolls, pickles, olives, cookies and coffee. This served in a real "down to earth" fashion by two "cullud" gentlemen of culinary abilities. And even if it did insist on raining to beat all "dutch," this stuff went or wet down in first rate fashion, and we have yet to hear a real complaint.

With most of us well filled, and "rarin' to go," the gang repaired to the picnic grove for the sports. Again, in spite of the continual drizzle, we managed to put over one of the snappiest programs of races, sports and games yet witnessed on any picnic. Mr. E. L. Muehler was in charge of the field events, and was ably aided by other members of the committee. Erdmann handled the job well, and all who participated or witnessed these events enjoyed themselves.

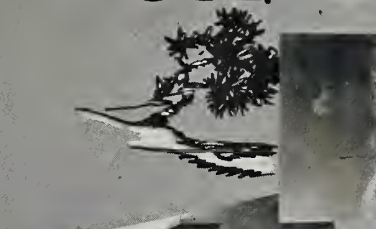
Again we say they were different. First there was the Needle and Thread Race, a new event. This was won by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer S. Stebenne. Miss Gretchen Bremmerman and Mr. Tom May were second.

Following this was the Ladies' Flatiron Throwing Contest. This was won by Mrs. C. J. Barkdull with Mrs. J. G. Bohmann second. Is there any significance in the fact that Mrs. Barkdull won this event while Mr. Barkdull was in charge of the event and standing a great distance from the throwing line? In the words of a Japanese schoolboy, "We ask to know."

Then a bumping of shins and the thud of soft, wet earth and the winning team of the Centipede Race was across the line. This team was composed of John Holton, George Kirchberger, Art Johns, Crawford May, Ray Hamilton and Dallas Osborne.

Then the Egg and Spoon Race for Girls under 15 years of age. There was no rush,

What the Camera saw at SILVER PLUME



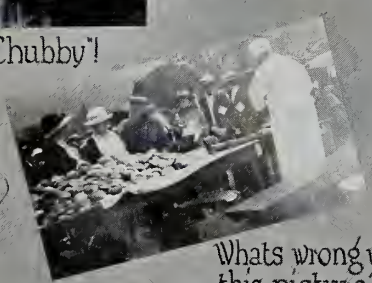
Over the Trestle on the Georgetown Loop

The Arrival

The Better Halves of the necktie race

"Hold on, Chubby"!

Wheelbarrow race



Whats wrong with this picture?

Oh you!

Live wires

First and second necktie race
"Look what our wives did to us."

Our own "High Test" Entertainers

we had to beg them to participate. Most of our young ladies must be sweet sixteen, but fifteen, never! This was won by Miss Marion McDonald with Miss Ruth Johnson second.

Boys' Sack Race, for boys not over 15 years was won by "Bob" Wright, son of Ralph Wright, with Cal Hantz, son of our baseball manager, second.

Ladies' Nail Driving Contest was won in a spirited finish by Mrs. O. C. Krause. She swings as wicked a hammer as Otto does a golf stick. Miss Gretchen Bremmerman was second. Score two for Gretchen.

Then came the Men's Wheelbarrow Race, another new event. This was won by the team of McNicholas and Baker. Hamilton and Stebenne were second. You should have seen Homer stride. Chalk up a big one for the Sales Accounting Division, as members of both teams report there daily. They have a few athletes in the west corner of the Eighth Floor.

Then the old reliable Necktie Race for Married Couples was on. This was won by Mr. and Mrs. Stebenne with the J. G. Bohmans second. Ring the bell again for the Sales Accounting Division. They are not all kids in the Sales Accounting Division, some of them are married men.

The Hoop Race was then on deck, and after full instructions from the Honorable A. K. Barnes as to how it was done, they were OFF! But, alas, some "guuf" muffed one and our side lost, but we all can't win, especially against the "Nicoll-Dietler" combination.

And then the Men's Three-Legged Race won by Nicoll and Marriott, winners of the same event last year. They have two legs on the cup now, and it only takes three to win. Keleher-McNicholas, flying the colors of Old Erin, were second. Incidentally, this was Kelly's first attendance to a picnic. We will say here, that he was one of the first instigators for the first picnic, but before it was held, he was laid low with appendicitis, which robbed him of the fun and glory. Needless, to say, we were glad to have his smiling presence with us on the Third Annual. Come again, Kelly, you're always welcome.

"Ladies, step forward." The next event was the Ladies' Slipper Kicking Contest, and this was another new one. This was won by a little lady in the Legal Department, Miss Leonore Gunston, with a boot of almost 71 feet, not size, you understand. Miss Genevieve Gegg, of the Chicago Office, who was here on her vacation, was second.

Then the Horse-Shoe Pitching Contest won by his honor "Chubby" Marriott, with Baseball Manager Hantz, second. "Boy, who said **horses?"**

The Peanut Rolling Race for kiddies concluded the day. "Bob" Wright scored his second first with Russell Johnson, second.

Thus ended the day at Silver Plume, and it was still raining, and beginning to put it in "high" as we pulled up our stakes and started rolling back home.

An enormous crowd attended the picnic this year, almost half again as large as were present at either of the two previous years. It was, therefore, necessary to divide the train into two sections. In relating what happened on our journey to and from the picnic grounds it is hard to cover from one point of view, and we'll have to surmise, as in the case of a circus, that what is going on in the ring in front of us is taking place in the other rings also.

There were a group of hired entertainers, but what we saw of them or heard of them—the less said the better. In absence of these hirelings on one section, we organized our own concert or vaudeville, composed of Miss Muriel Stevens, prima donna, Harry Kessler, Ray Hamilton, Danny Murphy, Crawford May, and others, and directed and introduced by Billy "Harry Lauder Number Two" Nicoll. They were hard to beat. It would be well to hear more of them. They kept things going up and back, and had a barrel of fun doing it.

Singing was the big asset of the trip, and the Midwest song to the tune of Georgette written by Danny Murphy went over big.

"Midwest—Midwest—the gang is all here.
Step on the gas—we're all in high gear.
Let's go—Let's go—we're rarin' to go,
Now watch your step—we're full of "pep"
And we don't mean "Maybe so."
Excuse our dust for we're on our way,

That's why we feel so happy and gay.
Don't let the parade be delayed,
We'll make it on any old grade,
With zest—high test—Midwest.

Mr. W. S. "Billy" Nicoll was chairman of this year's committee and handled things in a first-class manner. The success of this event is due largely to him and he deserves credit. C. J. Barkdull, A. K. Barnes, A. L. Clark, M. A. Dietler, R. O. Dietler, J. H. Izett, E. L. Muehler, R. W. Johnson, and A. F. Russell made up the committee under his direction, and they all worked hard to make it a grand and glorious success.

Many firms of the city contributed gifts for the prizes, and we thank them most kindly.

Now, in closing let us again thank the officers of our company for their kindness, thoughtfulness, and generosity in making this good time possible. It is certainly appreciated by all without a doubt.

And in the musical tongue of the Southland, let us say "hasta luega."

Big Bus Burns

One of the big brown Salt Creek Transportation Company busses as a result of steering gear trouble went over the side of the road in the double dips about a mile south of Pine Ridge on the main Highway late in August. Joe Telford, driving, by great presence of mind, jumped and very probably saved his life. No passengers were in the big car. Shortly after the accident, in some unexplainable manner the bus caught fire and was completely destroyed.

Sager was the Artist

In the last issue of the Midwest Review, we unwittingly gave credit for the beautiful snow scene of Salt Creek, by moonlight, to Gregory Powell. This was a mistake. The picture was taken by Ernest Sager of the Salt Creek force. Powell never stayed up until midnight in his life.

A grey whiskered old man was sunning himself on the beach at a popular resort when a nifty little flapper in a one-half piece bathing suit smiled at him and asked "How old are you, Old Man." He sighed and answered, "Eighty-five, damn it."

Gasoline Makes Oil Town Boom

Gasoline makes the oil town boom. The procession of motor cars on our highways today, demanding more and more oil, is inspiring the oil man to new discoveries. Ranger, Homer, Mexia and many other towns in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Wyoming and California which in recent years have had oil discoveries owe their spectacular fame to the ubiquitous motor car.

Only some sixty years ago Titusville, Oil City, Rouseville and Pithole City in Western Pennsylvania were romantic boom towns signalizing the birth of oil production in the U. S. It had been discovered that petroleum would burn in lamps and these early towns owed their existence to the finding of a substitute for whale oil and coal oil as an illuminant. For fifty years after the discovery of oil the use of kerosene motivated oil field development. Then came the automobile.

Unappreciative Audience

My fishing tackle I confess
Was got at much expense,
I am convinced that fish possess
But slight artistic sense.

—*Exchange.*

Ellison Catches a Whopper

Mr. T. A. Dines, president; R. S. Ellison, vice president; A. W. Peake, general superintendent and James Gratiot of Casper, went fishing late in July. They motored up to the Red Fork of Powder River and spent three very delightful days. They caught a nice lot of trout, but it remained for Vice President Ellison to carry off the honors. He landed a five-pound rainbow after a lively fight and a prouder fisherman doesn't exist in Wyoming or Colorado. It was a nice fish and nearly as long as the man holding him for Photographer Tracy Shaw to snap, as is evidenced by the picture herewith.

First Salt Creek Twins

Mr. and Mrs. Brit Griffith, of the Midwest Company have the honor of being the parents of the first twins ever born in the Salt Creek field. The twins, a boy and a girl, and their mother are doing wonderfully well. Mr. Griffith is a driller for the Midwest and the family live at New Chicago Camp. Dr. Roach who officiated at the big event, which occurred late in July, states that he has never seen a healthier, finer looking pair of babies.

Nowels to Government

Kenneth Nowels who has been associated with Mr. Estebrook's Department, handling the work in the Salt Creek field for the past two years, left the Company late in last month to accept a very responsible position with the Government Bureau of Mines. Mr. Nowels will be located for the time being in the Salt Creek field, which fact will allow of some time to swing around and adjust ourselves to the idea of losing him. Kenneth was extremely well liked and we are hoping that the Interior Department will see fit to leave him in our midst from now on.

Rader to Salt Creek

Clarence M. Rader formerly of the Casper Office, has stepped into the position made vacant by the move of Mr. Nowels. Clarence was in the field for several months over a year ago and made a host of friends who are glad to have him back. We are not attempting to make an announcement but we are saying that we understand that there is a big step-off arranged for the near future and the house has already been spotted up.

Have A New Daughter

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Tagley of the Grass Creek Midwest family have a fine new daughter, born July 25.

Deeper than a Fish Pond

Automobiles in the United States consume nearly six billion gallons of gasoline a year. The gas that is poured into the motors' tanks in one year would fill a lake a mile deep and covering three and a half acres. The oil man has to keep this lake full and each year the lake gets bigger.

Gasoline Explosions are Easily Caused

(From Trico News)

A big tank truck transporting gasoline was blown up by a terrific explosion on the street recently, because a passerby who didn't know what he was doing picked up a piece of chain. He saw the chain dangling by one end from the truck and thought he would possibly save the truck from being wrecked through fouling the chain in one of the wheels.

The man didn't know the chain was hanging there for a purpose. He didn't know that gasoline, unlike water, is a non-conductor of electricity. Possibly he didn't even know that flowing gasoline especially when strained through such materials as chamois skin filters, sets up considerable charges of frictional or static electricity. But that was what caused the truck's destruction.

Usually when the big tank truck backs up to the filling plug at a service station or other storage place, the metallic nozzle from the truck touches the metallic intake pipe and thus forms a ground for any charge of static electricity that may collect in the truck. Sometimes, however, the nozzle does not touch a grounding point, and with no other metallic ground from the truck, the car is perfectly insulated, standing as it does on rubber tires. Sometimes, also, the nozzle of the truck outlet pipe rests against a wooden piece in the intake pipe and is thereby likewise insulated, for dry wood is also an insulator.

Explosion caused from Sparks

While the gasoline is poured into the storage tank a certain amount of vapor arises, and there is certain to be some about the intake and the truck. The flow of the liquid will set up a static charge in the truck. As the charge increases, it may beeome strong enough to leap the gap to the nearest ground, or the two points may be brought into contact. There is a spark, a flash, an explosion and untold damage may result.

Consequently the careful tank driver always has a metallic part hanging from the truck to the ground, a rod or chain, to drain off the electric charge as it collects, as long as the gasoline is being drawn off.

The same basic fact has been the cause of numerous smaller fires and explosions in garages, both private and public. In one instance a car was being filled with gasoline from a can. While the employe ran the gas into the can he strained it through a chamois filter in a funnel. To make the funnel sit up straight in the hole in the tank a wooden ring was placed in the hole and the funnel was placed in that. Thus the can was isolated. After pouring some gasoline into the tank, the man brought the can spout into contact with the tank. There was a spark, a flash and the resulting explosion.

A man was pumping gasoline into a can in his own garage. He hung the pail on the hook over the spout of the pump. He did not notice that the pail had a wooden handle. By reason of the wooden handle the pail was insulated from the pump. The flowing gasoline set up a static charge, in the pail which leaped the gap to the pump and another fire was started.

Friction of silk cloth will produce static electricity, and fires have been caused, it has been reported to Government agencies, when silk cloths soaked with benzine or gasoline were used to rub the grime off mechanic's hands. Sparks are a prolific course of gasoline fires, especially sparks from open flames, broken electric lights and from friction. Even the clash on a concrete pavement of the nails in shoes have been known to form sparks which resulted in fires when gasoline vapor was present.

If gasoline is stored in an open place, such as a pail, the United States Bureau of Mines reports, the room in which the pail is left will shortly be filled with an easily explosible mixture. The limits of explosibility are between 1.5 per cent and 6 per cent of gasoline vapor in air. In other words, only a little gasoline vapor is needed to render air explosive—one and one-half feet of air. One gallon of gasoline can, under perfect conditions, render 2,100 cubic feet of air explosive.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Services for Cramer and Hendrickson

Final tribute was paid and last services held for Lee Cramer and Earl G. Hendrickson, Midwest Salt Creek men who were killed as a result of an auto accident, early in July. Hendrickson was buried at the old family home at Neosha, Missouri. Lee Cramer was laid away to final rest in the Casper Highland Cemetery.

Floral tributes and messages of sympathy and understanding from the Midwest family at Salt Creek were profuse. Both men stood in high regard and their passing has caused a void in Company and Community channels that cannot soon be filled. Mr. Cramer is survived by a wife and baby son who are remaining temporarily in Salt Creek.

Spreads Music Abroad

The Midwest Band at Salt Creek has been at the bottom in the spreading of a lot of pleasure in the Salt Creek Community thru the series of Band Concerts that have been given every other week from the porch of the Midwest Hotel. The invitation to attend the concerts was passed over the whole field and was accepted by a large part with the result that hundreds of cars pack the main streets and surrounding open spaces on concert nights. Under the direction of Director Eldred the Midwest Band has steadily improved until now we don't know where in the state a band aggregation is in existence that in musical ability and finish, tops the Midwest organization in Salt Creek.

Casper Cackles

There is one man in the United States to whom the income tax return blanks did not bring a frown and that man is George Lilly, right here in our Casper Office. This is his letter of acknowledgment: "Dear Treasury—I received your application blank. I already belong to two good orders and do not care to join your Income Tax at this time."

Our latest song hit—"I'd like to lose you—I'm so used to you now."

Bugs sleeping with you in the woods wouldn't be so bad if they didn't get hungry at night.

Dykeman tells us that near beer is like looking through a keyhole with a glass eye.

What is good to take grass stains out of a white dress? Evelyn.
Madam X—Wear a green dress hereafter.

Joe Gaiser and Mr. Boffer, of the Texas Oil, are spending their vacation touring Yellowstone.

A picnic is where everybody takes pickles and wonders why there isn't enough fried chicken.

LOST—One perfectly good powder puff between the Casino and the Alpine Gardens. Sincere thanks if returned to Jewell Sullivan, Comptometer Department.

Mr. Langworthy has returned from his vacation with a nice coat of tan. We are told these are the days when you miss a man about two weeks and then you see him sunburned and broke—how about you, Lang?

Mr. Smith has just completed his new home in Fairview Addition and as soon as he returns from his vacation, which he is spending touring Yellowstone Park, he will duly install his wife, himself, five children, the dog and the cat, therein.

From observation we would say that the "Alpine Gardens," Casper's new mountain roadhouse, is fast becoming the hunting grounds of the more frivolous minded members of the Casper Office force. Someone from here is up there all the time, so it seems.

Mrs. McAdams is spending her vacation visiting her parents in Michigan. Mrs. Kaylor is spending her vacation in Denver. Mrs. Stearns hasn't told us where she is going, but we imagine it will be to the Standard Addition; and Mrs. Glover is spending her vacation at home.

Our newest comptometer operator, Jewell Sullivan, has gone to housekeeping in the McRorey Apartments. O'Brien lives in the apartment directly above and his ice box leaks down in Jewell's ear. That is why she fails to hear Dykeman's spirited conservation when he gets on the same elevator she does.

Have confidence in yourself and make yourself fit.

Mr. Marrin has returned from his vacation in California.

No one got married this month so this is all we have to write for the Review this time.

When you see one of the fellows standing around in the hall scratching, ask him how he enjoyed his vacation.

Now that we understand Pola Negri has broken her attachment with Charlie Chaplin the world can resume its normal course once more.

The tennis court on the corner of Second and Lincoln is now open for use. Or shall we say for the use of Cahill, Jenkins, Rutz and Richards.

Advice to Phil Korn:
Never get along nicely while your wife is visiting her mother. If you do it makes her mad.

Mrs. Upson has been ill for the past week and the Casper Office wishes her a speedy recovery and that she will soon return to reign over the "Comps."

An epidemic of bobbed hair has hit the Casper Office and Mrs. Kaylor and Mrs. Stearns have both made trips to the beauty parlor and have come back shorn.

Mrs. McAdams has more bad luck with dogs than anyone we ever saw. The last one just recently got in the way of a swiftly moving auto and has gone to join "Dinty" in dog-heaven.

Corney took a few days of her vacation last week, cleaning house and interviewing the dentist, but on account of Mrs. Upson's illness, she is back with us again. She says she will take the rest of her vacation the next time Kelly goes to Denver.

To the Denver Office Correspondent:
We'll say Kelly has a reason for being a loyal supporter of Casper—114 pounds of reason. We'll send her down for you to look at some time.

Casper Office Correspondent.

We don't think it's exactly fair for Gregory Powell to have his picture on the front page of the Review just because he took that midnight scene at Salt Creek (which, by the way, is just fine, only model young men should not stay up that late) because look at the fine bunch of news we supply to the enthralled readers of the Review each month and we don't get "honorable mention." Believe me, the green-eyed monster has sure camped in our midst.

Miss Leech Leaves

Miss Minnie Leech, who for the past year has been the efficient life insurance clerk in the Department of Industrial Relations, resigned her position early in August and left for her old home in Oklahoma. Her place is being taken by Miss Florence Grant who comes to the woolly west from Connecticut. Miss Leech was a splendidly efficient business woman and she will be missed in the Midwest offices as well as in the circles of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Casper where she was an active member.

Around Salt Creek

Rev. Patton of the Salt Creek Community Church carried the message of Salt Creek to a big interdenominational conference of protestant church organizations held at Estes Park late in July. Our local Reverend tells us that the meeting was a wonderful inspiration and that altho he came in direct contact with hundreds of men from big city parishes and heard the story of the big work and service being carried on, he still was able to return to Salt Creek satisfied with his work and field for service right here.

The summer playground work at Salt Creek has been carried on very successfully by Mrs. Gilbert Hansen, of the primary department of the Salt Creek school. A regular course of play and instruction has been carried out and the classes both morning and afternoon have been well attended. The equipment of swings, teeters, shoots, handball courts, and sandboxes have fallen for a full amount of use and popularity.

Mr. and Mrs. Allie LaDurig of Midwest Home Camp, where Mr. LaDurig is associated with the Midwest Barber Shop, returned late in July from a delightful vacation trip overland to various points in Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Healey of Dutch Camp are the parents of a husky baby son, born about the middle of July. Mr. Healey is associated with the Midwest Pipe Line Department.

Howard Tegeland of World wide bronc busting fame, who broke an ankle during the Salt Creek Rodeo early in July has recovered rapidly. Altho his foot had not completely regained its strength, he hied himself to Bozeman, Montana early in August and copped off third money in the riding events.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gore enjoyed a weeks trip to Denver and other points in Colorado during the month of July. Mr. Gore is associated with the main Machine Shop at Home Camp.

Mr. George Niethamer, manager of the Gas Plant Club House spent a two weeks vacation with his family on an overland trip thru Yellowstone Park.

Truman Harmon of the Gas Plant laboratory

A few weeks ago, Salt Creek was visited by a large group of Midwest and Standard officials. This picture is a snapshot of part of the group, with Col. R. W. Stewart occupying a spot near the center of the line.

force left for Elk Basin late in July where he will help to conduct a series of tests at the Elk Basin Gas Plant for several weeks, after which he will leave for his home in Nebraska and will enter the Nebraska State University this Fall.

Mr. Hal T. Viney of the Main office at Home Camp was joined about the middle of July by his wife and family, who prior to their arrival here were residing in Denver. Mrs. Viney is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Ryan also of Home Camp.

Mr. T. A. Dines, President of the Midwest, R. S. Ellison, Vice President, A. W. Peake, General Superintendent and J. T. Gratiot of Casper stopped a few hours in Salt Creek the middle of July on their return from a three days fishing trip in the Big Horns near Buffalo.

Mr. Will Moyar, father of John Moyar, head tool-pusher for the Midwest in Salt Creek field visited at the home of his son recently. Mr. Moyar, Sr. hails from Oil City, Pa. and met many former friends who are now in Salt Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carley of Midwest Northwestern Camp are the proud parents of a baby girl born late in July. The youthful mother is only fourteen years old.

Mr. Franz Brown has been in the field several times the past month on matters pertaining to the Commissary and Drug Store. Franz has a way of sliding in most unobtrusively, working like the devil for twenty-four hours and as silently and unemotionally sliding out. Its alright, we admit he is all business but we would like to have him some out and play around a little, sometime.

Mr. E. H. Davis, of the Midwest Main office at Salt Creek took his vacation in July and made a mighty pleasant round thru the Big Horns, Yellowstone Park and many points in Montana. He was accompanied on the trip by his brother Orrin.

Mr. J. C. Cramer of Illinois father of the deceased Lee Cramer, visited with relatives and friends here for a few weeks after the funeral before returning to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Hayden of the Midwest Gas Plant had as their guests recently Mrs. Hayden's father and mother and two sisters.

Mr. R. L. O'Hara of the Midwest Warehouse office returned late in July from a vacation spent in Denver and other points in Colorado. Mrs. O'Hara stayed on in Colorado for a few weeks longer.

The new welded line to Casper is being pushed thru to completion rapidly. The new copper telephone line is also nearly finished and should be in working order by the end of the month.

"Doc" Sturr of the Midwest Warehouse spent two weeks of July visiting in Denver. The story reads that "Doc" stepped high, wide and handsome.

The family of L. A. Ward of Home Camp have been enjoying the past month in the Big Horns, near Story where they have a cottage.

Mrs. Leslie E. Snow and daughter, Miss Betty, were house guests at the Lathrop cabin on the Casper Mountain for a week in July.

Four Midwest boys are attending the Citizens Military Training Camp at Fort Douglas Utah this summer. The personnel of the Salt Creek group are Richard Reilley, Jr., James F. Bentley, Alfred Mansell and Elston Davis. The first three are from Home Camp and the latter from the Gas Plant.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sanders and family of the Gas Plant, where "Sandy" is Construction Foreman, went to the Big Horns about the tenth of August to enjoy a two weeks outing.

Grading and construction work has started on the new No. 5. unit of the Midwest Gas Plant in the Salt Creek field. This unit will be located about a half mile south of the No. 4. Plant whach has just been put in operation.

The No. 5 Plant will be a giant field booster plant when completed.

Mr. N. S. Wilson, General Manager of the Midwest was in Salt Creek for a day or two early in August on his return from a weeks trip of inspection to Montana fields.

Joe Burford, who has been critically ill for several months, has been recuperating nicely and is now able to be up and around some, much to the pleasure and satisfaction of his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude A. Wright of Home Camp returned early in August from a two weeks vacation trip in the Big Horn Mountains.

The Midwest Theatre at Home Camp has just recently been equipped with a very effective cooling and ventilating system. Giant blowers electrically operated are located on each side of the stage and completely change the air of the theatre in a few moments.

Fred. L. Koehler, timekeeper of the Production Department and Employee Representative on the Joint Council, accompanied by his family spent a two weeks vacation period driving thru to Duluth Minnesota, his former home, during the month of July. Fred returned about the twentieth, but is batching it for awhile with Mrs. Koehler and the two boys planning to arrive back at Salt Creek about September First.

From Harry Chandler right on down thru the whole Midwest Pipe Line organization, there will be numerous sighs of relief heaved with the conclusion of the Salt Creek field test that has been running for most of the month of July. The test has made much additional work and with the storms of the month and the resulting pipe line troubles Chandler and his forces have come close to having a twenty-four hour a day job.

Colonel Erwin A. Froyd, resident geologist attended the Reserve Officers Summer Camp at Fort Douglas, Utah for two weeks in July. The Colonel reported a most happy and profitable outing.

How Gasoline Moves

The entire process of moving oil from the field to the filling stations represents the minimum of direct human effort. It has been figured that a gallon of gasoline in the form of crude oil is produced, transported by pipe line on an average of 500 miles to a refinery, separated and purified, transported by rail perhaps another hundred miles and then by truck to the roadside pump, which puts it into the motorist's car, with the same amount of direct human labor as is performed by a farmer who walks out to an old-fashioned pump in his yard, pumps up a pail of water and carries it back to the house.

How Oil Reaches Market

After an oil well has been drilled, the oil must find its way to the refineries, where it is manufactured into gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil, lubricating oils and other products. Each oil field has an extensive system of pipe lines. The lines connecting the wells are called gathering lines, and these connect with great trunk line systems which transport the oil to refineries. The pipe line has been an outstanding assistance in providing an adequate supply of oil to the consumer.

The Office Boy Writes A Letter

Miss Gegg of the Chicago Office, who spent her vacation in Denver, received the following interesting letter from the office boy in the Chicago Offices of the Midwest. The letter is reproduced verbatim et litteratim:

910 So. Mich. Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
July 10, 1923.

Dear Miss Gegg:

Miss Maher and I had another fight and now she has a black eye and a big bump on the side of her head which she has in a bandage, although I didn't hit 'er she still has her head in a bandage from a scratch she got from the hair dresser last Saturday. Now I'll bet she won't go to the hairdresser very soon. I hope you are enjoying your vacation. Miss Litmer is a little sun-kist but Oh! Boy you aught to see me. To-bad you can't see the circusss. We still have to make war on the poor flies that are infesting our region. Gosh there goes my buzzer, TOOT, TOOT, I guess I'll have to stop now as I haven't much time.

Yours with pleasure,
VILLIE, the Office Boy.

We Forgot the Credit Line

In the June issue of the Midwest Review, we used Charles M. Schwab's "Ten Commandments of Success" as a back cover feature. Through an unfortunate error, we failed to give credit for this interesting feature to the La Salle Extension University, by whom this feature is copyrighted. We now cheerfully acknowledge the oversight and are glad to give credit for this feature to the La Salle University.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

A tinge of cool air! Some "wiseacre" up and says, "Early fall." Just like that. It always happens thus about this time of the year. Summer is slipping, vacations are expiring with rapidity, watermelons are ripe, and others signs indicate that we must chalk up another summer for Father Time.

Baseball season is almost over. The first season of the Denver City Baseball League is completed. It was successful, so let's hope for its continuance. The Denver Office Bowling League is rarin' in its traces for the start of the second season. The picnic is over. Successful it was to be sure. Golf can still be played, so can fishing be indulged in, but their time is short. The school bells are ringing across the land. Brown-faced lads and rosy-cheeked girls take up their studies once more. The thud of the pigskin soon to be heard o'er the land. Aye, there's a game for red blooded men. We are not, however, writing for the Sporting News, so we awake from our dreams and dig into the notes we have of the happenings around the Denver Office during the past few weeks.

Weddings

Weddings, yes to be sure. No summer is complete without them. First of all our pleasant custodian of the Ninth Floor reception desk, Mrs. Blanche Headrick, who has been very ill all spring, celebrated her convalescence by taking unto her one husband by the name of Mr. Sam Fikani, and now she is Mrs. Samuel Fikani. We were acquainted with Sam. Good boy, ought to make a good husband. Anyhow, we wish them, the Fikanis, the best that life can bring them in happiness and the realization of their dreams.

And then there is another. That arch-demon of single-blessedness. He hath the powers of a George Ade if he only would use them. How he has sat in his sanctorum and railed jovially at those "weaklings" who have preceded him into the turbulent sea of matrimony. But like all demi-gods, he fell. July 11th, 1923 he took unto himself one wife, formerly Miss Elsie Dennhardt and now they are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Werth. Nevertheless, Paul, we are glad to know that you have taken the leap. The Werths passed a very pleasant honeymoon traveling via motor over the greater part of western Colorado. Paul had such a fine time that it took three weeks before he came down to earth. But that happens to the best of men. We are also thinking at this time that Dan Cupid is hanging pretty close to some others in the Traffic Department. Ah, yes.

Elmo Ballard was telling one of his stories as the train jogged along toward Shelby. Yep, Elmo went to the big fight. It was in the smoker, and Elmo, an expert story teller, realized that he was gripping his auditors, by the expressions on their faces, so he continued with more than his usual swagger:

"It was the loneliest part of Africa—the silence was painful, no human voice had ever been heard there—no human feet had trodden that swampy soil. The vast solitudes seemed void of life."

"How do you know that?" queried a fellow pilgrim to Shelby.

"Well," Elmo replied reassuringly, "I hung my watch on a tree and lay down to sleep. When I awoke I forgot all about the watch and continued my long and lonely march. Two years later I visited the same spot and there was the watch—still hanging on the tree."

There was silence for one tense, brief moment.

Then a mild-looking little man in a corner leaned forward and quietly asked:

"And was it going?"

Just Married

She had been married only a couple of months, when her friend called to see how she was getting on.

"We're getting on fine!" exclaimed the young wife, "We have a joint account at the bank; it's such fun to pay bills by check.

"What do you mean by joint account?" asked the caller. "Do you put in equal sums?"

"Oh, I don't put in anything," was the explanation. "Charles puts it all in and I draw it all out!"

An Autobiography of a Fresh Stenographer

By

L. R. Denver Office

Following is the Autobiography of a **fresh Stenographer,** or, more correctly speaking, a stenographer fresh from college, who applied for a position in a town near Denver.

First he asked me what my speed was,
What the rate that I could write at,
Just how fast I could make hen-tracks,
So I answered his inquiries
Straightway in the words that follow:
"I don't know and I can't tell you,
Maybe forty, maybe eighty,

Much depends on the dictator."
Then he said he'd try me on it,
So I got my book and started.
There he sat with feet on table,
Smoking pipe between his two lips,
Sat and smoked and muttered something,
Speeded to exceed the limit,
Spoke two hundred words a minute,
Lightning at its worst wasn't in it.
Then my fingers cramped and trembled,
Muscles cramped and toes turned under;
Pencil sticks, can make no headway,
Paper slips away round sideways,
There's a word I can't remember!
Let it go and catch the next one!
There goes another and another!
Scratch that out and make another!
Too late! No power on earth can stop them.
Then I thought about that fellow
Who was cast headlong from Heaven—
About the Devil with his horns on—
Painted black or painted crimson—
Thought of him whom some folks call on,
Some folks mention when they're angy—
And I thought with satisfaction—
He can't read it, that I'm sure of.
When Boss asked me to repeat it,
Went a shudder and a shiver
Straightway down my spineless spine.
Could I read one word in fifty?
If I could I'd be a dandy—
But I made a stagger at it
While my heart almost stopped beating,
Still my memory served me nobly,
And I finally got through it.
"Now" said he, "go and transcribe it,
Hustle fast, for man is waiting."
So I hustled fast and faster,
Almost having nerve prostration,
Wrote for ten long weary minutes,
Seemed to make no definite speedway,
Ten times ten more weary minutes,—
Nearly finished,—so was I.
When at last I took the letter
Neatly written, as I thought it,
Gave it to him, had a hunch
He would take me out to lunch, (but he didn't).
As he read what I had written,
All my optimistic fancies
Vanished like the clouds in summer.
Said in accents none too gently,
"What's the matter with you stenos?
What is all this junk you give me?
Don't you know I never said it,
Never said what you have written?
There's no sense nor reason in it."
And when he said I made him tired,
Then I knew that I was fired.
So if you ask me what my speed is,
I don't know, and no one else does,
I have tried to gauge my fleetness—
Tried my best to time my writing—
Tried with all the power that's in me—
Tried with pens both steel and golden—
Tried with soft and hard lead pencils—
But it all amounts to nothing,
I can't tell a thing about it,
I can't tell, and no one else can.

Mrs. Zella Baird is spending her vacation at home, with the possible exception of a few days in Black Hawk, where she will try her luck at panning gold from the rich sands in that camp.

Miss O'Neill has returned from her two weeks' rest. She reports a quiet time spent at home.

Miss Waller is contemplating a trip to Stead's in Estes Park next week.

Bowling League

Thursday, August 2nd, saw the first bowling league meeting of the season called to order by President Barkdull in the large accounting room on the eighth floor. About forty enthusiasts attended, and at least twenty more were absent. The officers of the league were instructed to make all arrangements for the start of the season. In accordance arrangements have been made with the Recreation Bowling Alleys for the seven o'clock shift on Wednesday evenings on alleys seven to fourteen inclusive. In all probability the season will start Wednesday evening, September 26th, with an eight team league for a season of 28 weeks.

Mr. C. J. Barkdull, our Auditor, is president of the league this season, and bids fair to be a good one. He has the pep and enthusiasm necessary to see the thing through, and we predict that the second season will be as big a success as the first.

Mr. M. E. McAlpine was re-elected secretary, and we don't have to say anything new about "Mac". He'll be on the job every minute, and his work will be of the highest order.

"Doc" Russell is guarding the shekels again this year, so, boys, get ready to pay up every Wednesday night, for the "Doc" got his collecting training early and he'll be after all the "dinero" he can gather.

So here's for a successful season, let's go!

Just Paragraphs

On August 1st, one of our tried and true employees of the Traffic Department severed his connections with the company after many years service. This was Mr. R. E. Halfpenny, better known as "Bob". He is to go into the selling game.

Herbert Naylor, son of our Vice-President and Traffic Manager, is with us again in the Traffic Department. "Herb" has just recently graduated from University of Colorado and passed the Colorado Bar Examination.

"Did you get any answers to your ad in the paper asking for a wife?"

"Did I? A hundred from women and two hundred from men offering me theirs."

Never buy on credit unless the means of redeeming the obligation is in sight.

"Wes" Mortimer was with us for a few days during the later part of July, having come down from the flood area around Thermopolis.

Freeland, formerly with the company in the Casper office, is now connected with the Mutual Oil Company in this city. He is a brother-in-law of our new mayor, Mr. Stapleton.

Mr. W. A. Miller has recently returned from his vacation all pep up rarin' to go for another year. We haven't heard him tell a fish story yet, but you can bet he has got some hid away under his belt.

Miss Clara Garrett spent a week of her vacation at Grousemont, and the other week at home.

"Les" Truby wandered to Salt Creek about the 18th of July, and while there took in the Shrine Ceremonial. He says the Wyoming boys sure know how to make 'em like it.

"Barney" McCann has been in Montana on business most of the month of July. He regretted passing up the picnic, but "business is business" the little man said.

George Huer and Ted Mooberry have left for their vacations. They have traveled to Estes Park, and will hike from there to Grand Lake; from Grand Lake to Granby on the Moffat; from there they will ride to Kremmling, hiking up the Blue River Valley to Dillon, from which point they will take the C. & S. for home. It will be some trip, and takes a little bit of ambition to do it.

Miss Salome Litmer and Miss Genevieve Gegg of Chicago have both paid their respects to their former cronies in the Denver Office while spending their vacations in the Mile High City. There is no place like Dear Old Denver, they both aver.

"Hot dog" J. H. Mudgett of Casper dropped in to say "hello" while here on his vacation. He is the champion fish story teller to date. According to his vivid reports of the fishing grounds in Wyoming, one has to get out of their car and herd the fish back into the streams so that a person can drive along the road.

Half a league, half a league, maybe it was feet by-gosh, but there was at least six-hundred. Race-horses! From Man-o-War to Dennen. S. O. S. and the janitor arrived with poison-gas, and we haven't seen 'em since. Thank heavens!

President McNicholas reports that the Komet Club expects to Kut loose next month with its social program.

Golf

Colorado Day was not without its feature foursome of golf. Sweet revenge was the result. Champeens Nicoll and Krause trimmed Messrs. Curran and Kent 12 up. Conditions and scoring the same as their previous engagement when the latter team won by a large score. For details and score see previous numbers of the Review. For this encounter see below:

Nicoll—
5—5—5—5—4—5—3—5—4
4—7—4—5—5—5—3—6—5 Total 85

Krause—
8—4—7—8—4—5—7—5—6
7—9—4—6—6—5—5—8—7 Total 111

Curran—
9—7—7—5—6—6—3—5—7
6—8—3—5—7—5—5—6—6 Total 106

Kent—
7—7—6—4—5— 6—3—5—7
5—9—3—5—4—11—8—7—7 Total 109

We Wonder

There is a certain young man living somewhere west of town who has been presented with a leather wallet of excellent quality. It would seem that some one is trying to encourage him to save his money. Whether this is the case or not we'll say that it was a very commendable act. Now it seems that the young lady who was so thoughtful as to remember this important birthday celebrated one of her own a short time later and, it is rumored, the former reciprocated most handsomely. However, we have never seen this later gift, so let's go and ask Cecile what it is.

S-A-A-B-D Doings

"Gene" Illius returned from his vacation well rested. He reports as having seen more fish in previous years.

"Roy Johnson and "Chubby" Marriott left Saturday, August 4th, for a two weeks motor trip via Casper, through Yellowstone National Park. They are making the trip in "Chubby's" Chevrolet, so they are sure of getting there and back."

Mrs. Arthur B. Johns met with a serious accident when she slipped and fell down the cellar stairs at their home a few weeks ago. She is recovering nicely by now though.

Tom May is back from "Shady Rest" tanned and rested.

Bill Elliott says "Barnum was right."

Earl Barnett has recently been employed in the Sales Accounting Division as relief man during the vacation period.

Gleanings from the Legal Dept.

Kent S. Whitford spent part of the second week in August fishing at Mills Lake, in the vicinity of Long's Peak. He acquired a nice coat of sunburn, but when asked about his luck at fishing he remarked "The first day I caught one and my dad caught one—the next day we had salmon and beans." Well, there are worse things than canned fish when one is hungry.

Miss Leonora Gunston, one of the Legal Department personnel is now a "Notorious Republic" and if you need any "swearing" done, don't hesitate to call upon her. Her charges are reasonable. You ought to see the gorgeous crimson and white Notary Public sign the Bonding Company furnished her with, but some people are hard to satisfy—she doesn't like the color scheme—too aesthetic (whatever that is).

Since Mr. L. A. Thompson, Jr. has assured us that we will be kept advised of any gossip, scandal or important events transpiring on the Ninth Floor, we feel better about being moved up on ten, but we were sure worried for fear we might miss out on something of interest. Thank you Mr. Thompson.

Mrs. Florence Stockvis is helping out in the Legal Department. When Mrs. Stockvis and Miss Gunston get to "reminiscing" about Washington one begins to get some idea of what perpetual motion is—they get started and can't stop.

Anybody desiring to know what the word "Brief" means, should ask Frederick D. Anderson's steno, Miss Hammond. She says she has been working on a "brief" in the Sussex case for a month and is still going strong.

If you happen to notice our dignified attorney, A. K. Barnes, dashing madly out of the building several times in the course of one afternoon, you may know that he is out to hunt a fresh parking space for his Dodge. He "dodges" in and out, as it were.

Wanted: A husky guard for the main entrance to the Legal Department, to keep out agents, peddlers and writers of insurance. Applications for this position will be received the second Tuesday of next week, by either of the stenos in said Department.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Brown horse, branded CM, weight 1,100 lbs., name "Kelly"—age 7 years.

—Selected.

First Englishman—Algy, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?

Second Englishman—No, let's hear it.—Kentucky Kernel.

Baseball

It has been many seasons since the Denver Office has had the team that they have this year. From raw material, Manager Hantz has turned out a finished product. They are good. While possible we cannot point out a real star, that is one who has a big "rep." yet we have the keynote to all success, namely, **teamwork.** Our boys work together with vim and vigor. They are always pulling for one another. That is what counts.

The month of July has been a successful one. After being toppled over by Continental on June 30th, the boys came back on the following Saturday and trounced the fast Sinclair nine 11 to 3. It was a good game and Sinclair was loaded with three of the fastest semi-pro ball players in the city. But we trimmed them. Crawford May made a brilliant catch of a foul back of first—Art. Hughes handled the shortstop job perfectly with two very difficult chances included. Homer Baker broke the tie when he tripled with two men on bases—Lott played a beautiful game in the outfield—Art. Johns caught well and is improving—and Ray Hamilton pitched a steady, reliable game.

The following Saturday was a game to test our mettle. Mutual came onto the field loaded with four fast semi-pro ball players, all members of the Elks team in the City League. Result we beat them in the prettiest game of the year 7 to 4. Hamilton pitched masterfully and deserved a shutout. Mutual was not credited with an earned run.

We drew a bye on the 21st, and met the Texas nine for the third time this year on the 28th. We defeated them 12 to 2. It was a good game until the sixth when our boys salted it away with seven runs. Crawf. May played the best game he has this year. Roy Johnson's work at third was full of pep, and Lott grabbed off some nice ones in the outfield. Hamilton pitched air-tight ball after the first inning.

The Continental team played hard to beat us, but their manager chose to start a new man, Jull, against us, and we gathered our nine runs off of him. He then put in Brown and for the last three innings, our boys couldn't see him. Ten men faced him, and eight whiffed. But his work went for naught, for Continental could not overcome our lead. Peterson crashed a homerun over Lott's head in the third, but spoiled his play in the field by four errors every one being costly. Dewey Flint hit well for the Oil team.

A good sized crowd was out from the office, and they cheered our boys lustily. That spirit makes the boys feel good, and that you are appreciating their work.

Friends, with your permission we submit the box score:

Midwest Refg.	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
McNicholas 2b.		3	0	1	3	2	3	
Johnson 3b.		5	2	1	2	2	1	
Johns c.		4	0	0	9	0	1	

Hughes ss.	4	2	0	1	3	0
Mauldin rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Stebenne cf.	5	1	1	2	0	1
Lott lf.	5	1	1	1	0	0
C. May 1b.	4	0	0	8	0	1
Hamilton p.	4	2	2	1	2	0
Totals	38	9	7	27	9	7

Continental	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Peterson 3b.	5	2	2	1	2	4
H. Weber 2b.-ss.	5	1	1	2	1	0
Clair rf.-2b.	5	0	1	0	1	1
Flint cf.	4	0	2	1	1	1
C. Weber ss.	2	0	0	1	0	2
Bruse rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Rapp c.	4	0	1	12	0	0
Frost 1b.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Reinfeldt lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Jull p.	3	0	0	0	4	2
Brown p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	39	3	7	27	9	10

Score by innings:

Midwest Ref. Co.	1	2	0	1	3	2	0	0	0—9
The Continental Oil Co.	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0—3

Summary: Stolen Bases: McNicholas, Peterson, H. Weber, Rapp. Sacrifice Hits: McNicholas, Mauldin, C. May. Two-Base Hits: Flint. Three-Base Hits: Lott. Home Runs: Peterson. Earned Runs, Midwest 3, Continental 2. First on Balls: Off Jull 1, Off Brown 1. Struck out by Jull 3, by Brown 8, by Hamilton 8. Wild Pitches Jull 1, Hamilton 1. Left on bases Midwest 8, Continental 9. First Base on Errors: Midwest 10. Continental 6. Hit by pitcher: Johns. Time of game 2:10. Umpire: Spahr.

There are located at City Park Race Track in Denver two baseball diamonds known as No. One and No. Two. On these grounds all the scheduled games of the Oil League are

played. The above photographs were taken on Saturday, June 30th, when our team played the Continental Oil Co. On the other diamond was a game between the Texas Company nine and Sinclair. Just before the game a Texas Company aeroplane flew over the grounds and dropped a baseball. We caught a couple of views which our readers might enjoy.

On the 4th of August came our last game with Continental and we were out for revenge and we got it—9 to 3.

As we go to press, there are only two games left to play. One win will give us the championship, so we are out to get the first game from Sinclair this Saturday.

But one serious accident has marred our season. In practice on August 1st, Harry Kessler broke his good left-arm pitching. Harry, while not a regular member of the team, has been interested all year and has been trying to get back in shape after several years lay-off from the game. It was a peculiar accident, as his arm broke just as he was about to deliver the first ball of a practice game. It was a clean break, and is now mending nicely. We are in hopes of having Harry back to work in a few days.

We have a coming star—if he is not already one—in Ralph Lott, formerly of North Denver High School. He has a fine record as an athlete at North. Not only in baseball but in track athletics where this year he came within one quarter of an inch of breaking the city high school pole vault record. He is quiet, unassuming and a likeable chap. We are glad to have him with us.

OIL LEAGUE STANDING—Aug. 10th.

Team	G. W.	G. L.	G. P.	Schedule to be Played	Pct.
Midwest Refining	8	2	1	3 1	.800
The Texas Company	6	4	2	3	.600
Mutual Oil Co.	5	4	2	3 1	.556
The Cont. Oil Co.	4	5	2	3 1	.444
Sinclair Refg.	1	9	1	3 1	.100

BATTING AVERAGE

	A. B.	H.	Pct.	G. P.
T. Lott	15	6	.400	5
A. J. Hughes	42	16	.381	10
R. P. McNicholas	43	15	.349	10
H. Baker	6	2	.333	2
H. M. Hantz	3	1	.333	1
O. B. Mauldin	37	12	.324	9
A. B. Johns	40	12	.300	10
R. E. Hamilton	42	12	.286	10
R. W. Johnson	47	12	.255	10
T. H. May	22	5	.227	7
S. S. Stebbenne	47	9	.191	10
C. T. May	28	4	.143	8
Total	391	110	.281	10

FIELDING AVERAGE

	P. O.	A.	E.	T. C.	Pct.	G. P.
T. Lott	9	1	0	10	1.000	5
H. Baker	1	0	0	1	1.000	2
A. B. Johns	92	6	6	104	.942	10
C. T. May	62	0	6	68	.912	8
R. P. McNicholas	26	20	5	51	.902	10
R. E. Hamilton	2	34	5	41	.878	10
R. W. Johnson	26	14	6	46	.870	10
S. S. Stebbenne	16	3	3	22	.864	10
H. M. Hantz	5	0	1	6	.833	1
A. J. Hughes	16	27	10	53	.811	10
O. B. Mauldin	8	4	3	15	.800	9
T. H. May	4	0	1	5	.800	7
Total	270	110	53	433	.878	10

PITCHING RECORD

	G.	I. P.	S. O.	W.	E. R.	R. S.	H.	W.L.		Pct.
R. E. Hamilton	10	78	87	17	21	40	72	8	2	.800

OUR SPORTING NEWS

Monday
July 30, 1923.

TEXAS TROUNCED

The first big one is in. 12 to 2 in our favor spells defeat for Texas Company. Sweet revenge it was. 10 to 1 and 12 to 2 avenges our defeat at the beginning of the year 4 to 1. This defeat about eliminates Texas Company from the pennant chances. NOW FOR CONTINENTAL. We meet them next Saturday, WE ARE OUT FOR REVENGE. WE ARE GOING TO GIVE THEM THE AXE, TOO.

Getting back to the Texas game on Saturday. They got the jump on us in the first with their only runs of the game. Then we came back and tied the score in the second. We then accumulated one run and inning via the sacrifice method until we lead 5 to 2. Then the fireworks started in the sixth and we amassed seven runs and put the game on ice.

Our team was going great guns. Three fast double plays featured, and our infield played wonderful ball to the man. They were not alone, for the outfield played well and handled all their chances in fine style. At bat the boys hit like demons, especially Olaf Mauldin who had a big day.

As for Texas Company, their Mr. Ballard pitched nicely for five innings; but then weakened and gave way to Mr. Buehler. But the damage was done and we were one notch nearer the championship.

Box Score:

Texas Company	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Cecil ss.	5	1	2	1	4	0
Gibson cf.-c.	5	0	0	2	2	0
Buhler, p.-lf.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Grimes 2b.	3	0	0	4	2	1
Daniels c.-cf.	4	0	2	4	2	1
Littrell 3b.	4	0	0	2	0	1
Reed 1b.	3	0	0	9	0	1
Merrill rf.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Ballard p.-lf.	4	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	34	2	5	24	13	6

Midwest Refg.	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
McNicholas 2b.	5	1	1	3	4	0
Johnson 3b.	5	2	2	2	5	0
Johns c.	4	1	1	3	1	1
Hughes ss.	3	1	2	3	3	2
Stebenne cf.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Mauldin rf.	4	3	3	1	0	0
Lott lf.	3	1	2	2	0	0
C. May 1b.	3	1	1	12	0	0
Hamilton p.	4	1	1	0	3	3
Totals	35	12	13	27	16	6

Score by innings:

The Texas Co.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 2
The Midwest Ref. Co.	0	2	1	1	1	7	0	0	*—12

Summary: Stolen Bases: Daniels, Ballard, Johnson 2. Sacrifice hits: Grimes, Hughes 2, Lott, C. May. Two-Base Hits: McNicholas, Mauldin, Daniels. Three-Base Hits: Cecil, Buehler. Earned Runs. Texas 2, Midwest 7. Left on bases Texas 6, Midwest 4. Double Plays: Hamilton to McNicholas to C. May; Johnson to C. May; McNicholas to C. May. Struck out by Ballard 4, by Buehler 3, by Hamilton 4. Base on balls off Ballard 2, off Hamilton 3. Innings pitched by Ballard: 5-2/3, Runs 9, Hits 10, by Buehler 2-1/3, Runs 3 Hits 3. Passed Balls: Gibson. Time of Game 1:50. Umpire. Nig. Parsons.

REVENGE

Taking advantage of our opponents' errors together with timely hitting our boys trounced Continental Oil last Saturday by a score of 9 to 3. It was an exciting game throughout. Our scores were made one at a time, and by the sacrifice and hit and run plays.

Ray Hamilton pitched his usually good game. He allowed only seven hits, made one wild pitch, but did not walk nor hit a batsman. He was cool and tight in pinches. In addition he handled all his chances perfectly, and lead his team at bat with two hits out of four trys. He scored two runs, and drove in another.

But most likely, the most spectacular player was our left-fielder, Ralph Lott. In the fifth with two Conocos resting on the bags, this lad made the most beautiful catch of the season when he took Rapp's long low foul outside the leftfield foul line. This catch happened in the last half of the inning. In the first half of the inning after Mauldin and Stebenne had gained life on errors by C. Weber and Jull, Lott caught one on the end of his bat and drove it far over Dewey Flint's head. It went for three-bags, and Ralph was tagged out at home when he tried to score on this blow. The opinion of the stands was that he was robbed by the umpire who was none too good. It was a beautiful blow, and it was or is a shame that one man's judgment should have robbed him of a home-run.

The rest of the team played steadily, although they let six Continental men reach first on errors. Mac had a bad day, but he was up and coming all the time with lots of old Irish fight. Roy Johnson made a nice stop and throw in the sixth inning, while Mac closed the fourth inning with a difficult throw.

Well Trained

"Hello, is this the————Club? Is my husband there? No, you say? But I haven't even told you my name."

"There ain't nobody's husband here never," said the darky.

The budget book is the starting point of many a successful career.

Host—Won't you have some more turkey, Miss Smith?

Guest—No. thank you.

Host—Oh, do. Here's a nice little leg just your size.

"Have you had any previous experience in Anatomy?"

"Well, I go to at least one dance every week —and besides this is an awfully windy town."

"Is he lazy?"

"Lazy? Say, that fellow rides in a Ford car in order to save the effort of knocking the ashes off his cigar."

GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

July is a month for field work and all the field men were in the deserts and jungles affording the office force a chance to get caught up with new work brought in by the field force on their visit over the Fourth.

Chief C. H. Wegemann is on an extended field trip with C. Max Bauer covering some of the interesting fields of Montana.

Due to illness, Mrs. Mastbrook has departed for an indefinite stay in Southern California. Miss Enith Larsen has taken her place and is assisted by Miss Victoria Butterie.

Charles M. Rath was in the Casper Offices for a week early in August on business connected with the Denver Office.

Members of the Geological Department attended and enjoyed the Midwest Picnic on July 10th and were glad that the company has this splendid annual event.

Some interesting and valuable new books have been added to the Geological Library. They deal with geology, appraisal and taxation matters.

WITH THE MID-NORTHERNERS

Mark Danford, Jr., son of Mark O. Danford, Vice President of the Mid-Northern Oil Company, is learning the rudiments of the oil game at the Mid-Northern operations at Cat Creek field.

The Billings office, with but few exceptions, spent the Fourth of July picnicking near Riverside Inn on the Stillwater River. "Cubs" Daylis says he is off tuna fish sandwiches for life. Nevertheless all reported the day well spent.

Julian Thomas of the Accounting Department and "friend wife" are vacationing at Camp Senia in the Beartooth Mountains. (Wonder if they'll get lost this year?)

Mrs. "Chet" Wilson and son Robert of Soap Creek are spending a few days in Billings.

Mrs. M. O. Danford and daughter Betty of Denver are spending the summer in Billings with Vice President M. O. Danford.

After spending a couple of weeks in the mountains William DeVault of Cat Creek thinks he is a mountaineer.

MY FRIEND

He may be six kinds of a liar,
He may be twelve kinds of a fool,
He may be a wicked high flier,
Without any reason or rule.
He may be a shadow above them,
Of wreck or woe that impends,
And I may not respect, but I love him
Because, well—because he's my friend.

I know that his record is vermillion,
He's not like a sweet seraphim.
I know he has faults by the million
But his faults are a portion of him.
I knock, I know, but I do it
The same to his face as away;
But when other people knock they rue it
And wish they had nothing to say.
I never draw diagrams of him,
No map of his save have I penned,
I don't analyze, I just love him,
Because, well—because he's my friend.

—Author Unknown.

Crowley No. 1, a wildcat test drilled by the Mid-Northern on the Ringling-Cottonwood structure has been abandoned at a depth of 2074 feet, after drilling 215 feet into the Madison Limestone. Several gas sands were encountered in the Kootenai formations producing a total of about 2,000,000 feet of non-inflammable gas. The lower sands did not show oil and only a little water was encountered.

Mr. Newt Wilson, general manager of the Midwest Refining Company and Mr. A. W. Peake, General Superintendent, spent the last week of July visiting Montana fields accompanied by Messrs. M. O. Danford, J. H. Clark, V. W. Shoemaker and C. Max Bauer. Both Cat Creek and Sunburst fields were visited and wildcat operations at Teton Ridge, Ringling and Big Lake were inspected.

We hear L. R. Bertram of Cat Creek field is on a milk diet now. What's the matter, Bert?

It is interesting to note the effect the "bright lights" have on Frank Healow's eyes.

It is understood that Tommy Herriman had a law case on his hands when in Billings. The case generally resides in Newcastle, Wyoming.

Views on Berthoud Pass and Grand Lake

Saturday, July 21st, our ball team drew a bye. This offered some of our star rooters a chance to hie themselves far away o'er hills and vales. A party composed of Vic McOsker, George Kirchberger, Dallas Osborne, and "Sted" Stedman left at noon Saturday in "Sted's Chev." and journeyed to Grand Lake, returning by the Fall River Road and Estes Park. They covered 290 miles, which is going some in a day and a half. They took some interesting pictures of which three are submitted above.

Tanker Fleets Ply Through Canal

Late in 1922 a great new source of oil supply was developed in southern California. Practically over night tankers formerly in the Mexican and other services appeared in Los Angeles harbor and loaded oil for Atlantic Coast points. In the space of several months fleets of tank steamers were carrying California oil with clock-like regularity through the Panama Canal to the Eastern seaboard—a distance of 4,920 miles, taking forty-three days for the round trip.

In the first three months of 1923 oil tankers, most of them carrying California oil, paid $1,279,000 in Panama Canal tolls. During the month of April approximately two-thirds of the intercoastal tonnage passing through the Canal was in tank ships. A year ago in April only one American tanker in intercoastal trade used the Panama waterway.

This California oil, coming from a remote field at the southwest extreme of our country, is being made available to markets in the east—3,000 miles away from the field—at the rate of 150,000 barrels a day, equivalent to the flow of 8 land trunk pipe lines pumping oil at capacity.

Winnifred—"That fresh geek who just came in here from the pool room makes me tired."

Gwendolin—"Whatsa matter?"

"When I had waited on him this morning he handed me a little round green thing off one of the pool cues—"

"Well—"

"And then when I says 'What's the big idea?' he says 'Why, girlie, that's a tip.' "—Youngstown Telegram.

Catch-As-Catch Can

Maria—John, John, get up, the gas is leaking!

John—Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed.—Green Gander.

Exploration Department

(*Continued from page 6*)

mediately whether or not any given area in the territory is likely to have any oil value, and then from detailed examination by its field men, whether or not it is worthy of a test. The Geological Department, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Wegemann, Chief Geologist, is therefore regarded as a very essential component of the Exploration Department. One writer stated recently that 85 per cent. of the wells located according to geological engineers were productive, and that only 5 per cent. of wells located haphazard were a success. This, no doubt, had reference to both proven and wild cat fields. In purely wild cat territory, the percentage is considerably less.

It should be noted that the dealing done by the Exploration Department, on lands approved by geologists, is reduced to writing in proper form by the Legal Department, which also looks after the titles, and thereafter guards against any claims, suits, or any legal entanglements which may occur during the life of the transaction.

The selective elimination of worthless and valuable tracts of land, which are constantly offered the department for examination and tentative dealing, has become a matter of systematic routine; but quite often some enthusiast will send in a very entertaining letter. A gentleman from Texas, for instance, knew about some land that positively would yield oil, the formation being exactly like Teapot Dome, except the teapot had the spout knocked off!

Another party writing from an insane asylum had forty acres of land that was worth a fortune, and how much would the company offer?

Another party had been collecting geology for four years, on his potential oil field and he extended an urgent invitation to "come down and let us find out how wild the wildcat really is."

In New Mexico, test wells are making good progress in Miguel Creek and Ambrosia Lake structures in McKinley County. On the Hogback No. 1 is about a 300 barrel well; No. 3 came in water. Tests will probably be made on one or two other structures this year.

In Montana three locations are being tested, Big Lake, Teton Ridge, and Six Shooter, while other localities are being lined up for exploration next season.

In Wyoming, test on Neiber Dome has reached 2711 feet with hole full of water. North Casper Creek on Section 36, principally a gas prospect, had reached 543 feet on July 22nd.

The Skull Creek well was taken over from the Skull Creek Syndicate on June first and is being cleaned out preliminary to drilling to Dakota and Lakota sands—it is now at 3400 feet.

In Utah, the Farnham well at 3100 feet struck a 2,000,000 cubic foot flow of non-combustible sulphur gas. The Woodside well was spudded in about July 1.

Oil Discovered with Microscope

The principal oil companies maintain geological, leasing, producing and scouting departments which are made up of trained men, with practical and scientific experience. The most careful records, geological maps, well maps and production data are kept so that the experience of each well may add to the new science of petroleum engineering, decrease the hazards of finding oil and aid conservation.

Rock samples are taken from the well to the geologist's laboratory, are reduced in size until the largest piece has the diameter of about one-fiftieth of an inch, the small pieces carefully washed and the particles thoroughly examined through the microscope. Oftentimes the presence of fossils or certain minerals is discovered only after long and tedious search. When once found and correctly placed in the geological column they become of great value in locating oil producing formations.

The Nights are Longer

She—Is late rising injurious?
He—It shortens one's days, I believe.
—Purple Parrot.

Young M. D.—I'm sorry, but—er—can't you wait until I can hang out my shingle?
Irate Landlady—Young man, don't you go telling me about any shingle—what I want is your board!—Froth.

You can buy amusements and pleasures—they come from without. But you cannot buy happiness and content—they come from within.

How is Your Record?

Forty-eight thousand workers in a big motor car factory recently completed a year of high pressure production without the loss of a single life.

Last month, one of the main railroads of the country announced that 152,000,000 passengers had been carried during the past year without a single accidental passenger death. This announcement was preceded a month earlier by a statement from another large railroad system that it had carried passengers for twenty-four months without an accidental passenger fatality.

Not so long ago 4,500 employees in one of the biggest steeel mills in the country worked a whole month without a lost time accident—and molten steel is as hot, if not hotter, than the strongest current ever carried on a high tension line.

Such facts mean to us that safety has become a big thing in our daily national life; something sought after and appreciated by every one, neither confined to the shop worker nor directed solely to the public. Daily we hear of new safety records being established; this department, that plant, this division, or that company makes the welkin ring with another safety achievement.

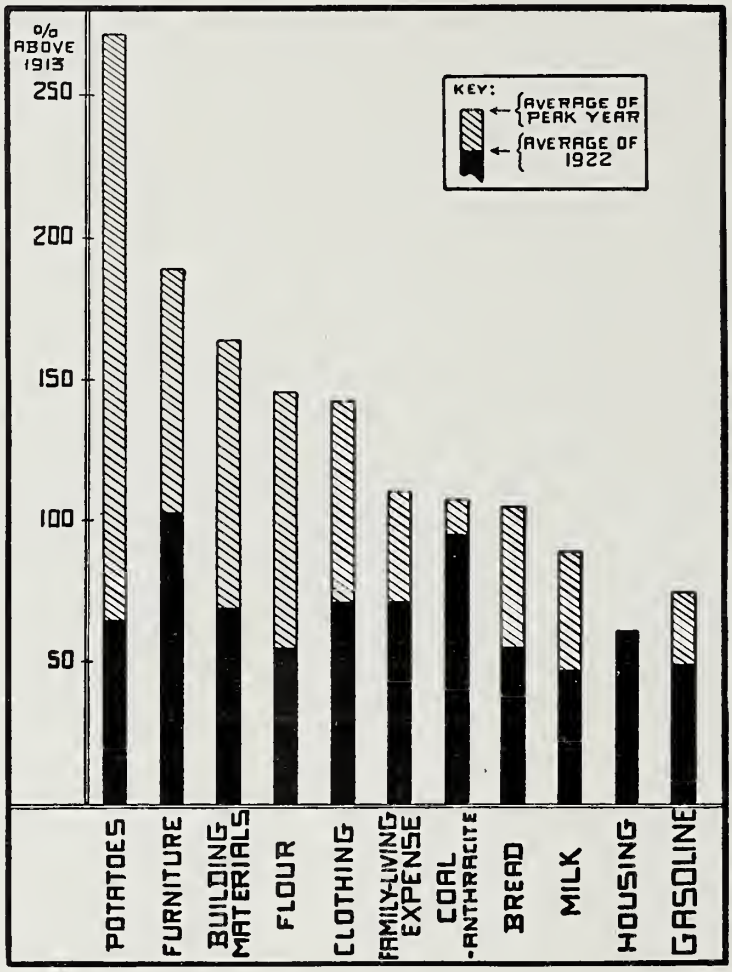
Safety deserves the unqualified co-operation of every one, man, woman and child. Not the kind of co-operation described by Rastus when he defined the word "co-operation" by saying that Mrs. Rastus took in washing to support the family while he "jes co-operated," but the kind of co-operation that means rolling up the sleeves and getting right into the work by observing every opportunity to do the safe thing in a safe manner and to tell and show others to do and perform the same.

Edgar A. Guest, a writer who sees much in things most of us miss, says:

"Yet human life is held at stake
By nearly all that toilers make."

(*Continued to page* 31)

How High Is the Price of Gasoline?



THE title of the resolution under which the sub-committee of the United States Senate was granted permission to conduct an investigation was the "High Cost of Gasoline and other Petroleum Products." All prices are relative and gasoline is not high. On the contrary it is the cheapest of the principal items in the cost of operating an automobile and one of the very few necessities of life which has not advanced in price since 1913 proportionately to the advances in cost of raw material, freight, and labor involved in its production. The investigation accordingly started from a false premise.

The diagram above shows clearly that gasoline last year sold nearer to its cost in 1913 than many essentials of life and that its extreme advance under the impetus of war conditions was moderate. In the month of April, 1923, two reductions in the price used in the 1922 average have been made because the refiners were able to buy their crude oil at a lower figure.

—*The Lamp.*

Wyoming

Out where the West begins lies that productive and scenic empire known as Wyoming occupying all the continent of North America west of the Mississippi river and north of the Mason and Dixon line, with the exception of Alaska, Canada, and a small portion of the U. S. That is during the daylight hours, after dark it has no limits.

We took this country away from the Indians over three hundred years ago and since the Volstead Act has passed some have wished they had it back, but evidently these people have never lived in this state as we have a Rock Springs, Whisky Gap and a Green River all our own.

Wyoming has less population and density per square mile, less miles of railroad, lower death rate, and larger state revenue per person than any other state in the Union. Her citizens do not try to make all the money in the world, they already have a large portion of it. Formerly, their chief pursuit was chasing horse thieves—now it is stock-raising and producing oil. In some states the natives get cold in winter time, in Wyoming they are cordial all the time.

Powder River, in Wyoming, is the only river in the world that is a "mile wide and an inch deep," it being impossible to stand on one bank and view the other side on account of the dust blowing up-stream. It is navigable anywhere to man, beast or reptile, has a greater reputation than the Missouri river and less water than the North Platte river. Even the German's during the war, knew what it meant when they heard the cry "Powder River."

Wyomingians are so proud of their state that you can see the map of Wyoming spread all over their face, the same is true of their heart, and their first concern is for Wyoming, self-preservation coming afterward. To show you how progressive they are, this wonderful state has advanced more in the last fifty years than China has in the last two thousand.

Wyoming has greater mountain scenery than Switzerland, having eleven peaks over thirteen thousand elevation, besides the Devil's Tower, the only thing of its kind in the world, and the Yellowstone National Park which was only waste land until they set it aside for a playground. Every kind of a wild animal from a chipmunk to a mouse, from a humming bird to a pelican can be found here.

If all the sheep raised in Wyoming had been served as stewed mutton to the combined armies it would have fed them all during the World War, or until they had become red white and blue in the face. The wool from these same sheep would have clothed all the natives of South Africa.

Some of the mammoth ranches in this state include a township or more, while others take in rivers and mountain ranges. Just to give you an idea of the immense size of Wyoming, it is farther by rail from Sheridan to Evanston, where the state insane asylum is, than from Chicago to New York, or from St. Louis to Washington, D. C. So, you see to go crazy in Sheridan one has a long way to go.

Wyoming, once the land of Indian and Buffalo is now the land of great resources and golden opportunities. It is the home of the "Frontier Days," held annually at Cheyenne, where more records are made and more bull thrown than any other place in the world. Casper with a reputation equal to Chicago and a population smaller than Elgin (Ill.) is known as the "squarest city in the squarest county, in the squarest state in the world.

The United States with Wyoming taken out would look as ridiculous as a mule in buggy harness. Time, fiction and history started when Wyoming first came into existence. It is the summer resort of the west, the place where most of the "wild and wooly" western movie plots are laid, a great state and proves it, in fact, all Wyomingians own up to it. To go west without visiting Wyoming is like visiting Europe without seeing Paris.

It is crossed by the Union Pacific and Burlington railways, Custer Battlefield, Yellowstone and Lincoln Highways, Rocky Mountains and the Milky Way.

Wyoming comes from the Indian word Maughwauwama, meaning "big plains." Some word and SOME STATE.—Cheyenne State Tribune.

Some Best Things

THE BEST LAW—
The Golden Rule.

THE BEST EDUCATION—
Self-Knowledge.

THE BEST PHILOSOPHY—
A contented mind.

THE BEST MEDICINE—
Cheerfulness and temperance.

THE BEST WAR—
The fight against one's own weakness.

THE BEST MUSIC—
The laughter of a child.

THE BEST ART—
Painting a smile upon the brow of a child.

THE BEST SCIENCE—
Extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.

THE BEST TELEGRAPHY—
Flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

THE BEST BIOGRAPHY—
The life that writes charity in the biggest letters.

THE BEST MATHEMATICS—
Multiplying the joys and dividing the sorrows of others.

—*Selected.*

A bold front often indicates a weak back. The man who has the stuff in him never attempts to bluff.—Exchange.

Dangerous Practice

Not long ago, a Storage Yard truck driver used his Prestolite tank as a receptacle for gasoline to use in starting his engine. When he arrived at Salt Creek, he needed Presto for his return trip and traded his tank to a Salt Creek truck for another Prestolite tank with Presto in it. The other driver had some trouble when he tried to light his lights, but fortunately nothing serious happened. There might have been serious trouble, however, and it is suggested that such practices not be indulged in in the future.

That's Better

"John," scolded his irate wife, "why did you spank Oswald on a full stomach?"

"I didn't," answered the indignant one.

If the inscriptions on tombstones are true where are all the wicked people buried?

Infant Automobile Grows

In 1896 there were four "horseless carriages" chugging spectacularly along our highways, getting on the nerves of the then high spirited horse and moving men to naive smiles. The automobile was still in its infancy in 1909 when 311,000 cars were recorded in the U. S. Today over 12,000,000 cars—10,800,000 passenger cars and 1,300,000 trucks—are registered, consuming nearly six billion gallons of gasoline a year. Also there is the motor cycle, the gasoline tractor, the stationary engine, the motor boat and the airship, all fueled by gasoline.

First Convict—When I get out of this place I'm going to have a hot time, ain't you?

Second Convict—I don't know; I'm in for life.—Phoenix.

"Mother, why did you marry father?"

"So you've began to wonder, too, have you?"

Miles Vervalin of the Denver Office spent his vacation at the Citizens Training Camp at Fort Logan, Colorado, as a Lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps. He came back greatly benefited in health and finances. He recommends similar training for all office men. Miles served in the A. E. F. and took this opportunity to refresh his memory in military lore.

Oil Refining Science is Revolutionized

Since 1909 crude oil production in the U. S. has trebled, but where in 1909 there were 588 barrels produced to each motor car on the road, in 1922 there were only 45 barrels to each motor car. Performing the phenomenal feat of tripling the crude oil supply has not been the only factor in satiating the automobile's appetite for gasoline.

The science of refining oil has been revolutionized, and the laboratories of the petroleum companies are continuously engaged in the practical development of further inventions to increase gasoline yield and conserve the crude oil.

Miles Drilled for Oil

Twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine miles were drilled in the United States for oil in 1922. Twenty-four thousand wells were sunk, which if combined in one well would have pierced the earth to China and doubled half way back. It cost half a billion dollars to drill these wells. Over five thousand of them failed to find oil, involving a loss of one hundred million dollars.

U. S. Aids in Oil Work

The oil industry is aided in its advances in the science of finding and developing oil by various government bureaus, and the industry cooperates with these bureaus in furnishing data and in eonducting researeh work. The Geological Survey, Bureau of Mines, Bureau of Standards and Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce carry on petroleum work of various character.

Pipe Lines without Oil

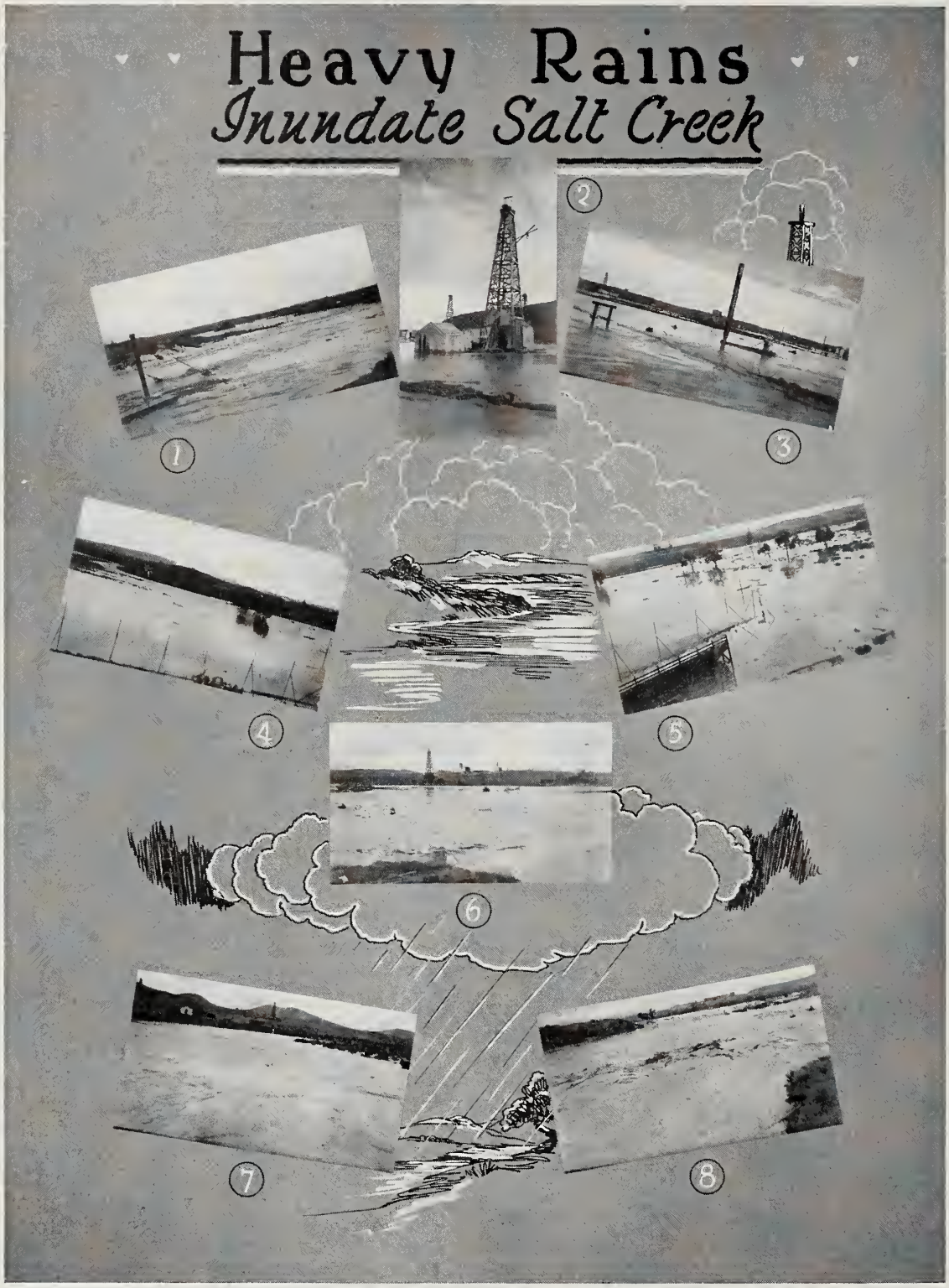
Crude oil sources are constantly shifting. New oil fields are found, and pipe lines must be built into these fields if the oil is to be made available to the consumer. There is an ever present necessity for reinvestment in pipe lines, sometimes at considerable hazard for an oil pool is whimsical and production may decline rapidly leaving the pipe line without any oil to transport.

How is your Record?

(*Continued from page 27*)

We all toil in some respect and Mr. Guest's statement holds equally true in whatever any and all of us make or do.

But while we may agree in principle to what has been said and what may yet be uttered, the proof of the pudding is in the chewing of the string. It's what we do not so much as what we say. So let's have a lot more safety in our daily work and life and then we may properly feel the righteous self-esteem of one Johnny Jones when he said, "Mother, I went by five orchards, three swimming holes and two dog fights today and my shirt is still clean. Please, kin I have some more pie?"



Flood waters throughout the Salt Creek field during the month of July, almost submerged drilling rigs, pump houses, etc. The pictures above show something of the scenes the residents witnessed. It took fully two weeks to put the field back in shape after the waters had subsided.

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Frank Keeley
George Zimmerman

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper
Jack Moyer
T. S. McCleary

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

James M. Holder

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

D. T. Beck, Producing Department
R. G. Austin, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

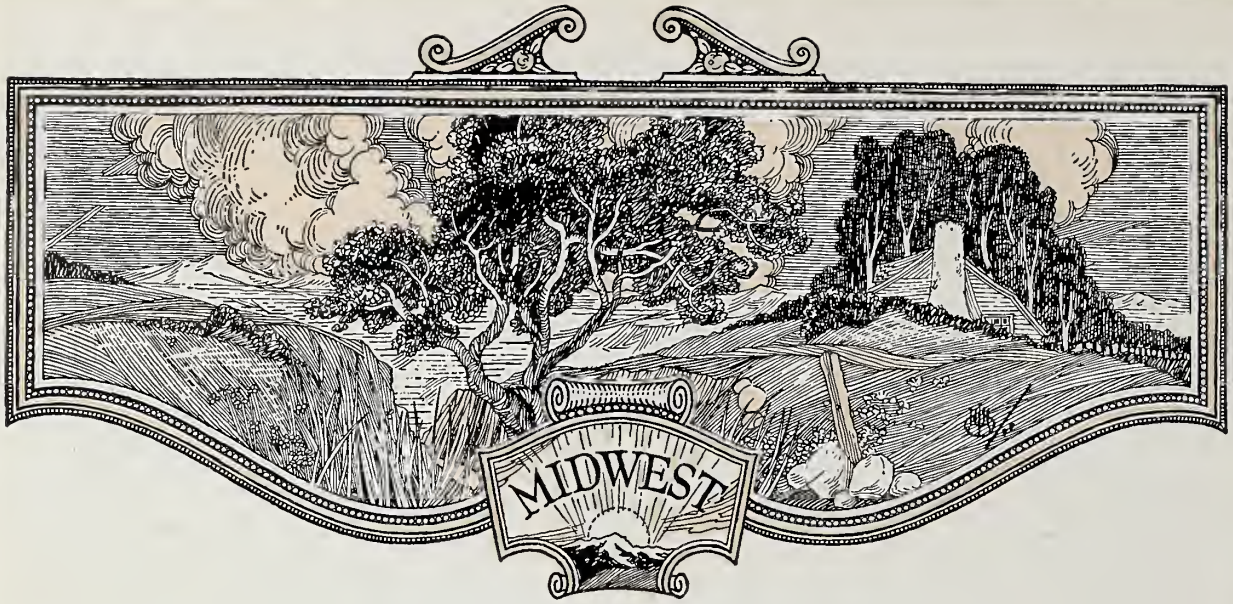
Secretary:

E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
D. T. Beck, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
Charles Badders, Grass Creek District
Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.
M. E. Edwards, Treasurer
T. N. Shaw, Secretary



"Keep On Keepin' On"

If the day looks kinder gloomy,
And your chances kinder slim;
If the situation's puzzlin'
And the prospects awful grim,
And perplexities keep pressin'
'Til all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

Shunning never wins a fight
And frettin' never pays;
There ain't no good in broodin' on
These pessimistic ways.
Smile just kinder cheerfully,
When hope is nearly gone
And bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'
And grumblin' all the time
When music's ringing everywhere,
And everything's in rhyme.
Just keep on smilin' cheerfully
If hope is nearly gone
And bristle up and grit your teeth
"And Keep On Keepin' On."

(Author Unknown)

The MIDWEST REVIEW

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Published for the Midwest *family by the* Midwest Refining *Company*

TETON MT. IN THE BACKGROUND AND A SMALL BODY OF WATER THIS SIDE OF JACKSON LAKE

Picture taken by M. E. Edwards, Casper Office

The Midwest Review

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Two Years of Saving

Midwest employes who have taken advantage of the opportunity to purchase Standard Oil Company (Indiana) stock, as well as those who haven't as yet taken advantage of this opportunity, will be interested to know how the plan works out, and what a material saving they may effect through such a plan. The Standard Oil Company of California has a similar plan in operation, and just how it is helping the employes in saving and investing their money is shown by the following article from the Standard Oil Bulletin, the company magazine of the California company:

Two years ago the Board of Directors of this Company initiated the Stock Investment and Savings Plan for employees. The plan was devised "to encourage thrift on the part of employees and to aid the employees in the application of savings to the purchase of stock of the Company." Briefly, the plan provides that an employee with one year of service is permitted to set aside, each month, up to twenty per cent of his compensation. For each dollar so set aside, the Company adds, as a bonus to encourage thrift and to induce participation in the plan, the sum of fifty cents. The combined total is devoted to the purchase of Company stock from the treasury at approximately the market price. Dividends on shares are credited to the employee's account and applied to further purchases of stock. As the stock is purchased, it is issued to trustees who hold it under the provisions of the plan.

The plan was greeted with enthusiasm by employees, and the percentage of eligibles who took advantage of its provisions was from the outset highly gratifying. A year ago the first annual report was made. It revealed that some eleven thousand employees had, up to May 31, 1922, accumulated in the hands of the trustees under the plan 67,574 shares of stock, representing a saving, counting both the money set aside by the employees and the Company's added bonus, of $5,987,796.

We now have the figures for the second year. They show that during this period the employees accumulated an additional sum of $6,054,785. This makes a grand total of $12,042,581 for the first two years of the plan.

There are today 13,013 employees who are eligible to participate in the stock plan. Of these, 11,164, or 85.79 per cent, have taken advantage of the opportunity. The average monthly subscription of the participants is $32.85. The total number of shares of stock held by the trustees is now 246,580.

The first year of experience with this stock-sharing plan made it appear that the plan was successful. The second year only confirms this fact. A gratifying feature is that newer employees are quick to participate as soon as they become eligible after a year of service.

Throughout the Company there is much evidence that the stock plan is beneficial to employees and Company alike. For the employee, there is practice of saving and thrift. For the Company, there is apparent an increased interest on the part of the personnel in the Company's business and welfare.

The stock plan is to run three years more, a total of five years. At the end of that time it is anticipated that some thirty million dollars will have then been invested by and for the participating employees in shares of stock in this organization.

A Nation's Great Playground

Yellowstone Park—the nation's playground—it is a wonderful place, and people of Wyoming and Colorado and Montana, are particularly fortunate in having such a magnificent recreation ground at their very door.

Midwest employes living in these three states, have many of them taken advantage of their proximity to this magnificent Park to make the trip through in the past few years, and this year was no exception. Members of the Midwest Family from the Denver office drove up and enjoyed the magnificent sights. Members from the Casper office, from Salt Creek, from Grass Creek and Elk Basin, and from other points, drove through this year, and from the reports they give had splendid outings. Some went "Hotel Way," that is, they took advantage of the wonderful hotel accommodations. Others went "Camp Way;" that is they accepted the delightfully democratic and comfortable camps; while still others "camped out," with their own outdoors menage, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

M. E. Edwards, cashier at the Casper office, and Jack Rutz, also of the Casper Office, made a trip through a few weeks ago, a la Ford Coupe, and had numerous delightful experiences, not the least of which involved fluttering about (not to say palpitating) a certain beautiful movie actress and her retinue. However, Edwards and Rutz took the excellent pictures which appear with this article.

As a further indication of the beauties and delights which await Midwesterners who may take this trip next year, or in subsequent years, the Review gives the following account, boiled down and shorn of a lot of extravagant language, which another Midwesterner gives of his trip through the park this year:

"We entered the park Cody way, and thoroughly enjoyed the magnificent trip up the Shoshone Canyon to the wonderful Shoshone Dam. The fifty miles to Pahaska Lodge were full of interest, and by the strongest stretch of the imagination, we could even pick out the various animals etc., supposed to be formed by the rocks along the route. Pahaska Lodge was a truly beautiful spot and we should have liked to linger longer there, but a brewing rainstorm hastened us on to the terrors of Sylvan Pass. Though we mounted this famous pass in a driving rain, we experienced very little of the terror that we had been told would be ours. It is a delightful road, a stiff climb of course, but easily negotiable for a Dodge or any other good car. After getting over the pass, we dropped down into a wonderful valley and sped rapidly along toward our first night's stop, the Lake Camp. (We went Camp way.) En route we were fortunate to see two beautiful elk a hundred yards from the road.

"Crossing the famous 'Fishing Bridge' near Lake Camp, we were amused at the wonderful assortment of fishing outfits which were being employed by the anglers. They ranged all the way from the proper fly casting rods to sixteen foot cane poles imported from Missouri and Arkansas. Bobbers which had served to warn back east fishermen that a bullhead was teasing the bait floated serenely on the water close to trout flies brought over from England.

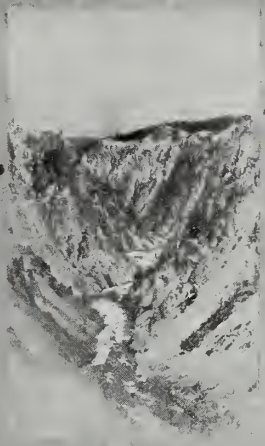
"The Lake Camp is beautifully laid out by the side of Yellowstone Lake and proved a fine place. Comfortable cabins to sleep in, excellent food at the dining hall all added to the charm of the spot.

"We left Lake Camp early the next morning and proceeded to the next scheduled stopping place, the great Canyon and falls of the Yellowstone. En route, we visited the mud geysers which were repulsive but interesting craters of boiling and spouting mud. Nearby was the Dragons Mouth spring, an interesting contrast to the mud springs, as it was a source of beautifully green boiling water coming from a cavern shaped like the mythical maw of a monster of St. George's Day.

"We arrived at the Grand Canyon about ten o'clock and drove across the beautiful single span concrete bridge to Artist Point where our breaths were taken away by the indescribable beauty of the Canyon and majestic falls. Literally every color of the rainbow has been scrambled together in

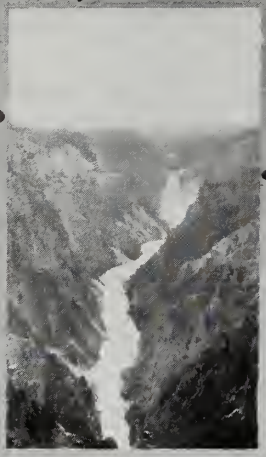
YELLOWSTONE PARK FEATURES-

As seen by M. E. Edwards, Casper Office



Yellowstone Canyon

Black Bear as "The Robber"
He will not let anyone pass unless they feed him



Lower Falls ~ Yellowstone Canyon

Old Faithful Inn

Buffalo Herd - Yellowstone Park

Canyon Hotel

Mamoth Hot-Springs

Road Scene entering Tow-Gow-Tee Inn

artistic blotches and sweeps. Gorgeous reds and blues, purples, henna, pastel shades blended together into a riot of tints that the brush of a mere human artist could not reproduce. The falls sweep down for a plunge of over 300 feet, the spray arising in filmy clouds and wreaths from the foaming depths, and far down in the bottom of the vast gash, the Yellowstone tumbles along, an emerald filament.

"Food seemed a sacrilege after an hour or two of drinking in this pageantry of color, but certain infantile members of my party demanded it and we had an excellent luncheon at the Canyon Camp dining room, leaving soon after for the Mammoth Hot Springs via Dunraven Pass. This beautiful road winds higher and higher along the mountains, constituting a climb longer than Sylvan Pass, and higher, and much more interesting to my way of thinking. Mt. Washburn was passed up. We didn't ascend for the simple reason that the rain continued and this giant of the park was wreathed in clouds and the view would have been negligible.

"I cannot say a great deal for Mammoth Hot Springs. The springs are of course wonderful, and the terraces formed by the encrustations from the water are interesting. But to my way of thinking, Thermopolis has just as interesting a sight of this sort. The most interesting and pleasant thing about Mammoth is the beautiful setting of the great hotel and the administration buildings of the Park Management. Fine drives, nice lawns and trees make the place very beautiful. We spent a very comfortable night here and thoroughly enjoyed the Camp dining room which in my opinion is the finest camp house in the park.

"We got a fairly early start from Mammoth on our way to the Norris Geyser Basin, and enjoyed one of the most beautiful drives in the park, that along the Gibbon River, through the canyon and through the Silver and Golden Gates. The Norris Basin is very interesting and the drive from there to Old Faithful Inn is sprinkled with wonderful turquoise and rose and emerald pools, geysers infantile and full grown, in action and out of action. Somehow or other, however, those geyser basins with their geysers seemed normal abnormalities; their deadly effect on trees and vegetation was repulsive, and while I was deeply interested in the phenomena, yet I could not feel impressed with beauty and attracted to the features as I was at other places. The glowing exception to this was Old Faithful, the grand old geyser that has been doing business faithfully and uninterruptedly from time immemorial. As a school boy, I had Old Faithful held up to me as an example of constancy, of punctuality and stability and I was certainly glad of the opportunity to meet up with such a dependable old friend. Really, Old Faithful actually appears to have some human qualities. And when he erupts—all these attributes seem masculine, you know—he is really a thing of superb beauty. He rears his majestic column of steam and sparkling water nearly two hundred feet in the air, and it is a sight worth being awed over. All the rest of the geysers and geyserettes and geyserlets in the neighborhood pale into insignificance beside him.

"Old Faithful Inn is a marvelous building. It was built about twenty years ago, is strictly of log construction and is one of the wonders of the Park, not to say of America. The main features of Yellowstone Park, are of course of Divine origin; and Old Faithful Inn is of human origin; but I do want to say that the human being who conceived it, must have had divine guidance. It is so appropos, so materially a part of the setting, that this section of the Park would be lacking sadly without it.

"We left Old Faithful early the next morning and had a splendid trip to the South entrance, a trip which involved a friendly meeting with a bear and a charming encounter with a shy, soft-eyed deer. We left the south entrance and spent the night at Amoretti's Inn, under the shadow of the lofty and rugged Tetons, mirrored in Jackson's Lake, and reached home the next day after that.

"It is a wonderful trip. There were hundreds of features which one may not even barely mention in a brief account like this. It is the greatest playground that America has, and probably one of the greatest in the world. Certainly, there is no other like it."

Storage Yard Boys Catch 'Em

Packy McFarland and Nichols went with Pete and Walter Wray up into the Sweetwater country in search of the elusive trout, and captured a few. To support their claims they submit a couple of pictures, which are displayed herewith.

Left shows Packy hanging on for dear life to a 5 lb. which was caught in Lake Lewie.

Right is their Camp at Sweetwater. For the unacquainted, we will tell you that there is Walt Wray, Packy McFarland, Pete Wray and Nick Nichols, from left to right in the front row and the fish in the back strung between the cars.

Cheyenne Party Visits

A motor party from Cheyenne made up of Mrs. C. E. Hyatt and son Dean, Miss Winifred F. Stewart, deputy Commissioner of public lands and the Misses Daniels and Christianson visited the field for a day the middle of the month, going on to Sheridan, before their return home. Mrs. Hyatt, will eome to Salt Creek to join her husband in the near future and make her home here. Mr. Hyatt is State commissioner in charge of royalty oil interests in the field.

Take an Oil Bath

A truck load of Midwest Pipe-liners, culminated a most interesting little playlet on one late afternoon early in the past month. The truck on which they were riding, skidded and one rear wheel left the road. Unable to go forward, it started to slip back, tipping the body to one side so effectively that the human cargo were swept off in bunches. The climax of the playlet was turned into tragedy at this point by the fact that directly in line and below was a small pool of oil. The fellows were good about it tho and some of them were even graceful and extremely jovial thru the anti-climax.

Salt Creek Ladies Union

The Ladies Union of the Salt Creek Community Church, held a most successful meeting on the afternoon of September 12th. The occasion was in the nature of a get acquainted reception especially in honor of the new ladies of the field. The last meeting of the Union in the month of August was especially novel and effective in the form of a shower on the Church kitchen, as a result of which the culinary and cookery department which plays so important a part in church suppers and numerous other occasions was almost completely equipped.

Dead from Burns

A sad death occurred at the Midwest Hospital on September 4th when Charles Ginrich, a gas expert for the Ohio Oil Company passed away as the result of deep burns with heart complications, received in an explosion in the Salt Creek field. Mr. Ginrich was a gas specialist from Billings, Montana, located in the field temporarily on some experimental work. His numerous friends in oil circles in this and neighboring states were greatly saddened by his passing.

Railroad Creeping in on Salt Creek

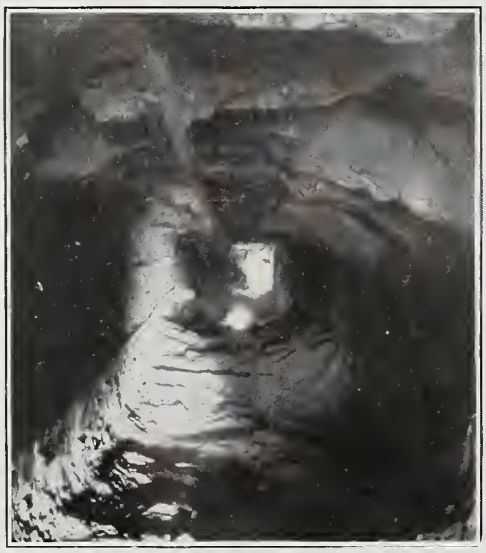
"The smoke scarce dies
Where the trail camp lies,
'Til the rails glint down the pass.
The desert springs into fruit and wheat
And we lay the stones of a solid street
Over Yesterday's untrod grass."

By the end of a month or six weeks we Midwesterners at Salt Creek will be veritable pioneers, and to prove it, we can put forth the statement, "We were here before the railroad came in." Dave Lewis, Josh Portis and Judge McNulty have already prepared themselves with leather thongs to tie their hats on when the first steel monster invades the local reaches, hitherto untrammeled by ties and rails.

With the completion of the ribbon of steel from Ileo to the Field, at one leap, Salt Creek, one of the largest, one of the most important inland points in the whole West, will bridge the gap and enter a new era of development and progression. The change of atmosphere and conditions will be marked in many ways. The day of the truck will have passed. Much in the way of improvement, held back because of heavy hauling, can be accomplished. Entrance and egress for human beings, as well as freight, will be regular and sure. New cities will spring up and the panorama of faces, individuals, local color and industrial methods will pass through a period of revision rapidly and surely.

From string teams to motor trucks was a big jump, and yet, the step up to a railroad now, with all of the possibilities for development that it brings, foretells just as important a series of transitions.

As we look back, the days of Knighthood were full of romance, the old West was picturesque and full of the drama of the ranges and reaches. And the Salt Creek Field, as we have known it, has been filled with the thrill of uncertainty, the lure and spell of miles of separation. It is a satisfaction to have been in Salt Creek for the past years, years rich in experiences and rich in associations with real fellows. The ties have been close, and now, when on the verge of the new era, while we are looking forward with keen interest and are on our toes to meet the new, there is a pang of regret and a little ache that the Salt Creek of fascinating uncertainties, of dramatic seclusion is fading into a new Salt Creek of super-efficiency and civilized exactness.



The above unique picture is taken of the inside of the tunnel which is being constructed to carry away the overflow of the water in the big new reservoir being constructed north of Salt Creek by the Midwest. The picture is taken by R. Shuhart of the Salt Creek Gas Plant.

How the Life Insurance Stands

The following statement shows how the Midwest Group Life Insurance statement stood at the end of July:

Total Employees insured	1,327
Total Insurance in effect	$1,738,000.00
Total applications on file under six months	1,303
Number employees insured during the month:	
Original certificates 44	
Increase certificates 97	141
Insurance issued during the month	$ 72,500.00
Number insured employees terminated during the month	51
Number of deaths during the month	2
Total amount paid beneficiaries during the month	$ 2,500.00

The big stack at the Salt Creek Gas Plant gets a new coat of paint. Pictures above show the stack and the painter, N. W. Atkinson. You can see him hanging steeple jack fashion on the stack. The pictures are by R. Shuhart.

Bill Midnorthern writes a Letter

Mid-Northurn kamp
sunbust montaner

mi deer mistur Editur*

i hav ben reed in a hole lot about al off the aktifities in al off the uthur kampes xcept owrn, and i want sumwon too let you peepul now that we are alif, so i gues that it is upp too me to blo owr horn.

furst off al i want you and al off the wrest off them doo littuls too now that jest beekaws we ar stuk upp hear onlye twoente mils frum abottul uf beer and du owr shoping in a munkey ward maguseen and owr koorten thrugh the matrumowneal ajensys we lik the gurls and wants too sea mor off there piktours inn the maguseen. in that way you ar duing us a favur as we kan in that weigh chuse a sok mendur owt off owr oun argunasashun and inn that weigh kut don the payrool (gues i ant got a I for bissnuseh)

at this tim we is bisie maken a bathhous —it beeen sum 4 oar 5 munths sins we haf had a bath—owr fors is getten a bit self konshus off the fakt

their is lots off notoreus peepul hear wich i want too tell you abowt—peepul beeen the most inturesten thinges that their is—butt i now i kan onlie tel you off won in this lether

this fellur aint the big boss neethur—(you sea i aint looken fur now rase—theirfur wont goe blind rite aweigh)

we has a fellur whoo is inn charg off perduksion and allsew the knew watter lin he shur is sum nise fellur and wunse wen he wuz inn town jest aftur payday he kum bak earlie inn the mowrnen(abowt 4 oklok) and the lits wear owt dew too a brake don butt he voued he sawed lots off lits wen he gott inn

mistur shoemakur wuz jest onered bie eeten with us the uthur day he wus goen fishun butt we now that he wont haf sush gud luk this tim az the fellur he bowt his last fish frum has gon owt off bisnis.

ill rite you agen sum tim sun eddie owld buoy if you putt mi stuff in yowr papur

regardluslie

bill

Salt Creek Schools Enlarged

What have we in Salt Creek beside oil, is a question sometimes asked. On September 4th school-bells, ringing out answered that question in part by bringing an influx of children that conclusively proved Salt Creek to be in possession of a full quota.

Home Camp of the Midwest now has a four room grade school and a two room high school and an addition of four rooms will be built on the grade school yet this fall. The enlargement is sorely needed with the total enrollment climbing over four hundred and pupils sitting two in a seat and on the floor. A temporary plan of relief will be worked out probably along the line of the half time system, to be in effect until the new addition is completed.

Mr. James Bond, formerly of Kansas, is in charge of the Salt Creek schools this year. He is aggressive, able and has already adopted Salt Creek and her problems and good interests as his own. He is ably assisted by a corps of fifteen teachers, three in the high school and twelve in the grades. The young lady teachers are to live in the new teacherage, an eight room building, soon to be completed by the Midwest Company to solve this important housing need.

The school question in the field has grown and enlarged in scope within the past two years, jumping from the country school class into a matter that takes a preeminent place in the thoughts of all residents.

The type of children in Salt Creek cannot be surpassed anywhere and now with the standard and qualifications of teachers used, on a par with Casper, with large additions being made to buildings and equipment, the educational problem so vital in any worth while, thinking community is in line to be satisfactorily worked out.

Get A Bill of Sale

By H. M. GUNN, Legal Department

Your attention is called to Section Seven (7) Paragraph C which reads as follows:

"(C) It is hereby provided that no state registration license certificates shall be issued by the secretary of state, or his authorized agents, for the registration of any automobile, the owner of which fails or refuses on request to produce for examination an original bill of sale, or a certificate of ownership, and any automobile the owner of which so refuses or fails to so present such bill of sale certificate of ownership and assignments, if any, may be seized and held by the secretary of state, his authorized agents, or motor vehicle inspectors, for reasonable time in which to investigate rightful ownership of such automobile."

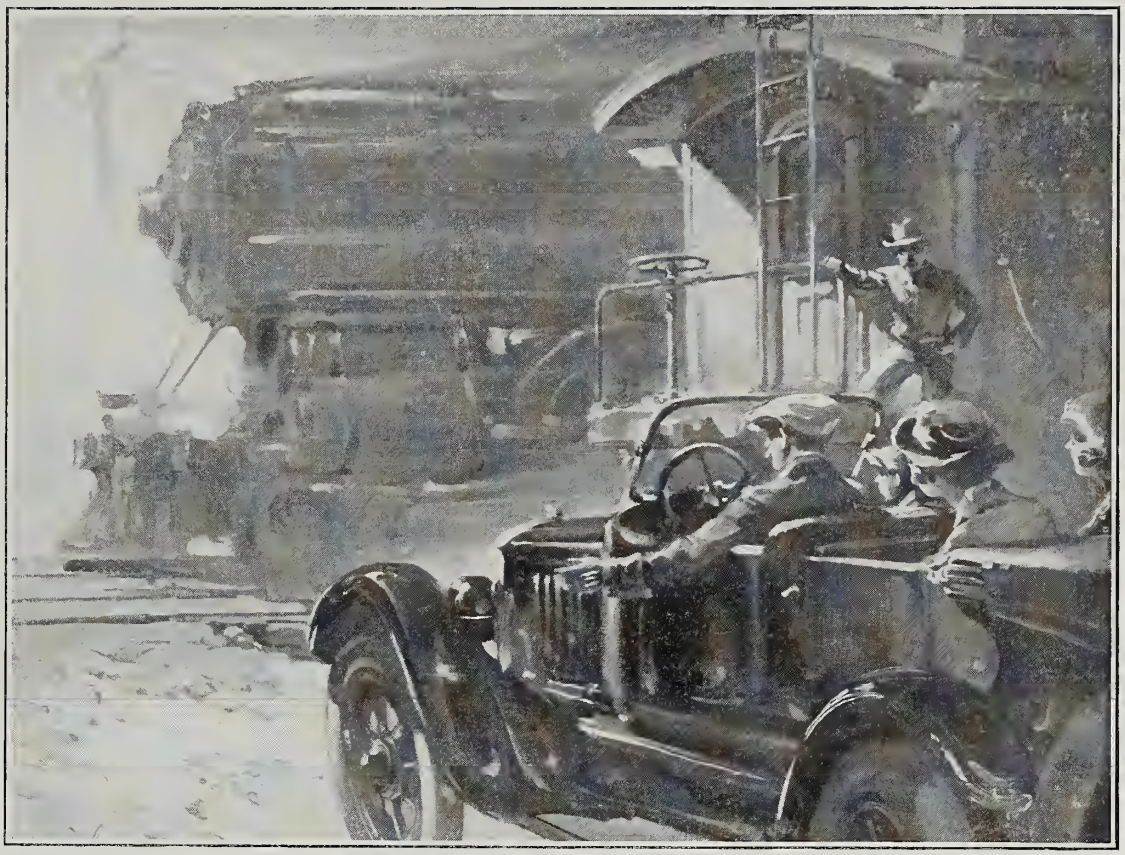
It is held by this department that it is necessary that the owner of any motor vehicle should provide himself with a bill of sale or certificate of ownership and for the protection of the owner the same should be filed in the office of the County Clerk for record.

This will save any delay or trouble in securing license at the first of the year and it is urged that everyone take advantage of the time granted and secure their bill of sale or certificate of ownership at once and as a matter of protection to themselves file the same with the County Clerk.

Catch Nice String

Marvin "Red" Vastine, Lewis Vastine, Ben Bass and his brother Bernard Bass prove conclusively they are fishermen by the accompanying picture. The grizzled scout at the left is not "Red" Vastine for he took the picture. This string was caught in one of the small streams near Story.

Those in the picture are: Ben Bernard, back; unknown native; Lewis Vastine and Marvin Vastine.



Over The Crossing to The Cemetery

The whole country was startled recently when, picking up the morning paper it learned that the day before 35 people had been killed and ten injured in nine railroad crossing accidents. The engineer of one of the trains had the heartbreaking experience of hitting two automobiles and killing 13 people. Four were killed in the first crash and nine in the second. In the second smashup, a mother and five children lost their lives. Every member of the train crew was on the point of nervous collapse when the death train was finally brought in at the end of the run.

One of the accidents occurred as a result of a driver trying to beat the train. It was a race to see who could get over the crossing first. The motorist lost. The driver of this death car forgot, or else didn't know that the train was traveling at the rate of at least 90 feet a second and had behind it the momentum of more than 800 tons of steel in equipment alone. His indiscretion happily, is a type of carelessness rapidly growing less common.

In the other case, the driver stalled his car on the tracks as the speeding train approached. Had he shifted to low or intermediate, the car might have made the crossing without mishap.

The lives of 1,810 persons were lost in grade crossing accidents in 1922. Occupants of passenger automobiles were the most numerous victims, 1,094 having died in automobile-train collisions. Autobus accidents were comparatively few, only 40 being recorded in comparison with 225 fatalities in connection with auto trucks. Motorcycles and bicycles figured in 20 fatal accidents and 273 persons on foot were killed. But street cars were involved in only two accidents during the entire year.

Thus it would seem that it takes two persons to cross a grade crossing safely. Even pedestrians cannot be depended upon to

(*Continued on page* 24)

The Casper Midwest Picnic

"A car! another car and more cars I say, George, what's going on? Where is it going to happen?"

"Why that is the Midwest employees going on their annual picnic. What do you say, will we follow?"

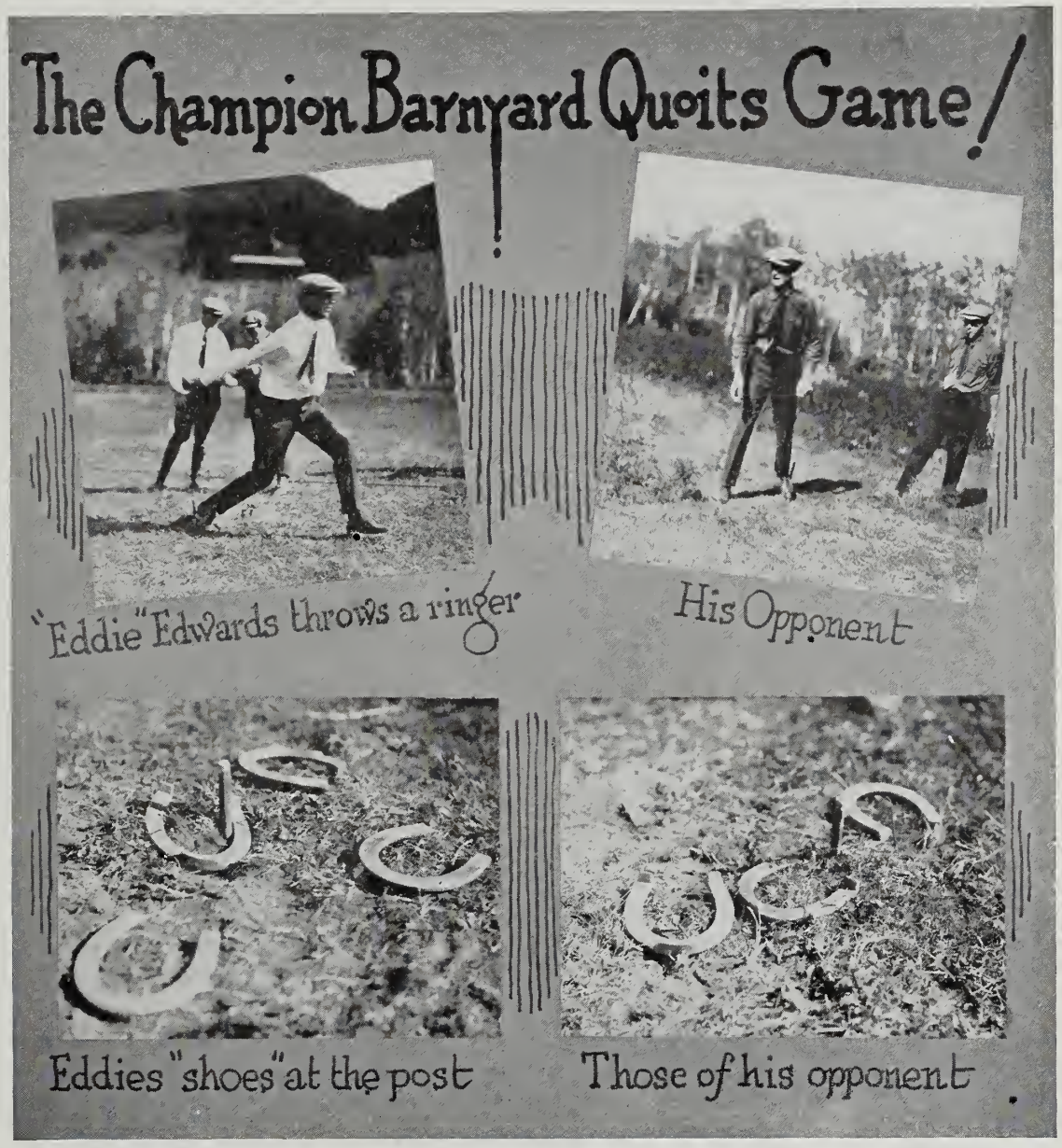
"Sure, we're off."

On and on they followed the cars ahead, over winding roads and up hills, until the rumbling motors stopped, and the gay picnickers scrambled out finding themselves amid green grass and the beauty of Casper mountain. Lunch baskets were safely set aside, while husbands, wives, kiddies, sweethearts and lovers sought shady nooks where they might relax and enjoy nature's quiet and scenic beauty.

All was peace and quiet until Tracy N. Shaw (long since out of the love-making stage) interrupted the tete-a-tetes announcing a Fat Ladies' Race. Now can you imagine a funnier sight? Who wouldn't run to the spot. Poor Tracy! what a time he had getting the fat ladies rounded up as that variety is very shy, but leave it to T. N. T. eight all in a row not so bad. One! Two! Three! They're Off! Faster! Mrs. Gibson. Hurry up! Mrs. Marrin. Aha! Miss Davis wins. But alas! a two pound box of candy and every formula for reducing excluding "Sweets." Oh well, this is the Midwest picnic and surely fat ladies should have their "Sweets," if Kelly, Edwards and others have theirs.

The next event was "Huge" Barnes, Shaw, Dunbar, Packy McFarland, and Joe Perry all eligible to the Fat Mens' Race. This was the most exciting of all. Exclamations were heard along the side lines such as: "Speed her up Barnes." "Take off your specs and look where you are going Shaw." But good as they all were McFarland, was the best and he proudly marched up to receive the trophy of his hard labor. While Joe Perry, came up for second.

So amid cheers and gay laughter the events continued such as A Nail Driving Contest, Mrs. Ed. Davis winning first place, and Miss Jewel Sullivan, second place.


The Champion Barnyard Quoits Game!
"Eddie" Edwards throws a ringer
His Opponent
Eddies "shoes" at the post
Those of his opponent

Good sportsmanship was shown by the younger picnickers with first prizes in the three-legged race going to Boyd Smith and Tracy N. Shaw Jr. second place to Virgil Kear. A Girls' Twenty-five Yard Race, was then staged and Gretian Smith won first place with Louise Kear, coming up for second.

Other events included a Tug O'War for men with Chas. Kear's team winning first place. A Tug O'War for women, won by Ninetta Davis' team. A Fifty-yard Dash for Girls, Holly Donko, first; Ruth Ufield, second; Ball Throwing Contest, first place Mrs. O. W. Franklin; second, Holly Donko. Last but not least a Seventy-five Yard Dash, won by Donnelly, who probably would not have won if it had not been for a good rooter on the side lines. Of course, we take this for GRANT-ed.

The last event staged was A Baseball Game, but we are unable to know what the score was as the scorekeeper forgot to bring his adding machine. We have no idea

Casper Office *Picnics on* Casper Mountain

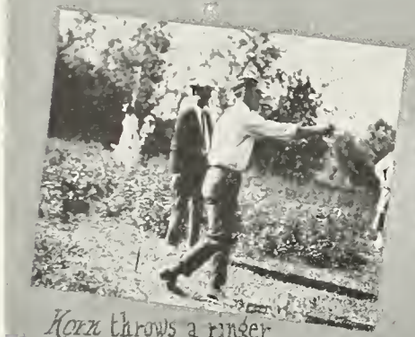
The Juveniles in the Three-Legged race

One of the Family Groups

A close-up of two fair Picnickers ~

Weidner and Family

The Sixth floor hangs together



Korn throws a ringer

Watchful waiting until time to eat

E.G. Sinclair and *J.R. Dunbar*

Twosomes

The Tug of war

The Start of the Nail Driving Contest

Ed Davis prepares to knock a "homer"

The Messiter force with their days supply of grub

Jack Rutz winds up

Just before the Battle

Ninette Davis at the Wheel

Lined up for the Mens Footrace

George Jarvis a guest in action

Ready for the Womens Footrace

Just having a good time

Alta Vista, the charming summer home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barnes, where the Casper Office Picnic was held.

where the Umpire learned the rules about a Base ball game but we feel very confident that it wasn't in a Law Office.

Odors of coffee floated through the air and it wasn't necessary for Shaw to announce the next event. For little groups were seen here and there spreading their picnic luncheons which even tempted the bugs.

The climax of the picnic was reached after the picnickers had climbed up to "Alta Vista," the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barnes, Jr., where all were made welcome. The evening was spent in dancing. When the last waltz strains floated away on the wings of night the picnickers departed wearily, for their homes bearing the memory of the most happy and successful Midwest picnic ever attended.

We owe a great deal of the success of the picnic to the Athletic Club, Board of Directors, comprising the following members: Ninetta Davis, F. J. Keleher, Tom Clayton, Perry Arner, John Parker, W. J. Corbridge, J. F. Simpson, W. D. Luke, Clair St. Louis, and Tracy N. Shaw.

Other members of the Midwest family who assisted the committees, were Eddie Flynn, who arranged for the music; Ed. Davis who had charge of the Freighting; R. S. Ellison and Bill Powell who made lemonade in which the stick was made conspicuous by its absence.

Underground Temperatures

Mr. C. E. Van Ostrand of the United States Geological Survey, completed a very interesting series of experiments on underground temperatures, in the Salt Creek field this month. He made use of the open holes being drilled and with special apparatus was able to secure a collection of data that greatly pleased him and will prove of value. Mr. Van Ostrand left here to cover several other oil field locations in the State and complete his present assignment, before returning to Washington D. C.

Alumnus—If you have the right stuff in you, it's bound to show in time.

Pledge—Is that why you have a red nose?

Will Use Rotaries

It is understood that the Midwest will test out rotary drills, in three Wyoming fields, one well being drilled at Grass Creek, one at Golden Eagle and the third in the Salt Creek field. J. M. Curtis, a rotary drilling contractor from Shreveport, Louisiana, is in the State now assembling the tools and machinery. The purpose of drilling these wells is based on a matter of cost comparison with the cable method.

"Pa, what's a post-graduate?"

"A fellow who graduates from one of those correspondence schools, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

Baxter Basin Gas Field, Wyoming

By E. A. Hall, Geologist,
The Midwest Refining Company

A low uplift in the eastern part of the Green River Basin, a part of the great Wyoming Desert, is known as the Baxter Basin Uplift or Dome. The Union Pacific Railroad paralleled by the Lincoln Automobile Highway cuts across the north end of the structure. Rock Springs, a thriving town of about 7500 population, is located a few miles northwest of the field. Coal mining and sheep raising constitute the principal industries of the region. This part of Wyoming is barren and desolate. Lack of permanent streams, dry hot summers, and cold rigorous winters make life miserable most of the time. Consequently, a phrase applicable to most oil fields is often used with regard to Baxter Basin,—"it should produce oil as it is no good for anything else."

However, one must not paint the picture too black. Aspen Mountain with an elevation of about 8600 feet rising about 2,000 feet above the general level lies almost in the center of the dome. Patches of vivid green or golden yellow aspen trees, depending on the time of the year, cover the slopes of the mountain. Many badly needed springs of clear cold water break out around the edge of this single mountain remnant.

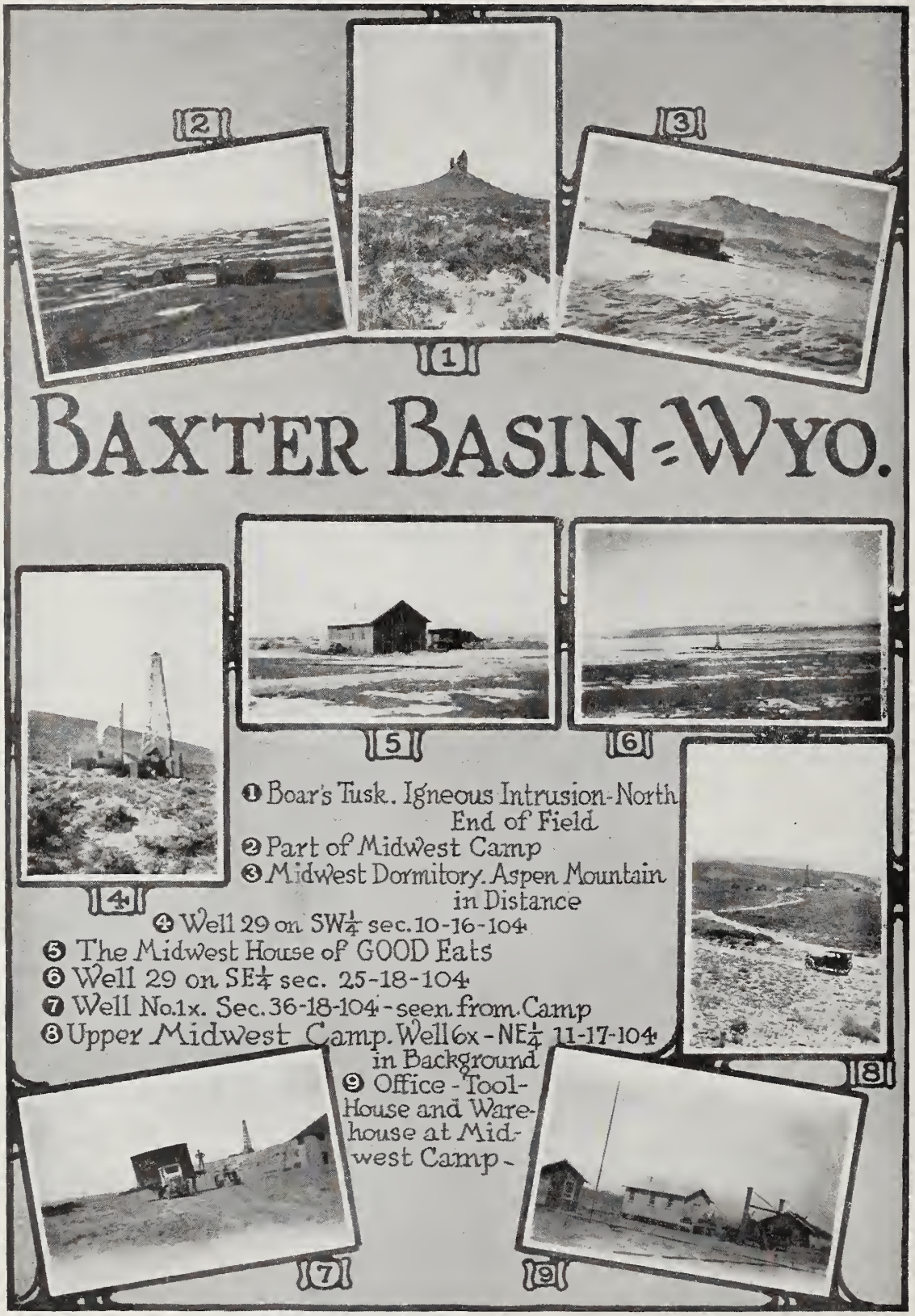
The Producers and Refiners and The Associated Oil Company take advantage of these purely local conditions on the south slope of Aspen mountain and have for camps beautiful mountain summer resorts.

The Rock Springs Country Club House and golf course is located on the west edge of the field bordering Aspen Mountain. What other Wyoming field boasts a Country Club?

Development of the Baxter Basin Field may be divided conveniently into four periods. In 1872 the Union Pacific Railroad Company, having completed their continental line some four years previously, started the drilling of several wells on the border of the Baxter Basin Structure. Although these wells were destined to be used as a source of water, they have some bearing on the later development inasmuch as they first indicated shale highly charged with petroleum making material. However, no important shows of oil or gas were encountered.

Consequently, prospectors for commercial petroleum did not enter this territory until 1900 when the Belgo-American Petroleum Company drilled several wells in Baxter Basin near Baxter station on the Union Pacific Railroad. Several smaller companies also began drilling in the same vicinity at about the same time. Although about ten wells were drilled, most of them stopped short of 1,000 feet. One well was reported to have reached a depth of 2,300 feet. As has often been the case with oil prospecting, none of these wells were favorably located from a geological standpoint. Nevertheless, several promising shows of oil or gas were encountered at different horizons in a number of the wells. In the two following years other nearby wells were drilled to variable depths and although none of them were commercial, some gas and oil were encountered. Consequently, after the expenditure of considerable money in the field all interest ceased and development was at a standstill.

In 1915 consulting geologists advised new locations in the vicinity of Dry Lake ten miles southeast of Rock Springs. Thus, with renewed interest in the search for commercial oil, five additional wells were drilled. Four of these wells struck minor quantities of oil or gas and one in the SE¼ of section 18-T. 18 N., R. 104 W. encountered gas at a pressure of about 1100 pounds. At the present time, this well is still capable of producing gas although the well blows off or depletes itself in a short time. An ingenious sheepherder has fitted his camp with gas stoves and lights and comfortably commercializes the well. One of the wells drilled to a depth of about 1,000 feet was put down by the Midwest Oil Company, which had entered the field during this period of activity but this hole was also abandoned upon the failure of the other wells. In the case of these five wells geologists were to blame for not having located the best drilling site on the struc-



❶ Boar's Tusk. Igneous Intrusion - North End of Field
❷ Part of Midwest Camp
❸ Midwest Dormitory. Aspen Mountain in Distance
❹ Well 29 on SW¼ sec. 10-16-104
❺ The Midwest House of GOOD Eats
❻ Well 29 on SE¼ sec. 25-18-104
❼ Well No. 1x. Sec. 36-18-104 - seen from Camp
❽ Upper Midwest Camp. Well 6x - NE¼ 11-17-104 in Background
❾ Office - Tool-House and Warehouse at Midwest Camp -

ture and as a result the field was to see still another period of activity.

After considerable detailed geologic work in the spring of 1921, The Midwest Refining and associated companies started in section 11, T. 17 N., R. 104 W., in October 1921, what was to be the discovery well. This well is located near the base of Aspen Mountain some fifteen miles south of Rock Springs. The well got a slight show of gas at 1580 feet and more gas at 1928 feet. At this point, the gas increased with depth until at 1980 feet, two million cubic feet of gas was gauged. This gas came from a 23 foot brown sand at the top of the Frontier formation. The second sand, some 600 feet deeper, was more productive, with a yield of 27 million cubic feet at the final test of the well.

Largely as a result of the Midwest discovery well, other companies entered the field until now the Midwest, Ohio, Associated and Producers and Refiners Companies maintain adequate camps and are engaged in the drilling of two or more wells. In the field at the present time there are five commercial gas wells capable of producing 190 million cubic feet. The average rock pressure is 800 pounds to the square inch. Five wells are being drilled and two gas wells are being deepened to test lower sands. Two wells are being abandoned having found water in the first two sands.

Superintendents and drillers refer to Baxter Basin as the "Hard Luck Field." Nevertheless, the interested companies continue their operations with eagerness to determine the possibilities of this structure. Operations being carried on at present are as follows:—

The Ohio Oil Company, starting operations in 1922, has completed two gas wells. It also has just completed the skidding of a rig over a well in section 14-17-104, having lost about 1200 feet of hole and 5 months' time. It is at present drilling one well in section 22-16-104 and at a depth of 2350 has a bad fishing job.

The Associated Oil Company is drilling two wells, one at a depth of about 500 feet and the other has been held up at a depth of 3200 feet for three months with a fishing job, having a bailer in the hole.

The Producers and Refiners Corporation is skidding its rig in section 13-17-104, having lost 1630 feet of hole and is fishing for two joints of ten inch casing at a depth of 2350 feet in the well in section 36-17-104.

The Midwest Refining Company has drilled three wells to both the first and second sands and one well to the first sand. The discovery well is now being deepened to the third sand which it should encounter by the time this article is published. Well No. 29 SW¼ section 10-16-104, in the south end of the field has reached a depth of 1600 feet having landed 15½" casing at 1100 feet, the longest string of casing of that size in Baxter Basin. No serious difficulties were encountered in the drilling of any of these wells. Hard luck in the Midwest camp has been confined to the burning of the rig over the first sand well in section 2-17-104. The rig burned soon after gas was encountered and ignited by a short circuit in the wiring on the rig.

All camps and drilling wells in the field are supplied with gas for fuel and light from the Midwest and Ohio wells. Otherwise the gas is not used or marketed.

Although three or four sands within reach of the drill remain untested, little hope is held for oil in commercial quantities. Consequently, the drilling in progress is largely to determine the probable amount of gas contained in the structure. In case sufficient gas is developed to warrant the construction of an expensive pipe line to a market, who knows but what Denverites and others may be using the gas of Baxter Basin within a few years?

Operations of The Midwest Refining Company at Baxter Basin are managed by the following staff:

A. W. Peake, General Supt.
E. G. Sinclair, District Supt.
C. G. Scott, Field Supt.

Nowels to Shiprock

Kenneth Nowels, who until a few months ago, was a member of the Main Office force at Home Camp, working directly under Mr. Estabrook, along petroleum engineering lines, on leaving the Midwest accepted a very responsible position with the Bureau of Mines in Salt Creek. Mr. Nowels, early in September was ordered to the Shiprock field in New Mexico, at which point he will be indefinitely located.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

September the Golden Month. Rich in the golden grain of harvest time, and the golden rays of Indian Summer. If not the best, one of the best months of the year. The end of vacation time. Almost everyone in the Denver Office will have completed theirs by the end of this month. Some have had good ones, in fact everyone has reported thoroughly rested. Some have traveled far, some at shorter distances, and still others have remained at home.

We are now ready for the winter activities again. As mentioned last month the Bowling League enters its second year with added enthusiasm And perhaps there will be other activities. Many of the local boys have entered University of Denver School of Commerce. This will make lots of them take care of their idle moments, and serve to develop their store of knowledge. In fact it is a good policy for a person to study something every winter. We cannot get too much education. Study develops the thinking tendencies which lie dormant if unusued. Study is a good habit to get into. It cultivates thinking, and serves to develop the brain, as in like manner exercise develops the body. They go hand in hand.

But we are wandering from our track. We have been on our vacation, and as we get ready to close our columns for the September issue of the Review, we find we have not much material on hand about which to write. We have, however, been ably assisted by several of our aids, and they have done nobly. Read what they have reported in the following paragraphs.

Baseball

Standings at Close of League

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Midwest	9	3	.750
Mutual	8	4	.666
Continental	6	6	.500
The Texas Company	6	6	.500
Sinclair Refining Co.	1	11	.083

The Denver Office Team galloped home Champions in the race during the season closed by a margin of one full game. Mutual finished with a bang, only one full game behind us, having defeated us in the last game of the season at Merchants Park 11 to 6. But anybody could win ball games the way Mutual did by hiring their team and then letting them all out the week after they played us. The world loves a winner, but we are also admonished to play fair with our fellow men. Mutual's taking second place in the league is hollow honor. If we had done what they did, we would not have lost a game. Our team played strictly on its merits, made up of bonafide employes not hired to play ball but to work. Our boys deserve all the credit coming to them.

We went into a hitting slump after the Texas game and never emerged all year. We beat Continental 9 to 3, and on the following Saturday cinched the pennant by defeating Sinclair 4 to 2. This was one of the best games of the year and was a pitchers' battle, but it put us on easy street.

Then came the Mutual game on the 25th of August. The boys worked hard and deserved victory, but you can't beat a team when they let their men off at ten in the morning so that they can get hitting practice for two hours, and then you don't get any, but have to jump in without any batting practice whatever. Read the following account.

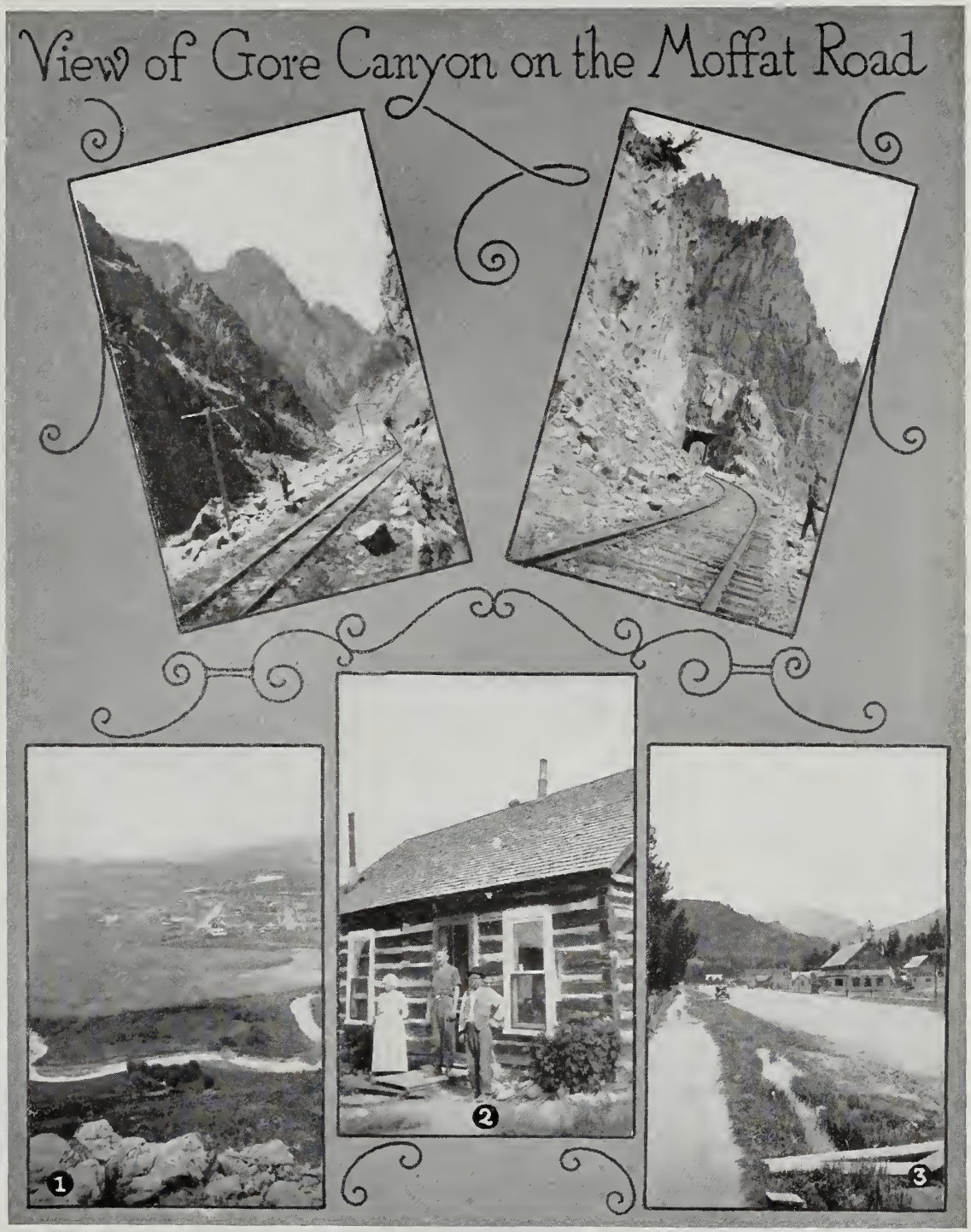
The MIDWEST REFINING CO., Ball Team representing this Co. in the Oil League, played the last scheduled game of the season Saturday Aug. 25, with the Mutual Oil Co., team and proved their worthiness to the name of Champions for just six innings.

Playing a good brand of ball and taking advantage of the breaks. A hot single to left field by Captain Johnson, and Mutual's errors in the first inning, the bases were filled with one out and Olaf Mauldin at bat. Peterson, Mutual's pitching ace threw one over to Oley's liking and he promptly took the invitation singling to right, scoring the first two runs of the game. A few more errors on Mutual's part and three more runs were scored making a total of five runs for the first inning.

In Mutual's half of the first and second innings Ray Hamilton's pitching was air tight and they were retired without scoring. Again on errors and a timely single from Hughes' bat in the second inning, Midwest scored another run, and this was the last that they did score.

In the third De Lashmutt's double and LaMar's single, with a walk given to Peterson, one of the two issued by Hamilton during the whole game, scored two runs for our opponents, their first up to that time. Also in the fifth De Lashmutt got another single and scored on an overthrow to first by Art Hughes.

The game up to this point was a thriller for the large crowd of rooters assembled in the grand stand of Merchants Park where the game was held. Some of the best pitching of the season, by Ray Hamilton, our own pitcher, and by Peterson for Mutual was witnessed. Johnson at third handled some pretty hot balls and his throwing accurately from any position was a feature of the game. McNicholas



Top—Two Views in Gore Canyon

(1) Town of Kremmling; (2) Ted Mooberry's Aunt and Uncle, with whom Ted and George Stopped. (3) Town of Grand Lake.

As chronicled in the August number Ted Mooberry and George Huer spent their vacation hiking from Estes Park to Kremmling via Grand Lake. Above are a few of the good pictures they brought back by the aid of George's kodak.

at second and Hughes at Short was a combination hard to beat, and an overthrow on Art's part was the only thing to keep this pair from having a perfect game around the keystone sack. Crawf May on first handled all his chances perfectly and went through the game without a doubtful play.

But in the unlucky seventh Mutual scored five runs due to some lucky hitting and a lack of headwork and teamwork on the part of some of the players. It was the first time that our team has played on such a fast field as at Merchants Park and this proved disastrous to the outfielders who were not prepared for the many hits that came out there and fooled them. That inning lost the game for Midwest as Peterson got his fast ball to working in Big League style and this proved too much for the boys who only got a few scattered hits, after the second inning.

The Midwest Refining Co. is still the 1923 Champion of the Oil League and this league ranks with any other that plays Saturday Ball. Many of the Ball Players gave up much to return the Company's team Champion and the whole **Works** can well be proud of them.

Below is the Box Score and the saddest part is that it is only too true. But it does not tell the whole truth even though you may look it all over, the game was not one-sided due to the never-say-die spirit of all the members of the team.

MIDWEST	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McNicholas 2nd	4	1	0	1	3	0
Johnson 3rd	4	2	2	2	1	0
Johns c.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Hughes ss.	3	1	1	1	5	1
Mauldin rf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Stebenne cf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Lott lf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
C. May 1b.	3	0	0	11	0	0
Hamilton p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	34	6	5	27	13	1

MUTUAL	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Carbon cf.	5	2	0	1	0	0
DeLashmutt lf.	5	3	3	0	0	0
LaMar 3rd.	5	1	4	2	1	2
Powers 2nd.	4	1	0	0	2	1
Hoffman 1b.	4	2	1	9	0	0
Moehly ss.	5	0	1	0	1	0
Lalor c.	5	0	4	15	0	0
Merritt rf.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Peterson p.	2	2	1	0	5	0
Totals	40	11	13	27	9	3

Summary:—Stolen Bases—Mauldin 2, Johnson, La Mar, Hoffman, Lalor 2; Sacrifice Hits—Johnson. Mauldin, Stebenne, Powers; Two Base Hits—De Lashmutt 2, Hoffman, Lalor; Three Base Hits—La Mar; Home Runs—Peterson; Earned Runs—MIDWEST—2 MUTUAL—6; Walks—Off Hamilton—2 Off Peterson—1; Left on bases—MIDWEST—3 MUTUAL—4.

COULD A HAT BE THAT OLD?

They met in a department store.

"Why how do you do?" asked Mrs. Styles.

"Very well; and you?" asked Mrs. Myles.

"Fine. I haven't seen you in a long time."

"No, it must be six or seven years."

"All of that. Really, I wouldn't have known you if it wasn't for your hat."

Of course, it will be understood why they don't speak now.—Yonkers Statesman.

Gleanings from the Legal Department

The Legal Department was gladdened with a flying visit from Mr. John D. Clark the week of August 21st. Wish he would come oftener and stay longer.

Among the wits:

Mr. Barnes: Well, how's the office force this morning?

Mr. Whitford: Very force-ful.

Mr. Whitford: What are you doing this morning, Miss Gunston?

Miss G. (Busily manicuring). Doing my filing, sir.

Mr. Anderson related the following story to the Stenos of the Legal Department not long since:

"Flora: Is Agnes making a success as a stenographer?

"Dora: No, she's been working two years and isn't married yet."

What Miss Gunston and Miss Hammond would like to know is whether or not there was any insinuation intended. They both admit they have been working TWO years!

Yes, we have no other news items today!

Overheard on the Elevator

"Going out to the games, Mac?"

"Can't do it, "Doc", I'm fixing up my garage," replied Mac.

"What are you doing, making a garage out of a chicken coop?"

"No," responded the wily Irishman, "I'm making a garage for my "chicken" coupe."

"Gene" Illius was tramping along the creek when he passed a fellow fisherman. "How many have you got," hailed "Gene."

"Well," replied the man, "when I get the one I'm after and four more, I'll have five."

Billy Nicoll: Can you tell me why a black cow gives white milk that makes yellow butter.

Chubby Marriott: For the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green.

"Les" Truby and Frank Moore happened to see a fellow employe on a street several blocks from the accustomed beaten paths of Midwest employes. The next day "Les" blew in and asked why-for so-and-so was down in that neck of the woods. The young man said that reminds me of the story about Rastus who was caught in Deacon Jones chicken house by Parson Smith. The darkies were all commenting about it when one says: "How did Rastus feel about gettin' caught in the chicken house by Parson Smith?" "Oh," replied one of the darkies, "Rastus, him feel all right, but it's the Parson what feels put out 'cause he cain't explain how he come to catch Rastus in thar."

Four of the fifty-seven pictures taken by Chubby Marriott when he motored through Casper, Greybull, Yellowstone National Park, Salt Lake City, returning through Colorado. He was accompanied by Roy Johnson.

S A A B D—Doings

by J. F. H.

At this writing vacation time is still with us. Many stories are going the rounds. Geography, Fishing and Automobiles are about equally represented in the "Fairy Tales."

"Doc" Russell, Chief Priest of the Bookkeeping end of this department, returned from two joyous weeks spent in and around Estes Park. He came back looking fit and with many of the usual vacationists stories, also a few exceptionally good pictures of Long's Peak and the surrounding country.

"Jake" Bohmann, the mechanical wizard, is off on a supposed pleasure jaunt, possibly Glenwood Springs and beyond. When he returns, there is sure to be miracles reported; for Jake is a preaching disciple of Ford.

"Spin" Stebenne is also spending his holidays in the hills. He has been there for a week and we have not had word from him or no fish. Too bad, about the fish y'know. But we never have heard "Spin" say much as to his Ike Walton accomplishments.

Although the war is over some people don't seem to realize it. At noon the other day one of the boys came in sporting an old time "Iron Kelly."

The Sales Department will be well represented in the Bowling League this year. "Doc" Russell, treasurer of the league, Ray Hamilton, second high-man last year, Bill Elliott, Spin Stebenne, Olaf Mauldin, Rick McNicholas, Roy Johnson, regulars, and "Gene" Illius, Art. Johns, John Holton, substitutes, all hail from this division. The gang's all here, LET'S GO.

"Rick" McNicholas, High Honorable and Supreme President of the Komet Klub, has recently joined the ranks of the "Satisfied Ford Owners", having become eligible by the purchase of a new Ford Coupe, 1924 Model.

He is very popular with the ladies now (and always was) and as every one knows, this is not due to the Ford alone. "Mac" is a leader

in most everything, and was the first of the automobile public to drive a new model FORD coupe on the streets of Denver. From the amount of free advice given him by the owners of other Fords or motor cars, it will be pretty hard for "Mac" to go wrong. The advice ranged from timing the differential to watering the gas tank. "Nuff sed."

Members of the Komet Klub, who work in this department, are anxiously awaiting the total eclipse of the sun on September 10th. It means something to them—but to the uninitiated, it's a deep, dark mystery.

Winter is coming. The boys have got to keep warm, especially their upper lips. To the observant person three near mustaches are to be seen blossoming in this corner of the eighth floor. Two are on "old timers," and one on a younger member who is just old enough not to know better.

Labor Day was celebrated in many different ways by the "Gang from the Busy Little Corner!"

"Gene" Illius, our big boss, rounded up "Les" Truby and they hied into Wyoming for three days fishing. Whether they were led there by Mudgett's tales, we know not. But on return they say that Mudgett is full of "green-eyed prunes." Hey, Mudgett, why don't you invite the boys up to some real fishing grounds.

Bill Elliott and "Rick" McNicholas went to automobile races at Greeley. Bill was pressed into service as a tow-car on the way home and Tuesday a box of **good** cigars were hanging around his desk to prove his efficiency as a garageman.

Wade Casey went on a fishing trip from Saturday afternoon until Tuesday morning, and came home with enough to make a real good meal.

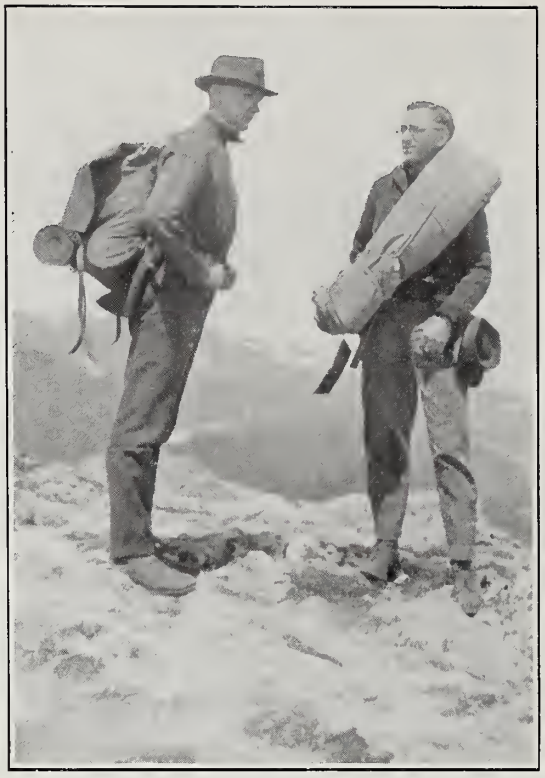
Olaf Mauldin and Earl Barnett journeyed by motor and foot up Bear Creek Canyon, and had a wonderful time to say nothing of the appetites they brought back with them.

The annual Post Tournament is on. Almost all of our fans and players have been in attendance. They are still of the opinion that the Denver Office Midwest Baseball team stands a fair chance against any team in the West. Even Mutual (?)

Heard and Seen

August seems to be the month for vacations. From the Stenographic and Accounting Departments we have missed Mary Waller, Louise Revelle, Cecelia Devinny, M. E. McAlpine, H. A. Swartzlose, H. C. Marsh, E. W. Davis, D. L. Murphy, and A. Salter.

We wonder how George can afford to buy cushions for five ladies at the ball game when his money is all tied up in the Hibernia Bank.



It took some figuring to get this rare print. We introduce to you George, the "Sheik" and Ted the "Woman-hater," high, wide and handsome on the top of Milner Pass.

The ladies must have given the ball players stage fright. We understand they usually play first class ball, but the last game of the season was an exception, "Bring on the Gas Company."

McNicholas might be good at picking winners but he picked a slow one at the Sandwich Shop. He stood behind a man that he thought was almost thru eating, but he proved to be as slow as some old lady without any teeth. Mc couldn't attend to any errands that noon.

In the general order of things, there should be a couple of parties in the form of "housewarmings." Miss Stevens is nicely settled in a new home and Mr. McAlpine is using his vacation moving. We await invitations.

Rick McNicholas has a brand new shiny Ford Coupe. The girls are all anxiously awaiting an invitation from Mc to go riding. Some Westsiders inform us that Mc is passing up all his old time friends and neighbors but they are charitable enuf to say they don't think he is High-browing them, they think he can't take his eagle eye off the street. They are waiting to see how he will act when he masters the driving art.

If we win the pump-gun that Archie Clark is raffling we may get more news items for this column. We have a hard time pumping out the news, folks don't seem to let us in on the dope.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Storage Yard

News is generally scarce around the Storage Yard, but especially in the "good ol' summer time." The boys are taking vacations, and one day trips. All together news is trumps, as when the boys are away, "there ain't no news." However, the boys that are at home are still human.

Mr. T. B. Virgne, took his vacation during the month of August. He went to the state of the Presidents, (Ohio), visiting with his parents and brothers. He hadn't seen his mother for seven years, naturally he enjoyed the visit greatly. Tom says that it is great to be back in the American desert and the land of great winds. He looks much better for his leave of absence and says that he feels much better than he looks.

Mr. Ray Hughes has gone to his home in Missouri, there to visit his parents, and renew the acquaintanceship of old friends. His wife is accompanying him on his journey, and to visit with her folks. We hope that they both have a very pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Anderson went to the "garden spot" of the world, they tell me, namely Colorado, and spent an enjoyable time vacationing with their folks. Andy says, that one reason why he likes Colorado, he gets enough to eat. We sure believe him. He looks ready for market. He is sporting at least three chins.

Kelly, St. Louis, and Nichols are spending ten days or two weeks in the mountains around Dubois, tracking the elk and deer. If either of those can't be found, they promise to bring back some rabbits. We wish them luck in the pursuit of big game.

Harry Moss returned from the Dakotas as brown as the Indians that were known by the same name. He had his wife and Chivie with him. He says that he didn't have but very little trouble with either.

Those of you who might be called upon to give cigars to the boys, can keep the one intended for "Baldy." He was given one the other day and before lighting it took his knife and split it down to see if it were of good quality tobacco. He is not entitled to cigars.

McQuirk, one of the garage men, spent his vacation shooting. Most of it was done in town. (Craps) He says he is ready for a long hard winter, maybe, there is more truth than poetry to them woids.

Jess Scott has left our country, wind, company, and fellowship, to take up his residence in Seattle, the land of rain and fog. He told us that there wasn't much difference, as he couldn't see thru the sand storms anyway. We wish him great success in his new locality.

History tells us that in every battle there must be a loser as well as a winner. Some of our fellowmen, can verify this fact, as resulted from some of our boxing championship bouts.

Around Salt Creek

"Vic" Larson and his brother Einer, both of the Midwest Boiler Shop Department here spent ten days early in the month at Skull Creek and other points in the north part of the State looking after work for the Company.

Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Scott of the Midwest New Chicago Camp are parents of a splendid baby girl, born late in the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kinney, W. J. "Josh" Portis and Miss Katherine Portis enjoyed a camping trip to the North Fork of the Powder River over one week end early in September.

Clyde Grastorf, of the Midwest Drug Store, visited in Denver with relatives, for a couple of weeks during the fore part of September.

Superintendent A. C. Andrews of the Gas Plant, accompanied by Mrs. Andrews and their two most attractive and sweet little daughters, report a delightful two weeks outing in the Big Horn Mountains, near South Fork Inn. There were a number of other Salt Creek and Midwest folks vacationing near them.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Keiffer of Midwest Home Camp have been enjoying a visit from Earl's mother, who makes her home in Custer, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Jones returned about the middle of the month from a trip to Rochester, Minnesota, where Mrs. Jones underwent treatment. Before arriving back in the field, the Joneses visited with relatives at Deadwood and Whitewood, South Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Tamplin of Home Camp spent a wonderfully fine two weeks vacation trip, wandering all over the country in their sporty sky blue car. They took in Sylvan Lake and Hot Springs, South Dakota, and also visited with relatives at several other points in the Black Hills country.

T. P. Bell, who so effectively represented the Cooper company in the installation of Plant No. 4 of the Midwest Gas Department, is back in the field in charge of the work of setting up the new Plant No. 5. He is thoroughly well liked by the men with whom he is associated, and in addition to knowing his business is a good mixer and just allright to have around.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Moon of the Midwest Company, living at the New Chicago Camp

announced the birth on September 4th of a baby girl.

Mr. Jack Cleary, head of the Midwest field Engineering Department, had in mind combining business with a fishing trip in a trip to Salt Creek early in the past month with a sad result for the—no you didn't guess it, the fishing trip of course.

Mr. Welis of the Warehouse force of the Midwest Pipe Line Department at Salt Creek was badly burned as a result of an explosion early in the past month. The explosion came most unexpectedly in one of the Dutch Camp buildings, while he was shaving and was the result of a pocket of escaped gas.

Lots in the new townsite of Salt Creek, located on the Wyoming North and South Railroad at the southwest corner of the field were placed on sale on the 15th. The interest shown in this sale would indicate that the town itself will be on a stable basis in no time.

On September 4th the residents and businesses of East Salt Creek, located just a few hundred yards east of the Midwest Home Camp school-houses, were served with a thirty day notice to move their buildings and personal belongings, by Max Mahoney, the homesteader on that ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Ethel Hooks of Canadian Camp made a two weeks vacation trip to Sheridan and surrounding points, by auto, this past month.

"Billie" Welch is spending his two weeks vacation period catching up on a lot of things. At the present writing it is impossible to state whether he will come back singly or by twos.

Dr. Roach reports that Coslett of the Pipe Line Department, who suffered a fractured skull late in August as a result of a fall, is getting along very well and will be able to resume his duties by early October.

A party, made up mostly of Borsches made their vacation trip overland to the country of the Black Hills, South Dakota, this past month. They visited with relatives and numerous friends, at Deadwood, Whitewood and several other points. Those who made up the party were Mrs. Ed Borsch and daughter Lavina, Floyd Waugh, Chester Borsch, Fred Borsch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borsch, all of Midwest Home Camp and Mrs. Orba Borsch and baby son Jimmy of Casper.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Fletcher of Midwest Canadian Camp, where Mr. Fletcher is Lease Superintendent, spent a two weeks period fishing and camping in the Tensleep country of the Big Horns. They had a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. R. B. Walters of Consolidated Camp returned the middle of the month from a visit to her home

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Burford of Home Camp are in Rochester, where Mr. Burford is resuming his special treatments for cancer at the Mayo Clinic.

Gordan McDonald of the Midwest Consolidated camp left early in September to take up the school year at Colorado School of Mines, located at Golden. McDonald won a scholarship last year at Minnesota University, which entitles him to free tuition at the Colorado institution.

Several Pipe Line Department men suffered a twenty-five foot fall from a scaffolding at the No. 1 Plant in the field late in August. Four were taken to the Midwest Hospital at Home Camp, where they remained during the recuperation process. All recovered nicely and are now back at work.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Wilson visited in the field for a few hours on the first Sunday afternoon of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Torrence of Midwest Home Camp have had as their house guest for the past two months, their daughter, Mrs. Henry Brock, of Barnum, Wyoming.

This looks like a Zeppelin but is the wreck of the steel rig—No. 25-A on N. E. of Section 11—Salt Creek pulled in while lifting 10 in casing.

Over the Crossing to the Cemetery

(*Continued from page* 9)

cross railroad tracks without being run over. Many persons protest at the idea of laws compelling them to "stop, look and listen" at crossings but the example of the street car conductor who is required by law to go ahead and flag the motorman to come ahead indicates that laws will have to step in where common sense fails to function.

Thousands of drivers—and even some pedestrians—apparently are indifferent to their own safety and that of others at the crossings. Some "get away with it;" others don't. Laws are no good unless people think. And a good thought to carry in mind from day to day is "Never be in too great a hurry to be careful."

We mortals have to swat the flies
From morning until dark,
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
Who roosted in the ark.

Work is drudgery only to the misfit.

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Frank Keeley
George Zimmerman

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper
Jack Moyer
T. S. McCleary

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

James M. Holder

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

John Miller, Producing Department
Charles H. Bates, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

Secretary:

E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
R. G. Austin, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
Charles Badders, Grass Creek District
Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.
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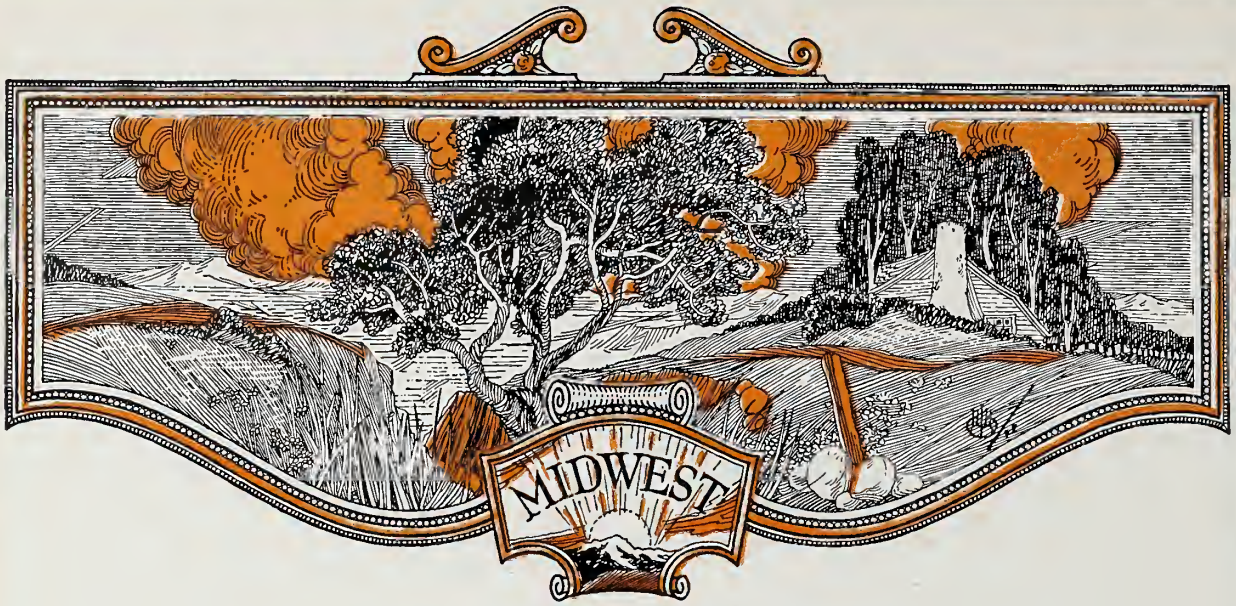

THE world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being told. Next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once.

—Elbert Hubbard.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Volume IV October, 1923 Number 9

PUBLISHED *for the* MIDWEST FAMILY
By the MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

Scene on Jackson Lake

Near Moran, Wyoming

Picture taken by M.E. Edwards, Casper Office.

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The Individual's Takings

The following article from the Mining Congress Journal, August issue, contains a bit of philosophy which we think worth while to reproduce for the benefit of the Review readers:

The old phrase "labor and capital" used to be translated into the understandable expression "hard work and self-denial." That is, it was hard work which created wealth; it was self-denial which accumulated it and reemployed it.

However, that is an expression and a definition taken out of the long ago. And, like most old fashioned things, it has been abandoned for something which is dressed according to the mode of the hour. The present way of saying the same old thing is somewhat different. One man says:

"We work to finance our hours of leisure. If we have tastes in leisure which are too costly, we soon have no leisure in which to indulge them."

However, the strictly modern language is far more scientific. It holds that each man can get for himself alone only a few things out of life; that those are the things that make possible, or add to, his enjoyment. Fundamentally these indulgences are limited by the amount of time which a man has to enjoy them; the amount of capacity which he has for such enjoyment; and, the relatively few ways in which a man may enjoy himself. In these interesting respects, it is deducible that the takings from life and from industry by the greatest capitalists differ but slightly, in degree or quantity, from the individual takings of the most unskilled laborers.

Thus, both men stand even in the matter of the pleasures of the table. In some respects, the chances are that the unskilled laborer will win more enjoyment from his table than can the capitalist because the laborer's digestion has not been ruined by too much previous nervous activity.

Some persons are so lost to the sense of enjoyment that they take pleasure in sleep—in being unconscious. If that be considered an attainment of happiness, it must be true that no one can get more out of life than another when both are unconscious.

Some people find enjoyment in clothes. Even so, a man can wear but one suit at a time. In this respect the capitalist and the laborer are in no sense different from each other; neither has more than one body to clothe. Also, the capitalist must wear clothes in which he feels and is comfortable; so must the laborer.

Two men, we will say, find their enjoyment in the open country. One man likes to go to a place where he admires and enjoys a single view; the other likes to get a panorama. In mingling with nature, the capitalist and the laborer are alike in what they take from life. If one sits and drinks in a view, his pocketbook does not contribute anything. Even in getting the panorama view, the only possible difference is that one may take his view from the seat of his own automobile while the other takes his from the seat of an interurban car. In this, however, the experience and the enjoyment are the same.

You may thus travel through the homely experiences of mankind only to come to the conclusion that since the

physical capacity of a man to enjoy life is limited by his time and his energy and since this capacity cannot be increased by the bank deposit, the two stand shoulder to shoulder in their actual takings from life.

Since all men are thus equal, in their takings, you come in the end to the essential cause of disagreement between the two. The capitalist who works for money which he cannot use personally does so for the purpose of creating additional capital, which in turn he puts back into other enterprises which give further employment to labor. The personal—not physical—gratification, therefore, of the capitalist is not in any respect sensual. If it must be defined, it is egotistical. The capitalist loves to appear among his fellows as a man of affairs; he likes to show that he can organize and operate industry. Thus, he works day and night to pile up money and employ his great skill in creating a great corporation so that he may have larger gains with which to extend his operations in other directions.

All of this does not increase the capitalist's pleasure of eating, sleeping, personal adornment or in the matter of recreation. Therefore, it does not increase his personal takings out of life. What it does is to increase his personal satisfaction with himself. The laborer feels that he is denied this other kind of taking from life.

"Labor" and "Capital" are, therefore, not the causes of strife. They are not at the bottom of our industrial unrest. But "egotism" is the fighting word of civilization. It lies at the root of all our discords.

First Railway Train Into Salt Creek

Herewith is shown a picture of the first railway train which was run into Salt Creek the middle of September by the North and South Railway company, which has been engaged in building its new line since a year ago.

The train consisted of an engine, a freight car, a combination coach and express car, and the private car of the Chicago Northwestern superintendent. The train was pulled up to the box car which at present serves as a depot for the new town of Salt Creek. It brought out a number of passengers and several officials of the railway.

The railroad company plans to run a passenger train each way every day. A switch is to be built and a line run to the Midwest warehouse in Salt Creek, the old town, and in this way Midwest freight which comes to the company by rail will be delivered directly into the company warehouse. The grade through the Midwest camp is now being completed, bridges built, and it will not be long before tracks are laid and the spur in operation. For the present, passenger trains will not come nearer to Home Camp than the Salt Creek station which is five miles away.

Great Flood Sweeps Salt Creek

They call it esprit de corps and define it as the synthesis of good will of a group, but wherever it comes from and whatever it means, we have it at Salt Creek in the Midwest and it was the outstanding feature thruout the swirling, crushing all-enveloping flood of late September.

Rains began on Thursday, September 27th and bank on bank of black clouds poured a veritable sheet of water, reaching a crux with a cloud-burst over the field and surrounding hills late in the evening. Out of a night of total blackness, from the southward there was a grumbling, crashing roar and on top of the already swollen creeks there swept along a bank of water ten feet high, taking all before it. Tanks, derricks, pump-houses, pipe lines, roads, bridges, dams, reservoirs, telephone and light lines, all were mere human obstructions the insignificance and frailty of which beside the mighty forces of nature, unleashed, made one shiver and stand appalled.

Number 1. Station was inundated to a depth of seven feet. Fires were drawn from under the boilers in no time flat and the night crew spent fifteen hours on top of the big pumps in the main power house. Drillers on tower, in the bottom lands, swam for their lives, pumpers were caught on duty and waded out thru water waist or shoulder high. Human beings and animals were rescued from the gripping, all enveloping waters.

From the top of the hill above Number 1 shortly after midnight, looking down on the creek, the whole Salt Creek valley seemed to have been turned into a careening, roaring water course, a veritable maelstrom, tanks went by, buildings crashed into still standing obstructions, a main highway bridge was gripped by the mighty current and with a reluctant shiver was picked up and sent on down the center of what seemed to be all the water in the world, "passing in review." The shouts of the crew prisoned at No. 1 sounded out above the general melee, a rig on the point of the hill to the west broke out in a blaze the only object in the landscape, high enough out of water to burn.

The fire truck answered the call, trucks, cars and men turned out, but only to stand helpless and watch nature's most powerful destructive force, unleashed and rampant, move relentlessly on. Reports came in all night long of pipe lines broken, batteries of tanks washed away, bridges taken, roads impassable, telephone, gas and light connections wiped out, rumors of missing men, families devastated and losses of all kinds poured in, and the morning after dawned foggy, gray and with rain still falling. But the whistle blew and the Midwest forces snapped into place. Hip-boot clad figures were everywhere, and teams and trucks. The streams were still running torrents and some locations could not be reached for hours, but the field was shut in, all control heads were shot tight, boosters idled, pump-stations were cold and Number 1 Station was an island.

Drillers built bridges, connection men, tool dressers and pumper helped clean up debris, machinists and superintendents got on a shovel. No one was too good to play his part. The Building Department sawed wood for fuel, the Trucking Department carried it over Camp and the Boarding House turned out meals without gas fires, while the Commissary rushed food and necessaries to marooned locations. Everyone worked effectively at something.

There were no fatalities at Salt Creek, but heroism, aggressive judgment, prompt effective efforts prevented many.

The property damage resulting from the storm and flood was great, running into the hundreds of thousands. No. 1 Plant suffered heavily, requiring the tearing down of much machinery, several rigs and much drilling machinery was damaged. Pipe Lines were broken, and much oil went down with the water, pump house locations were crippled and field batteries had to be worked over. The big Midwest Dam at Shannon was destroyed in part. All Midwest production was shut in four days and the north end of the field was tied up for a week.

The Main Highway bridges in the north end of the field and near Home Camp were washed away and most of the smaller bridges over the field were demolished or wiped out. Many reservoir sites were taken.

The Gas Plant was praetieally elosed down for days, for no oil run, means no gas available.

A week of reeuperation, rebuilding, reconneeting was necessary to get back to normal. But the speed and effectiveness of the slapping in of bridges, conneeting of lines, opening of roads was a triumph of energy, concentration and aggressive dominant fighting spirit truly remarkable. Credit belongs everywhere, to the Department Superintendents whose rare judgment and coordinating and direeting ability lead one of the most powerfully effective industrial achievements ever worked out here, to the foremen who supervised, to the men, all of them for they all played a part, to the women and children for theirs was a pioneering sporting blood, that enabled them to take all, danger, primitiveness, suffering, inconvenienee without a whimper.

Esprit de Corps—yes we have it in Salt Creek. It was a spirit of team-work and loyalty, that accomplished wonderful things, bore up under, earried thru a period of suffering, anxiety, reeuperative achievement. All for one and one for all. Napoleon said, "Battles are won in the last fifteen minutes," and spirit of the eorps is behind the win. Spirit of the organization is behind the triumphant passing thru of a combination of events as those climaxing the greatest flood ever known at Salt Creek.

Senator Warren Visits

United States Senator Francis E. Warren, of Cheyenne was a visitor in the Salt Creek field late in September. While passing thru enroute from Casper to Sheridan, Senator Warren stopped over for most of an afternoon, spending the time in looking over the developments on Teapot Dome and over the field. To Superintendent Lewis and other Midwest offieials who were with him, the Senator expressed amazement at the gigantic industrial strides that have been made in Salt Creek in the last few years. He was especially profuse in his statements of appreciation of the stability, and modernness of Midwest Home camp, with it's clubhouse, hotel, theatre, drug-store and eomfortable homes, all lighted and heated by eleetrieity and gas.

Tegeland Wins New Honors

Before a crowd of sixty thousand eastern wildwest enthusiasts, Howard Tegeland of the Midwest Company at Salt Creek, late in August won the Worlds Championship Belt and title in bronc riding. The big New York Rodeo staged at the Yankee Stadium under the direetion of "Tex" Austin was the most pretentious and large scale repliea of the old west type of roundup, stampede or rodeo eelebration ever attempted. Tegeland won $1800 in prize money and stepped into premier place among the picturesque and muscular adherents of the most western of all western sports.

Fine New Stage Busses

Before the end of Oetober the Salt Creek Transportation Company will hail into service two big White passenger busses deluxe. They will aceommodate twenty-five passengers each and are to be fitted and equipped in most luxuriant style, with a separate smoking apartment for men. The sehedule to be maintained will call for two busses leaving Casper daily at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. and two leaving from the field at the same hours. Fare has been reduced to $2.50.

Mrs. Snow Honored

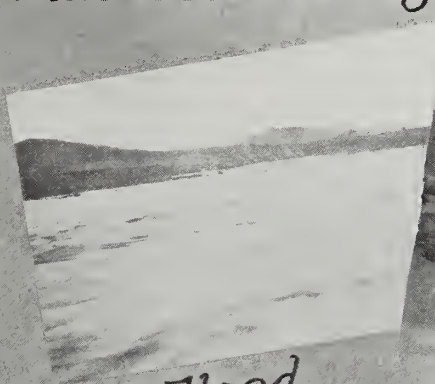
Mrs. Leslie E. Snow, of Salt Creek was the recipient reeently of a beautiful sterling silver tea set presented together with a strong letter of appreeiation by the Kalif Temple of Sheridan. The honor present eame as a token of the esteem of the Sheridan Shriners for the big part taken by Mrs. Snow in the success of the recent State Shrine Convention at Salt Creek. Mrs. Snow painted over fifty eanvasses, eari-eaturing most eleverly and artistically the prominent loeal and visiting Shriners, and these canvasses were the keynote center of the wonderfully effeetive decoration used both for the banquet and in the main outside loeations of Home Camp.

Miss Grant Ill

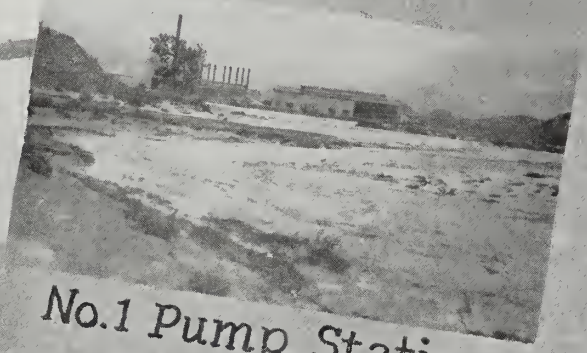
Miss Florence Grant, insuranee elerk in the department of Industrial Relations, Casper office, is taking an indefinite leave of absence due to illness. Her plaee is being filled during her absence by Mrs. Field.

Views of the big September Flood in Salt Creek

Torrent rushing through washed out Salt Creek Bridge – near Home Camp



The Flood
Salt Creek becomes a River



No. 1 Pump Station

Bridge Near No. 1 Pump Station

Making Movies in Yellowstone

You know, M. E. Edwards and Jack Rutz of the Casper Office, had a glorious trip through Yellowstone last August. Well, part of their great time, it has leaked out, was tagging around after some of the Goldwyn Studio stars—particularly the staresses—while they shot some good stuff in the Park.

Particular attention is invited in this connection to the genuine star of the group, Miss Helene Chadwick, whose picture appears on the page in connection with this. According to the Casper boys, she is a most w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l- girl, and they promptly fell in love with her.

At any rate, it was a very interesting experience to watch how the pictures are made. The camera men and their party visited all of the park, and various scenes were "shot" at different points, but the larger number of them were taken around the geysers that freckle the country about Old Faithful. Some of these action pictures are shown on the page herewith. It will be noted that there are some of the well known screen stars in addition to Miss Chadwick. The name of the picture that was being filmed was "Law against Law," and the author, Rupert Hughes, is shown in the pictures taken by Mr. Edwards. Mr. Hughes was also engaged in directing the film as it was made.

Bill and Jim Mid-Northerners Write.

From Jim

Sunburst, Montana, 9-27-23.

Mr. Midwest Revue:

Dear Mid.:—

This being my twelve hours off, I—Oh yes I didn't tell you that part of it did I—well us toolies gits twelve hours off every twenty four just like that. Well being as this is my day off and as I got nuthin to do but hang around the wearhouse and help Bill do nuthin an as we was a lissinen in to Ismay from Lewistown—oh again I didn't tell you who Bill is—well he's the guy what they pay good money to stand on the wearhouse platform and when some poor hard workin member of a drillin crew shows up hollers we ain't got it, I ordered it but it ain't here yit. Just hollers that to every one in sight on suspicion I rekon.

Well as I was about to say Bill and me was a lissinen in on Wane when he remarked as how Mr. Midwest Revue never hears nuthin from Sunburst. Of course you understand Mr. Mid that we are sorter crude up here and hain't got much to say sept at nite when we are workin daylights and then we hain't in no condition to write eneway. But when a fellow hears as how he is a dead one then he has just got to come to life.

Now the best thing I know of to write about up here is not here atall but about twenty miles further north. Say Mid on the square thats a real country. more famous caricters runnin around loose up that way than anywhere on earth.

We was all to a dance the other nite up to Sweetgrass eneway thats where we started for and I met Sandy McDonald and the too Haige boys and just lots of good people. That was five days ago and well the next day we started spuddin on a new well and I just found my way out to the boiler this mornin for the first time without help my driller bein good nachured an a good pilot him bein the guy what piloted me to Sweetgrass.

We got a few days cool weather last week and you cud see fellers all over the lease workin on there flivvers and remarking where they was goin to winter. An Andy Deaton cranked up the comical wagon and set sail for the north country to get the fence on the edge of Canada fixed up before the snow gits in eneway thats where he said he was goin—but you all know Andy.

I'll now try to tell you about home folks. Scotty Edmonds is reducin again. He took to drivin one of his trucks and is wurkin off surplus wate by usin truck languidg. Bert Riley he is, say do you know Bert Mid—Well I'll tell you about

(*Continued on page* 24)

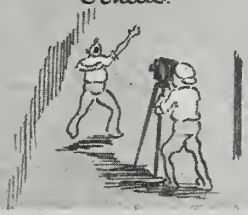
"Making Movies" in the Park

Pictures by M.E. Edwards, Casper Office.

Helene Chadwick, movie actress with Goldwyn Studio.

Rupert Hughes directing the picture. Mr. Hughes is the author of "Law against Law."

Lew Cody and George Walsh in a scene of "Law against Law."



Left to right – Maxine Loomis, Bobbie De Villis, Virginia Loomis

George Walsh, movie actor with Goldwyn studio.

Lew Cody, taking part in picture.

Two New Club Houses in Operation

Members of the Midwest Family are enjoying the advantages of two new Club Houses, as the result of formal openings which were held last month, on September 15, when the new house at Elk Basin was opened, and on September 18, when the new house at Grass Creek was formally opened. Both houses were opened with delightful informal parties, of which dancing was the main feature.

The opening at Elk Basin was on Saturday evening, and it is estimated that fully 350 people were in attendance. The members of the Midwest Family turned out in force with their families, and had as their guests, and guests of Superintendent P. L. Eddy, people from the Ohio and Mutual camps in that field; people from Powell, and from Red Lodge, Bridger and Belfrey, Montana. A splendid orchestra made up of Elk Basin people, and under the direction of a Midwest man, furnished the music. The Ladies Circle of Elk Basin furnished refreshments and put on a sale of home made candy. The pool room and soft drink and tobacco counter in the Club House did a thriving business. The dance lasted until 2 o'clock in the morning and was a huge success. Col. Burke H. Sinclair, director of Industrial Relations, was present from Casper, and early in the evening made a short talk to the crowd, formally turning the hall over to the community on behalf of the Company.

At Grass Creek, fully as many attended the opening on the 18th as attended at Elk Basin. In addition to the Midwest people, there was a large attendance from the Ohio Camp, and fully fifty business men and their wives drove out from Thermopolis. Superintendent Bechtel was the recipient of several handsome floral remembances from Thermopolis business men. The music for the dance was furnished by the Gebo orchestra, and refreshments were served in the camp dining room next door to the Club House. The sales booth in the Club House did an excellent opening night business. Col. Sinclair also made the formal opening talk to the crowd at this place. In addition, both the Elk Basin and Grass Creek openings were attended by M. E. Edwards, cashier, and Henry Vervalin, traveling auditor, both of the Casper office.

The profit from the sales booths in these two club houses, and also from the operation of the pool tables, will go into these respective club house funds, and will be used for camp activities in the camps concerned.

The two club houses are practically identical in their construction and equipment. Each has a fine large pool room, equipped with two new pool tables, and all the accessories such as chairs, cue cases, etc. Each has a handsome assembly room especially designed for dancing with a splendid maple floor. This floor will be covered with canvas during the day time and the room will be used as a reading and writing room, as a card room and for general lounging purposes. The pool rooms will be open only in the evenings while the lounging rooms will be open at all

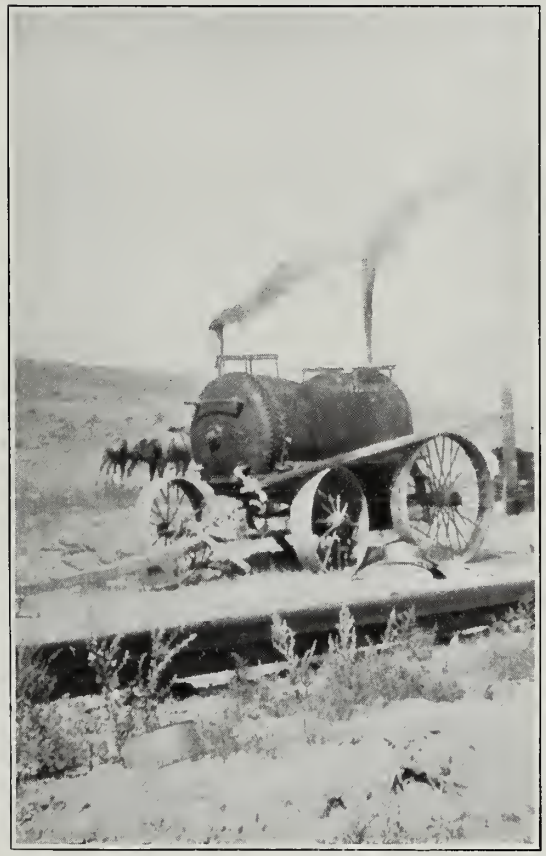
Grass Creek Club House

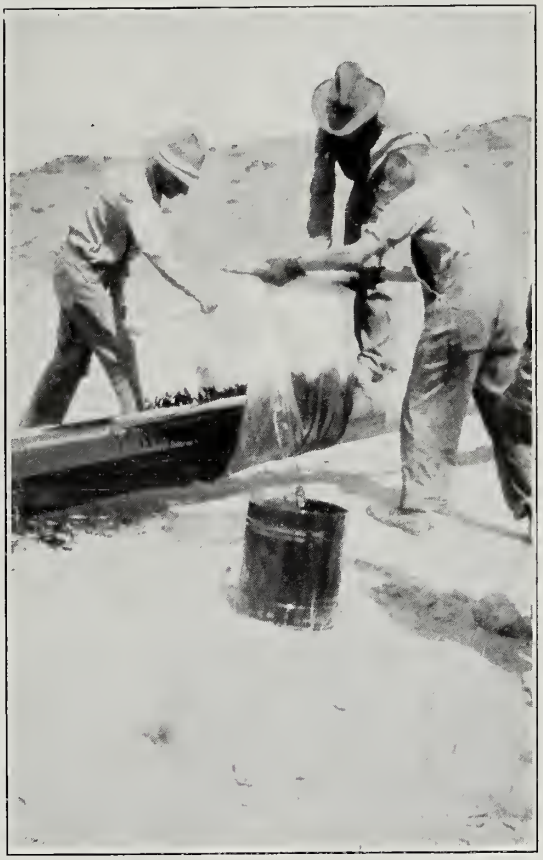
Elk Basin Club House

times for the benefit of men off shift. The Club house at Elk Basin is in charge of C. F. Gross, field warehouseman, and at Grass Creek in charge of R. A. Waltz, chief clerk.

The houses are also designed to be used by the ladies of the fields, and already many plans have been made looking toward their maximum use.

How They Paint the Bottom of the Pipe





Lots of people have wondered how the tar painters paint the bottom of the big pipes used in laying the new ten-inch welded line from the Salt Creek field to Casper. This line is now being laid by the Gas Department and is to carry gas from the field to town. The accompanying pictures show something of the process. The tar is heated in the tar heater shown herewith. Then one man walks backward and pours the tar on the pipe. It runs down the sides and two men then pull a canvas back and forth, this painting the bottom. You probably thought like we did, that the painter had to lie down on his tummy and make faces as he reached up to the bottom.

These pictures were taken by R. Shuhart of the Gas Plant at Salt Creek.

Paved Road for Salt Creek

It is stated on good authority that the State Highway Commission has tentatively approved a project to pave a four mile stretch of the road thru the Salt Creek field. This hard surface road would begin at Midwest Home camp and run south to about the location of the Continental South camp. Specifications for the road have recently been changed increasing the width proposed from sixteen feet to twenty-two feet. The putting thru of this road-project would be a tremendous step forward and upward and would facilitate all business of the field.

Watch the Matches!

Four year old Jimmy had found a box of matches in the kitchen and was having the time of his life watching the pretty blaze. Sister, who has been taught the danger of playing with matches at school, has taken the box away fom him, much to his disgust, and is giving him a severe lecture. She has learned the lesson earlier than most persons do and is trying to teach it to the rest of the family.

Instruction in fire prevention cannot begin too young. Many grown persons are careless with fire because they didn't form the habit of carefulness when they were children and through pure luck they have never had an accident.

Fire last year probably killed 15,000 persons and injured at least as many more. It destroyed property worth $520,000,000. At that rate, one life was lost every half hour and property worth $1,000 went up in smoke every minute. Most of these fires could have been easily prevented by keeping the premises clean and by a little more care in the use of fire and inflammable materials.

Insurance doesn't pay for fire losses, it merely distributes them. You pay insurance on your house and furniture and the boss pays it on the factory and machinery. High fire losses mean high premiums and this cost is added to the price of everything we buy. The $520,000,000 doesn't begin to cover the loss by fire. When a factory is burned, many men are out of a job, sometimes for several months. When a house or apartment building burns down, it means a family without a home and there is a shortage of houses in nearly every city. It costs more to build now than when the destroyed building was erected and this means higher rents.

Fire prevention is your protection, both for your home and your job. The safety

committee or whoever is in charge of fire prevention needs your help in eliminating fire hazards in the plant. If you notice a pile of rubbish or oily rags or any inflammable material in a place where it shouldn't be, report it at once.

"Don't smoke or light matches where 'no smoking' signs are put up;" says a National Safety Council bulletin.

"Get into the habit of blowing out the match and stepping on the butt, even where there is no danger."

The same care is necessary at home. It is especially necessary to keep matches out of the way of young children. Playing with matches is a fascinating but highly dangerous indoor sport.

Preventable fires seldom start in clean places. The wife may be a spotless housekeeper but it is an exceptional home where there isn't a pile of old clothes, newspapers and other combustible stuff in the attic, the closet under the stairway, or in the basement. These are ideal places for fires to start.

A stove left unwatched with draft turned on may become overheated and start a fire. Kerosene and gasoline should not be kept in large quantities around the house. All open lights should be kept away from them and it is hardly necessary to add they shouldn't be used for starting fires.

Every man, woman and child should learn the location of the nearest fire alarm box and know how to turn in an alarm. After turning in the alarm, stand by the box till the fire department arrives and direct them to the blaze. They know the box from which the alarm was turned in but not the location of the fire and may spend valuable minutes looking for it.

SnapShots by an Elk Basinite.
(E.S. BACH.)
At Lake Camp Yellowstone Park.
On the North Fork of the Shoshone.
A camp on the North Fork.
Joint Industrial Council Elk Basin.

Shots from Grass Creek
Pictures taken by Jerry Daugherty
Waiting for the days Work assignment.
Waiting for the Chow Gong.
Grass Creek Teams.
Trucks loaded for a trip.

Midwest Mail in Big Wreck

Quite a large quantity of Midwest mail went down into the muddy waters of Cole Creek September 27, when the Burlington train crashed through a weakened bridge causing a heavy loss of life and property damage. A week later, the mail was fished from the wrecked mail car and most of it returned to the senders where possible.

Quite a large quantity came back to the Midwest, included being over a hundred original insurance applications for the benefit of employes who had insurance falling due in October. These applications were well water soaked and in a few cases, the signatures were badly blurred. They were still legible, in the main, and were reforwarded to the insurance company at Denver. Applications from employes all over the organization were in the mass, however, and if it had been necessary to secure new applications, it would have been a large task.

Benefit Directors Meeting

The meeting of the directors of the Midwest Employes Benefit association, scheduled for Friday, September 28, was postponed for a month due to the simple fact that practically none of the directors could reach Casper because of floods. Only one man showed up—Barney McCann from the Denver Office and he came in two days late, being held back by the Cole Creek wreck. Barney was ready on the job, however, and was as usual rarin' to go. The meeting will be held the last of October.

Little Son Dies

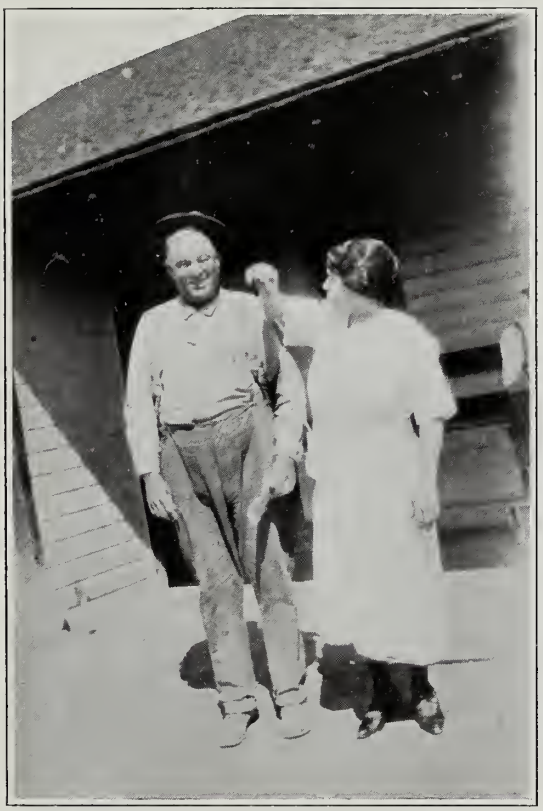
The sixteen months old son of Guy Campbell, an employe of the Casper Storage Yard, died suddenly in its mother's arms at the family home in Mills the last of September. The sympathy of the Midwest Family goes out to Mr. Campbell in his bereavement.

A. G. Fidel, Purchasing Agent

A. G. Fidel, for the past four years assistant in the office of the General Superintendent, Producing Division, was transferred in September to take the place of Purchasing Agent, vice C. L. Hudson, resigned. He assumed his duties early in September. Mr. Fidel's place was taken in the general superintendent's office by H. W. Ladd, who has been in the warehouse auditing department for the past three years. Mr. Hudson left the company to engage in private business.

Jack Rutz to New Mexico

Jack Rutz of the accounting department, Casper Office, left October 3 for Albuquerque, N. M., where he will take up the duties of chief clerk in the New Mexico offices of the Midwest. Mr. Rutz takes the place made vacant by the resignation of F. J. Jellison. Rutz has been with the Midwest for a number of years, and his friends in the Casper office will miss his unfailing good humor, his sunny smile and his Ford coupe.



Taken from real life. Dad Harvey and Miss Parker, Salt Creek Gas Plant.

An Inquiry

The Department of Industrial Relations in Casper a few days ago received the following letter of inquiry, which is reprinted with all the charm of the original construction, but with correct names of course not given:

Dear Sir: Just a line to ask you if you would please look in record of your office if you have employ of a name by John Doe of Blank, Wyo.— as a truck driver, which I heard that he was working as that occupant. If so please notify him that there is forty dollars $40.00 worth of checks of no fund which he wrote on Blank State Bank of Blank, Wyo: to please communicate with me as I am the Endorser of these checks and were none payable. Tell him to come see me personal or the Wyoming Trust Co. will get the law on him. let we know whome does he drive trucks for—either for Salt Creek or what.

I remain

Blank

P. S. or if you know any other office for that as truck drivers.

Ted Huegli of the Casper office made the splendid catch pictured above, on Labor Day, in the Sweetwater southwest of Casper.

: WITH THE MID-NORTHERNERS :

Baseball

On August 31st, the field prospectively clear and both starters at the post, Billings Sportsdom anxiously awaited the Umpires "Play Ball", which sent the Mid-Northern and Northwestern Auto nines down the home stretch in a final dash for the City League Pennant.

With "Tiny" Lawson pitching and Earle Scoville catching for the Mid-Northerners, the automobile clan gathered two runs, one in the first and the other in the third for what looked like a safe lead. With nine of the thirteen men who faced the Auto pitcher, in the first four stanzas, but one man had reached station until "Scov" gathered a safety between first and second to open the fifth. Peterson was hit by a pitched ball in the fourth. Olson followed by a short infield hit permitting "Scov" to reach third.

Prospects for scoring brought the crowd to its feet and disclosed predominance of the Mid-Northern supporters. The cheering approached a tumult when Johnny Mehl was hit, filling the bags. It subsided a little when "Tiny" fanned, but Dickerson slammed the Auto man's first ball against the fence in the left center for three sacks, which revived the outburst with increased force. Wickstrom contributed an infield hit which scored Dickerson before the side was finally retired.

The Northwestern nine came back in the sixth counting one run on Wick's error, a hit batsman and an infield out.

The seventh inning marked the end of the brief reign of the Mid-Northerns, the auto men forging ahead on singles which counted two runs making the score five to four.

The fireworks began in the ninth when the Northwesterners made four runs winning for themselves the pennant from the Mid-Northern men, and giving the Mid-Northern team second place.

More than 1000 witnessed the game and the Mid-Northerners feel certain that they can bring home the bacon next year.

Personals

J. E. Redburn of the Land Department recently returned from an extended trip East looking after interests of the company.

R. G. Wagner resigned from his position as stenographer in the Billings office, having re-

MID-NORTHERN BASEBALL TEAM
Reading Left to Right: Standing: Shoebotham, Peterson, Scoville, Daylis, Olsen, Fuller, Swingle.
Sitting: Lawson, Wickstrom and Dickerson.

cently been admitted to the State Bar. Mr. Wagner has gone to Sydney where he has accepted a position as Assistant County Attorney of Richland County.

Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Danford and daughter Betty and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Clark, and Jean spent several days in Glacier National Park. They report a very pleasant trip.

Mr. Ray G. Greene has just completed his second season's work in the Geological Department in Montana and has returned to Stanford University to continue his studies there. He expects to receive his degree of Bachelor of Science this winter.

Mr. Albert Weeks who joined the Geological Department this summer has returned to Wisconsin University to take up post graduate work in Oil Geology. He reports a very pleasant and profitable season spent in Montana and hopes to return next summer.

Miss Flora Mendenhall, stenographer in the General Office at Billings left Monday September 24th on her vacation. Miss Mendenhall has gone to Tacoma, Washington to visit Miss Georgia Montford formerly with the Billings Office.

Henry LaTendresse formerly with Mr. Ellis Hall at Rock Springs Wyoming was transferred to the Billings office the latter part of August. Mr. LaTendresse is now working with Mr. Ernest G. Robinson in the geological department.

Donald G. Batcheller who has been with the Geological department since early last spring has been transferred to Wyoming, where he will work under the direction of Mr. John G. Bertram.

We are glad to know that L. R. Bertram has recovered from his "Milk Diet" and after having his tonsils removed is back on the job in the Billings office, having been transferred from the Cat Creek field.

"Bill" DeVault's long lost dog came home amid great rejoicing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. DeVault were among the out of town visitors attending the Midland Empire Fair recently held in Billings.

Mr. H. P. Long is a new member of the Production Department, filling the vacancy left open by Mr. Fred Daylis, who has returned to the Billings High School in the capacity of Head Coach of Athletics.

Court records show that the Mid-Northern employees contribute their proportion towards the city's Law and Order fund.

Police Court Cases

J. H. Clark was fined $2.00 for parking too close to the alley.

L. R. Bertram charged with violation of the Automobile Parking Ordinance.

M. O. Danford arrested for driving with bright lights.

Ray G. (Scotty) Greene: Violation of Automobile Ordinance.

J. E. Redburn: Violation of Automobile Ordinance.

W. H. Fuller: Violation of Automobile Ordinance.

Frank A. Clark: Violation of Automobile Ordinance.

W. B. SCHILLING'S WORLD WAR

The departure of the Cimex Lectularius family from Cat Creek is attributed to the efforts and engineering ability of W. B. Schilling and the Purchasing Powers of J. H. Clark. As the story goes, W. B. sojourned to Cat Creek in peace with the world, meeting the Lectularius family the first night in camp and during the evening it seems that the family acquired some personal property belong to W. B. whereupon he wrote Mr. Clark that the above mentioned family were each and every one a cosmopolitan bloodsucking, wingless, depressed bug and if furnished with the authority and necessary ingredients he would either get rid of them or burn their houses.

After due consideration Mr. Clark replied that he was in favor of the family's removal and that he would supply W. B. with authority, but that he was running grave risks, and all precautions should be used so that he would not get a lung full of gas in the action, thereupon, he supplied W. B. with one pound of Sodium Cyanide and one and one half pounds of Sulphuric Acid and Cat Creek has no bed bugs today.

"Wedding Bells"

September Fifteenth, as the clock struck four, William D. Pasco and Miss Gladys Higgins were married at the bride's home in Billings in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. The Bride and Groom left shortly afterwards on a trip to Albany, New York to visit Mr. Pasco's home. Mr. and Mrs. Pasco will be at home to their friends in Billings October 15th. We wish them the best of luck and much happiness.

Cautious There Girls

Papa loved mamma
Mamma loved men,
Mamma's in the graveyard,
Papa's in the pen.

Ikey "How's Business?"
Abbie: "Rotten."
Ikey: "Whatsamatter? Have a fire?"
Abbie: "Shhh! Next Week!"

"Where did they Paddle you, Oswald?"
"On the back of the lap, mamma."

Teacher: "Now children tell me the most wonderful thing you know."

Jenny: "How my papa can make a living for our family."

Geological Notes

During the summer considerable work has been done in the Lake Basin District which lies about 50 miles west of Billings. D. E. Launsberry of the Geological Department has had charge of mapping in detail approximately 250 square miles in this region. Several structures including Six Shooter were mapped and leased by the company.

Recent work by our Geological Department in the Cat Creek field has resulted in the extension of the productive area to the Northeast. Catlett No. 4 drilled in recently has a production of over 100 barrels from the first sand. This well extends the field perhaps more than a quarter of a mile to the Northeast.

W. B. Schilling of the Engineering Department of the Midwest Refining Company is in Cat Creek engaged in making a report of the various leases.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

HEARD IN THE ALLEY
by
D. L. M.

When Old King Cole called for his bowl,
He wanted, I've a hunch,
A bowl more soothing to his soul
Than sugar, soup or punch.
He craved excitement now and then,
This king, for he was spry.
His Fiddlers Three were bowling men,
Even as you and I.
So strike 'em down, you Lead-off Guys,
And let the fun begin.
That's music that we idolize;
The crack of ball on pin.
We'll follow up with strike or spare,
With error or with foul;
But if we split we'll rend the air
And curse and fume and howl.
We've learned to throw a nasty hook
And think our form is fine,
But find we've sprained our pocket book
At twenty cents per line.
Next day—Post Mortem—That's the thing.
We'll voice our "Alibi's".
If nothing seems more int'resting
Let's just reorganize.

Bowling League Opens

The most important event of the month for the greater portion of the Denver Office was the opening of the second season of the Midwest Refining Company Bowling on Wednesday evening, September 26th. Eight teams got away at the send-off gong. All were 'rarin' to go and they went. Rock Creek and Pilot Butte both won their first three games and were the most consistent performers on the opening night. The balance of the teams seemed to be affected by nervousness. However, the next week things were different. Salt Creek came back after losing its first set of games to Rock Creek and defeated the all victorious Pilot Butte team three straight and taking the lead in high team series with 2322 pins. However, Rock Creek continued to show its strength and took three more from Derby Dome and now leads the league by three games.

Mr. Charles J. Barkdull, Auditor, is President this year, while Mr. M. E. McAlpine is secretary, and "Doc" Russell, treasurer. These boys are working hard to make things hum, and according to indications the league is off to a good start. Mr. Fred Anderson, last year's president has aided considerably in arranging teams and giving advice which he has gleaned from a year's experience along this line.

Some of the old team names have been retained, but most have not and we see several new monikers attached to the different fives. We are listing them as follows:

CAT CREEK: A. J. Hughes, Captain, F. E. Marriott, J. E. Robinson, H. A. Schwartzlose, and R. A. Craig.

DERBY DOME: M. E. McAlpine, Captain, R. E. Hamilton, E. E. Ewers, F. J. Curran, and L. A. Stedman.

ELK BASIN: F. D. Anderson, Captain, C. J. Barkdull, A. E. Johnson, R. O. Dietler, and R. R. Wright.

GRASS CREEK: S. S. Stebenne, Captain, R. G. Cocanower, T. Mooberry, C. E. Boyd, and C. A. Nugent.

HAMILTON DOME: J. H. Izett, Captain, C. A. Grant, R. W. Johnson, C. L. Kaup, and R. N. Joy.

PILOT BUTTE: W. A. Elliott, Captain, A. L. Clark, R. P. McNicholas, V. J. McOsker, W. Southwell.

ROCK CREEK: W. S. Nicoll, Captain, L. G. Truby, W. L. Greiner, H. A. Jones, and D. L. Murphy.

SALT CREEK: O. C. Krause, Captain, G. A. Kirchberger, O. B. Mauldin, M. A. Vervalin, and A. F. Russell.

In addition to the above line-ups, there is a list of twenty substitutes who are all anxious to bowl regular should the opportunity offer itself. This list includes: H. Marsh, J. E. Tooker, E. K. Ballard, Wadlington, Morley, F. C. Roberts, A. B. Johns, E. W. Illius, G. T. Hueur, Dallas Osborn, Holton Brothers, W. A. Miller, T. H. May, C. M. Rath, L. A. Thompson, Jr., Dillard, Haythorne, and others.

Following are the standings after the second night:

Wednesday, October 3rd, 1923

TEAM STANDING

Team	Captain	W.	L.	Pct.	T. P.	Av.
Rock Creek	W. S. Nicoll	6	0	1,000	4,403	733
Elk Basin	F. D. Anderson	3	3	500	4,365	727
Salt Creek	O. C. Krause	3	3	500	4,364	727
Grass Creek	S. S. Stebenne	3	3	500	4,312	718
Pilot Butte	W. W. Elliott	3	3	500	4,291	715
Cat Creek	A. J. Hughes	3	3	500	3,957	659
Hamilton Dome	L. H. Izett	2	4	333	4,099	683
Derby Dome	M. E. McAlpine	1	5	167	4,049	674

1st High Team Series—Salt Creek 2,322
2nd High Team Series—Rock Creek 2,286
1st High Team Game—Rock Creek 819
2nd High Team Game—Salt Creek 804

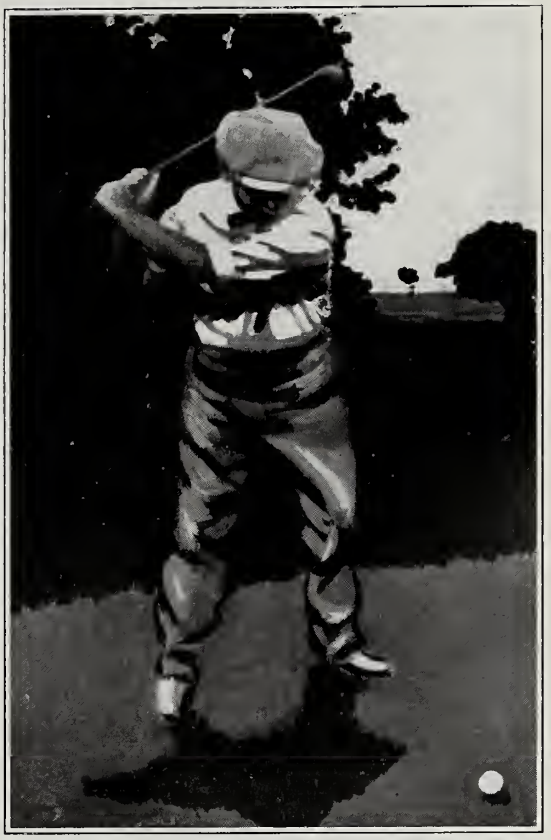
INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Player	Av.	Player	Av.
Anderson	172.1	Kaup	139.8
Kirchberger	172.1	Craig	139.1
Hamilton	171.6	Elliott	136.8
Barkdull	166.0	Dietler	135.3
Greiner	163.1	Johnson, Art.	131.5
Nicoll	161.5	Robinson	130.8
Stebenne	161.1	Grant	129.6
McOsker	160.3	Nugent	126.1
Krause	156.5	Boyd	124.5
Mauldin	152.1	Wright	124.5
Izett	148.6	Murphy	123.8
Hughes	147.3	Vervalin	123.5
Marriott	145.6	Russell	123.0
Truby	145.3	Joy	120.5
Johnson, R. W.	145.1	Curran	117.3
McAlpine	144.0	Southwell	114.8
Ewers	142.6	Stedman	101.6
Mooberry	141.8	Schwartzlose	96.5
McNicholas	140.3	Clark	
Jones	140.0	Coconauer	

1st High Ind. Series—Hamilton 563
2nd High Ind. Series—Anderson 547
1st High Ind. Game—Anderson 225
2nd High Ind. Game—Hamilton 215

May Boys' Mother Passes On

When a loved one passes on, the question always rises in our mind, "Why?". Thus it was so on September 12th when it was announced that Mrs. Margaret May, widowed mother of Tom, Bill, and Crofton May, had died. Words cannot express our sympathy toward these boys for their great loss. How well we remember when their father passed on not quite six years ago. How bravely they all stood their initial sorrow, and how the brave little mother brought her boys from youth to manhood not only handicapped by the loss of her husband, but by poor health too. She did well, and her sons are men to be proud of, and are a lasting monument to her maternal guidance and care. She was their counselor and pal in everything, and nothing was done without "Ma's" o. k. Hers was an acquaintance whose memory we cherish. We know that she will sleep her last sleep on this earth in peace for her work has been well done. All the Denver Office sympathizes with her boys whose lives thus far have been connected more or less with Midwest activities.



Otto Krause Driving

One of our coming young golfers in these parts is Otto Krause of the Accounts Receivable Division. When Otto started to "golf" his scores bore a stronger resemblance to bowling than to the Scottish game. But he has steadily improved and can now give Billy Nicoll a run for his money.

Traffic Department Tid-Bits

Once in a while a morsel of news will creep out behind the cordon of strict consorship which seems to affect the Traffic Department at times. Especially is this so, when the Irvin S. Cobb of this department is studying football dope in a vain attempt to "reem" his co-workers of the Sales Accounting Division with outlendish bets such as Chicago will win by 21 over Colorado Aggies. But, nevertheless, things happen within these precincts, and have come to our attention on the wings of the air or the radiator.

For instance there is little Jean Hanlin who up and hies herself off on a vacation over a greater part of this good old U. S. A. and re-

turns refreshed from the absence of filing orders for two whole weeks.

Then there is (St.) Elmo Ballard who takes a trip to hunt ducks in Wyoming, and ends up fishing in Colorado.

Also the chief boss, H. G. Naylor, himself takes his family up to Estes Park for the week-end, mostly to let Magraw take a picture of Horse-Shoe Falls. And remember this man Magraw is no slouch as a photographer. He took some pictures of aeroplanes which made D. W. Griffith jealous.

And again it is Raymond Cocanower of Trinidad, who hies himself back to his old home town on his vacation to hunt the ducks that Ballard missed. "Coke" says he thinks that they have gotten that far south by now.

Then again there are the two original bowling league fanettes, the Misses Curtz and Ahring, who attend faithfully and help by keeping score. They set a good example for the rest of the girls. What say, ladies?

Then here is a real item: Hark! Hark!

Miss Lucille Dunne appeared upon the scene the morning following "Declaration Day" with a big solemtair (former habitat: Kimberly Mines) upon the fatal finger. And it is rumored that she will wear a "ring de guerre" before plow snies.

SAABD—DOINGS

September was the month of bountiful increase in the Sales Accounting and Billing Division. Probably not in active workers, but in auxiliary workers. Wade "Biller" Casey, received the announcement of the birth of a second son at his house on September 8th with considerable joy and many congratulations. Close behind him came Art. Johns with the announcement of his second girl on September 20th which is almost three years to the day of the birth of his first daughter. Congratulations were again in order. Who is next?

"Jake" Bohmann, chief electrician of the Sales Accounting Division, whanged a fellow motorist on the way to work one morning. But Jake escaped jail, and settled his accounts satisfactorily to all.

Crofton May, who has been an employe of this department for some time, took his leave in September to start to college. He intends to take two years of Arts at Regis, and then specialize at Mines or some other technical school.

Harry Kessler is about the only one left in this department who has not enjoyed a vacation to date. Harry hopes to take his this month, possibly to hunt deer in the big game country.

Harry Schwartzlose together with his wife and daughter spent his vacation taking a trip to the Crested Butte country. Above are some of the views they saw enroute.

"Bill" Elliott planned to hunt ducks on his vacation, but the rain gods got active and it was too wet even for ducks. The nearest he got to "ducks" was at the bowling alley, where he could bowl "ducks," but he was told that the house rules would not permit him to shoot them.

Any day between 8:30 and 5:00 the "BRISTLES BRIGADE" consisting of Roy W. Johnson, O. B. Mauldin, W. A. Elliott, J. F. Holton, F. E. Marriott, and A. F. Russell, may be seen strutting their "Insignia of Manhood" around the northwest corner of floor eight. What's the grand idea? For further information apply in person to any of the above mentioned.

Just the other day a letter supposedly coming from the outside—but as everyone who saw it knows,—it came from the inside,—was circulated. It speaks well of the appetites contained within the strong, healthy athletes of this division. None of those mentioned in the letter are ashamed of the advertising that they received, but are really sorry that they may be watched so closely the next time that they will not be able to repeat. The letter, we understand, is now in the hands of one "Bill" Nicoll, as a due record of this event written in the abstract.

The members of the Komet Klub have been invited out to the North Denver Club Rooms of the "H" Club. Rick McNicholas is the President of the Kometiers and Homer Baker represents the "H" Club as its handler of funds. Some good organizers are apparently going to waste in this neck of the woods. Boy, page the KKK or IWW.

Homer: "Say, Ray, what kind of a worker is Olie?"

Ray: "Oh, Olie is all right as a worker, but a poor teacher. Why, it took him two weeks to show me what it took me just two days to show John."

John: "Mac, I hear that you are a member of the Komet Klub."

Mac: "Yes, I am that. I'm the High, Honorable, Supremen, King and Commander Exalted."

John: "That's pretty good isn't it. Why you must be the highest of the high."

Mac: "No, not yet, John, there are four ahead of me."

Lem Jones visited this division the other day to fix up one of our overhead lights for the coming winter months when same will have to be used. Lem tried to show the fly and catch stunt used in circuses, but the chain would not quite hold up to Lem's expectations. However, he did not receive any serious damages to his anatomy, and the boys are looking forward to a more expert performance the next time Lem attempts a similar stunt.

Art. Johns has discovered the twelfth man on a football eleven. He is the left-handed pitcher.

Joyce de la Gardie's mother and brother who have been summering here for several months have recently left to join his father in Philadelphia.

Spencer Stebenne and wife after spending most of the summer on the North Side have moved back into town, and are located again in South Denver. "Spin" will add his personnel to the South Side Brigade which marches down Broadway most every morning composed of Midwest employes on their way to work.

"Chips"

M. E. McAlpine celebrated his vacation during the later part of August by not only buying a house, but also took a trip to Estes Park.

"Billy" Nicoll, his wife and "Billy, Jr.," spent an enjoyable two weeks at Estes Park during his vacation the early part of September. "Bill" returned lookin' fit.

Charlie Barkdull also took his vacation in September. It is said that he went fishing.

Ed. Ewers traveled back to his old stamping ground in Kansas and Nebraska.

Floyd Curran followed the fashion and traveled to Nebraska and St. Joe on his vacation.

Archie Clark and wife have gone East where they are spending Archie's vacation around his old haunts of boyhood days.

Sam, a colored "slicker," sold Mose a mule. A few days later Mose told Sam the mule was blind.

"What makes yo' tink dat mule is blind?"

"Why, I turned him loose in a field and he run right into a tree."

"Mose, dat mule ain't blind. He just don't give a damn."

City Lady—"Oh, what cute cowlets."

Farmer—"Them ain't cowlets, them's bullets."

Old Gentleman—"I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car."

Archie—"Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

Gleanings from the Legal Department

Might say right at the start that we are about "gleaned out." Hasn't been much but WORK happening in this Department. Nuff sed!

But

Mr. Barnes has been receiving frequent invitations to lunch with a fair lady, which he always accepts. We think someone ought to tell his wife!

And

Fall housecleaning seems to be in order. Mr. Whitford cleans out his desk and dumps the debris on Miss Gunston's desk. If you want to know what she thinks about it you'd better ask her.

Also

The rest of us are all proud of our representative in the Bowling League—he won $1.00 for high individual game, a score of 225, and $2.00 for high individual series, score 547, on Wednesday night, Oct. 3rd. You have to go some to beat the Legal Department! It is whispered that one of the members of the Accounting Division told the stenos in the Legal Department they ought to grasp the opportunity of getting a box of candy out of said winner of the $3.00, and that he would be only too glad to come up and help them eat the candy! Mr. Anderson evidently felt very affluent that day, as he was overheard making an offer to loan some money to a co-worker, going down in the elevator.

It seems

Leonora and Edith have been such GOOD girls this month there is nothing to write about them.

Except

That Mr. Barnes thinks they are lacking in sympathy, as when he bumped his knee on a sharp corner of his desk and the expression of his face brought forth a giggle, he was heard to remark that undoubtedly if he broke his leg they would probably have hysterics!

Likewise

Mr. Whitford wants to know if he is funny-looking, inasmuch as the girls frequently seem to be greatly amused when he comes into their sanctum-sanctorum, and he doesn't seem to have much luck finding out what the joke is!

Probably

The first paragraph of this column will explain their "goodness."

Oh yes!

We almost forgot to mention that if anyone got very much excited when reading about Mr. Barnes receiving luncheon invitations from a fair lady, they might as well calm down immediately. It is his wife and she very generously lets him pay for the "eats" too!

THAT'S ALL!

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Sunburst, Montana, Camp Notes

(R. N. Hankins)

The personnel of our force has changed to such an extent since our last appearance in the Review, that an introduction may well be in order. There are so many of us now who are old attaches of the Mother Organization that we cannot afford to be left out of the circle.

Our new superintendent, W. C. Critchfield, is better known in Casper and Big Muddy than in Montana. He was identified with pioneer drilling in several Eastern states before he drilled his way out to Big Muddy and affiliated with the Midwest. He feels a bit lost in our small field, and finds no difficulty in making the rounds a couple of times between supper and bed time. If I were writing a high-school class history, I'd say that his hobbies are reclaiming material that has been recklessly cast aside, eating good food and smoking good cigars.

Andy Deaton, who blazed the trail here, is still blazing it. Just now, he is too busy getting ready for winter to be sociable, and he gets in more time covering his territory than he used to pumping a twelve hour tower at Elk Basin.

Our warehouse operations are being conducted by one Bill Gough who gets letters from California and New York addressed "Billy." He is from all over the world where oil grows, principally from South America, and he freely admits the truth, in that he knows oil well supplies and equipment.

The writer computes the daily "perduction" and takes the blame when payroll checks appear short, or the butcher's remittance does not come through on time from Billings. He tries to keep peace, but does not always succeed. However, from several years' experience in Elk Basin, he is accustomed to the multifarious vicissitudes of a field clerk, and after two years' absence from the circle, is glad to be back in the fold.

Don Hageman of the Midwest Geological Division, has selected our camp as a suitable

place to spend the winter, and with Mrs. Hageman, has taken residence in one of our new cottages.

Mr. Max Bauer our chief geologist is spending a few days with us just now.

On the last general assembly of officials in this field, Mr. Peake was induced to join the party, and gave us one of his characteristic once-over-and-miss-nothing inspections. We're expecting to see more of him.

Our new bath house, known in accounting circles as Work Order 64 would be a credit to any camp. "Our" Mr. W. B. Schilling designed it, and it is equipped with showers, sinks, stationary wash tub, etc. and is lined with zinc.

Frank Gilpin our former superintendent is so-journing in Colorado Springs. We know nothing definite, but are expecting some engraved announcements before a great while. If Frank has an enemy in the world, we have failed to hear of his existence.

Casper Cackles

We are very glad to report that Mrs. Upson, who was compelled to resign her position as head of the Comptometer Department on account of illness, is now able to be about.

The Comptometer Department is getting almost as bad as the Accounting room for changes. We have a new comptometer operator again—Miss Vivian Sperry of Denver. We are very glad to make the acquaintance of this charming young lady and hope that big blue Packard does not carry her away from us very soon.

Our Valentino of the Accounting Department, Anderson, has left us and Mr. Cherot is a new member. We understand Mr. Cherot is a professional heart breaker and the single girls around this office should watch their steps with this handsome he-vamp around.

Jenkins has joined the ranks of land-owners and has purchased a very attractive home in the Southeast part of Casper. Let's have a chicken shower on him next spring and help him get his chicken ranch started.

He: Dearest, I must marry you—
She: Have you seen father?
He: Often, Honey, but I love you just the same.

Two more new members have been added to the force of the Accounting Department—Mr. Christopherson and Mr. Rickenburg.

Our old friend, Ted, has returned after having made a trip East and to his home in Canada. Ted sold his famous bug car while in Philadelphia, and made the rest of the trip to Canada and back via train. He tells us he had a mighty splendid time.

Our cheerful Fifth floor messenger girl, "Blondie," has been ill for the past five weeks with typhoid fever. We wish her a speedy recovery and hope she will soon be back with us again.

A huge surprise has just been handed to nearly all the members of the Accounting Department. Thursday, October 4, "Hy" Ayers was missing from his post and when Kelly called him on the 'phone and asked him why he had not reported for work, he informed Kelly that he had to stay at home with his wife. Then we learned that Miss Gladys Johnson, who was formerly connected with this company as comptometer operator, and "Hy" were married at the Methodist parsonage that morning about 11 o'clock. The entire Accounting Department extend them their very best wishes.

Since Wayne and Ayers have always been such close friends, it speaks very well for Wayne's success in matrimony that Ayers was willing to try it.

Pretty soon there will be no more single fellows working for the Midwest, then what will our single girls do?—get married, too, we suppose.

Our boy Caruso, Jack Rutz, has been transferred to the Midwest Office at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Now Jack can sit out on the desert and charm the little desert animals with his sweet voice. We envy Jack his location in the winter when the Casper winds howl and frolic around the Midwest Building but, Oh, Boy! give us Casper in the summer. Write us, Jack, and let us know the news and gossip of the New Mexico Office. Also, tell us, are there any attractive school teachers in Albuquerque?

Jerome Dykeman has gone to spend his vacation in New York. Some rumors have been afloat that Jerome will not come back alone but will be accompanied by a blushing bride. All right, boys, let's all be down to the train with plenty of rice and old shoes. Jerome would just love that, we know.

We should offer our condolences to Jewell if the above rumor about Jerome is true—surely he will have to buy her a whole box of candy for herself to console her for her loss.

We understand Eddie of the marcel wave is thinking somewhat seriously of setting up in business as a professional house-cleaner. Eddie purchased the various implements of the trade the other day and started practicing on his

apartment at the Blackmore. The next day Eddie came to work somewhat stiff in the joints and reported that he wore out the knees of a perfectly good pair of trousers scrubbing the floor. You'll get used to that after the first hundred years, Eddie. They're always the hardest, they say.

Mr. Carroll and Jim O'Brien have gone to Billings, Montana, to teach the Mid-Northerners how to account.

We very much fear the many marriages that have taken place among the Casper Office force this summer have had a bad influence on the members of the Accounting Department as they seem to be falling one by one. Almost any day we expect to hear that Kelly, the boy wonder, has taken the "fatal leap" into matrimony—we think he needs someone to look after him and mend those torn trousers like he displayed in the last issue of the Review and we just know Cornie would be a good one for the job.

Well, we hear Jack Rutz got away without coming across with that box of candy he was supposed to buy to support the rumor he started last fall that he was married. We just want to give a tip to the New Mexico force —he wasn't really married—but we think he should come across with the candy, anyhow and perhaps you can get it from him.

Mr. Carroll has joined the ranks of the auto owners, having purchased a new Buick sport model car recently.

We are glad to report that both Mrs. Korn and Mrs. Gaiser have returned to their homes. Now we can relax our unceasing vigilance over these two attractive and vivacious men and the neighborhood can get some much-needed sleep nights.

It is an increasing mystery to us why the Comptometer Operators always want to see all the new fellows that come to work here. At present the Comps. are all single and tell us they will be for some time to come but since we think they are a very attractive trio of young ladies, we expect almost any time to receive an announcement from one or all of them.

Snedden: I have had a hard day at the office, dear, and I'm as hungry as a bear. Is dinner ready?

Mrs. Snedden: No, Love, I am afraid we will have to go to a restaurant tonight. I have broken the can opener.

Jack Rutz is such a ladies' man that he cannot be separated from the fair sex long enough to atttend a Smoker. The M. A. A. held a smoker the other night and Jack took his lady friend along with him. We didn't hear the outcome because we can't find any one else that was there.

We are all anxiously awaiting the commencement of the Midwest Athletic Association dances.

Storage Yard Notes

We wish to thank our many friends for the kindnesses and help extended to us during our recent bereavement, in the loss of our father and uncle, J. I. Hale. We wish that more fitting means could be employed than that of words only.

W. L. Hale and Wife
H. L. Officer.

Harry Moss has returned to work after a spell of sickness that was very painful. We are glad to have him back with us. We missed his smiling countenance, and feel better now that we can again gaze upon it.

Ray Hughes returned after spending his vacation in Missouri, and looks as if he enjoyed the leave of absence. He informs us that the home looks good.

Roy Bowman has returned from an extended leave, and informs us that he enjoyed himself to the limit but is glad to be back.

Sidney Wilson is now fireman. He took the place left vacant by the death of J. I. Hale.

Frank Butler has gone into the hills to track the wild deer and elk. We wish him luck, and are almost sure that he will bring home the meat.

The smoker that was held on September 27th, was well attended not withstanding the rain, and every one seemed to have a good time even George Goodrich who acquired a black eye in proving his ability as a "pug". We hope that he will not have the misfortune next time.

Around Salt Creek

Hallowe'en will be made a memorable night for young and old alike at Salt Creek, with a big get-to-gether to be staged by the Ladies Union. All of the local color traditions built up around this celebration will be respected and carried out. Committees are working hard to provide all of the old and a lot of new kinds of entertainment and fun-making and the last night of October with the celebration as now arranged should usher out the month in fitting style.

Paul G. Hardy, foreman in charge of booster operations for the Salt Creek Gas Plant, accompanied by Mrs. Hardy and their small son spent a two weeks vacation period in Denver last month.

Work on the new Plant No. 4 of the Gas Department is progressing rapidly and the buildings have now been completed and most of the heavy engines and machinery installed.

Mr. Roy C. Coon and Miss Hazel Logan, both

of the Gas Plant, slipped away one week end late in September and came back as Mr. and Mrs. Coon. They are happily and comfortably installed in one of the Gas Plant cottages at Camp Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hall returned to their home here late in September after a visit with relatives in Boulder, Colorado. Mrs. Hall and baby son spent most of the summer in Colorado. where Mr. Hall joined them for his vacation period and the family then motored back to their Salt Creek home. Mr. Hall is cashier of the Midwest Commissary Department.

Mrs. Teresa Anderson, who has been a most popular member of the Midwest family at Home Camp where she has been associated with the Commissary Department for the past two years, severed her connection with the Company late in September and left for Billings, Montana, where she was married to a business man of the northern state. Mrs. Anderson's hosts of friends here regretted her departure keenly and just before her departure feted and showered her with several interesting informal parties and teas.

Five new houses are near completion at the Midwest Consolidated Camp, and five families are eagerly awaiting them. In the language of one of the prominent members of this branch of the Midwest family, "prospects for the winter card club are looking great."

Mrs. Rollie B. Walter of the Consolidated Camp was recently called to her home at Raderville, Wyoming by the serious illness of her mother.

Joe Burford, recently returned from Rochester, Minnesota, after undergoing an operation and treatment for cancer of the lip. He is much improved in general health and altho not able to resume his duties with the Pipe Line Department, he is now able to be up and around and seems much like the real old Joe.

Jack Cleary was a smiling visitor to the field on several occasions late in September and early in this month. The term smiling is used advisedly and in high tribute, because if any member of the official force of the Midwest had troubles, which ran the gauntlet from washed out dams thru roads, and dozens of other construction projects, it was the same Jack Cleary.

Mrs. W. B. Eiler returned late in September from a several weeks trip to Denver and other points.

A new four-roomed house is near completion at Dutch Camp to be the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hyatt, formerly of Cheyenne. Mr. Hyatt is the Wyoming State representative in the Salt Creek field in charge of royalty oil.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jones of Midwest Consolidated Camp, returned recently from a visit of a few weeks to Florence, Colorado, their former home. They were accompanied on the trip to Colorado by Mr. Jones' Mother who had been visiting in the field for a part of this summer.

Harry Camsee, who until his departure late in August, was the oldest employee in point of service of the Midwest Salt Creek Gas Plant, has gone to Colorado to make his home. When Camsee first came here, six years ago last July, the plant consisted of but six smaller Bessemer units with a capacity of less than a tenth that of the present. Since Camsee left, Mat Selsted, claims the honor and distinction of seniority, having been with the Gas Plant here for about six years.

Elk Basin News

As we have indicated before, we have a few real sportsmen here and they do love to fish and hunt.

Of the fishermen, the leaders are Jim Wilson, Dr. Lane, Stauffer, Marker, Gross, Bach, Miller et al. Our hunters are represented by Miller, Bach, Gross, Marker, Stauffer, Dr. Lane, Jim Wilson and others. We have had some good fishing but not as much as we could have wished. The high water prevented. Ask Gross about Sunlight Creek.

When the rains came, a few ducks drifted down from Montana. Ask Jim Wilson. Just now, the big game proposition is before us and plans are being made a plenty.

Gross has bought himself an elephant gun and is planning to go after elk, bear and prairie dogs. Others, less ambitions, hope to get a deer and we all look for northern ducks later on. And lacking opportunities for such divertisments, there is always work to be done, so time hangs not so heavily on our hands. We also gave a party—I think I mentioned that.

Athletic Club Smoker and Stag

In spite of the storm, a good representative crowd of the Midwest's sterner sex gathered at the Field Garage on the night of September 27th, where a smoker and stag party, opening the fall and winter activities, was put on by the Midwest Athletic Club.

Several good boxing matches were put on; Blair, outside truckdriver, and Goodrich, warehouse helper, fought to a draw in a four round match. Davis got a fall out of Dean in the second round of a scheduled four round battle, and in the handicap, Kitson, outside truckdriver, won over Ramsey, Storage Yard, in a five round match. Chas. Kear and Dade Wilson, both of the Storage Yards, put on a fine gymnastic exhibition. It is to be regretted that circumstances prevented Jack Rutz, the only uptown office man entered on the program, from appearing.

Bill and Jim, Mid-Northerners, Write

(*Continued from page* 6)

him some other time. I aint got time now he's too long. An theres Hankins I got to tell you about Hank. It sure beats the devil how slow some people are up here. now here it is the 27th of September and Hank just had his spider painted on his head yesterday.

Then we hav got a fellow here what answers to the name of Kansas. You have heard all about him cause he's the guy what built the Cat Creek ditch. an talkin about ditch we got a fellow up herc whats a human badger names Ed Mendenhall. Well a swarm of ditch diggers lit here the other day an as usual they was a discussin the art of diggin ditch and Ed said you fellers dont no a shovel from a toastin fork just like that and they got to arguin and the result was they got up a bet Ed bettin em he could dig 100 feet of ditch 5 foot high in ten hours. An Mid he done it havin 45 minutes left to roll a smoke. Him doin all that besides doin his reguler work. Some boy eh? Oh well thats nothin when you have lived here awhile.

Say we got a new boss up here big as a house all the boys is votin for him already an I guess he's all rite only he dont look strate. Name's Bill. Bill's a good old name only it dont always mean the same so dont git him mixed up with the bill that says we aint got it. This is a bill of a bigger denomination beleeve me. He says we got it or by G— —we'll git it.

Well Mid theys a lot of good fellers around here what I'd like to tell you about if I had time but it will soon be time to eat again and as we have got a new cook house and new table the old one havin departed this lease by the smoke route, I'm goin to stick aroun an see what they put on it the table I mean. We shore got a couple of fine cooks. They call one of 'em Dr. I dont no why. cause she aint I guess. an the other one—well she's allus right there on the job and don't need callin.

Well Mr. Mid I can smell grub so you will have to excuse me for this as I am hungrier than hell hopin you are the same.

as ever your friend
Jim.

From Bill

Deer mistur Eduter*

Thc rekwest is kum frum the sooperintended offus thet we aint alif gues thet is neerer the trooth then prohabeeshun beer —m but nevurtheles i takes this as a pursinal insalt an i replies in much heet? we aint daid nur is we asleep—we is jest abowt thre drinks ahed uf al uf you—know i no thet you al hes hed the wurst uf this ourgumunt an we is on speakin turms wunce moor sew i wil tel you abowt owr fir;

Owr kuck she must hev gowt tirred uf know vakashun sew she gowt reklus an left sum feed two keep warrum fur the bouys thet wurks at nite—this wuz sew unuseshual thet the stowve gowt reklus an leeked on the flowr an then set fir two itsseluf—know we is gowt a knew kuck hous.

Howeffur mi boss sez thet the site wus wursh manie kuck housis ez he gowt two sca the diffurent brands uf underwhere thet we uses—nuthin effur happins unless their is sum gud cums owt uf it—fur instunts we is started on a knew bach uf slumgullion thet wil last es long es this hear kuck hous duz. We also diskuvered thet a fir exstinkwisher will blo upp; an thet the Ohigher Oil Kumpenny hes better feud then we is ust two; an the righter fowned owt thet the purty Blownd thet weights on the table et the Ohigher Kamp is married two a man.

I wood lik two sea sum funnie artickles in yowr papir an I sukjcsts thet you publeash sum uf the lethers thet we is expectin frum the BIG BUOYS asken how owr fir started, or inkwiring why it is necesseric fur a wearhouse man two eet thre meels a day.

You reelise thet we is thankfull fur this fir es it is the onlie weigh thet the big bossis no thet we is wurkin the uther twentie ate days a munth—they thinks thet we is wurkin too days, the 15 and 1st—and imajin thet owr cheks is fur them days.

Will you lett them no diffurent an thet we is sorrie thet the kuck wanted a vakashun & burned donn the kuck hous.

Regardlessly yowrs
bill.

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Frank Keeley
George Zimmerman

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper
Jack Moyer
T. S. McCleary

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

James M. Holder

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

John Miller, Producing Department
Charles H. Bates, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

Secretary:

E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
R. G. Austin, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
Charles Badders, Grass Creek District
Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.
M. E. Edwards, Treasurer
T. N. Shaw, Secretary

What This Country Needs

WHAT this country needs is not a new birth of freedom, but the old-fashioned $2.00 lower berth.

It isn't more liberty, but less people who take liberties with our liberty.

It is not a job for every man, but a real man for every job.

It isn't to get more taxes from the people, but for the people to get more from the taxes.

It is not more miles of territory, but more miles to the gallon.

It is more tractors and less detractors.

It isn't more young men making speed, but more young men planting spuds.

It is more paint on the old place and less paint on the young face.

It isn't a lower rate of interest on money, but a higher interest in work.

It is to follow the footprints of the fathers instead of the footsteps of the dancing master.

—*St. Paul "Crescent"*

The MIDWEST REVIEW

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Published for the Midwest *family by the* Midwest Refining *Company*

Air View of Midwest Home Camp at Salt Creek, taken about a year ago by Government Photographers, while making air map of the field for the Bureau of Mines.

The Midwest Review

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Buy and Use Midwest Products

Suppose that you were running a bakery, and turned out good bread and cakes and pies; yet you stopped in at the corner grocery because it was convenient, and purchased bakery articles made by another bakery—do you suppose for one instant that anyone else would join in a grand rush to buy your stuff, when you didn't use it yourself?

Think about that proposition for a moment and then consider the following statement of facts.

Midwest employes use thousands of gallons of gasoline, thousands of quarts of lubricating oil and pounds and pounds of hard grease in their automobiles every year. Probably every Midwest family likewise uses a polishing oil of some sort; or uses a household oil of some kind for oiling the sewing machine, the shot gun, the baby carriage or the boy's scooter; likewise many of them use some brand of internal lubricant when their tummy aches; and many of them use ornamental candles, birthday candles, paraffine for sealing up the jelly or fruit jars, and many other things that are manufactured from crude oil.

Investigation shows that some Midwest employes are not particular as to the brands of these things that they use, and this fact is what we want to bring to your attention through the Review.

Do you know that our refineries—the Standard of Indiana and the Midwest—make all the commodities enumerated above, with many others, and put them out under recognized trade names; and that consequently when you buy and use Indiana and Midwest products, that you are boosting your own business? If you do not know these things, it is time to learn them. And now is the time to resolve to use nothing but our own products.

Every gallon or pound of our products purchased by you, enlarges our business just that much. As our sales increase, so will every line or branch of our business increase; and every Midwest employe who is buying Standard of Indiana stock under the Stock Purchase plan, will increase his dividends just that much. At our Casper refinery, they have a slogan as follows:

"No sales, no profits; no profits, no wages. Use S. O. products and boost both profits and sales. Boost and Use."

The Review desires to urge upon Midwest employes the importance to them of making it an invariable rule to use the products of our own refineries and thereby again prove their loyalty to their own company. It should be easy to do this as these products are on sale everywhere, and Standard of Indiana products are every bit as good as those their competitors make, and as a matter of fact most of us believe they are a lot better.

When you buy gasoline, look for Conoco or Red Crown stations. When you buy lubricants, buy Polarine; when you buy polishing oil, buy Semdac; when you buy oil for household use, buy Finol; and if you need a medicinal oil, buy Stanolax. You are interested in your business, so a lot of our other products will be taken up later.

Just now, we should like to call to your

(Continued on page 23)

General Impressions of the California Oil Fields

By Carroll H. Wegemann

The meeting of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, held in Los Angeles during September, was perhaps the most interesting which the society has ever enjoyed, affording as it did the opportunity for many field trips to the great oil fields which are today the dominating factor in the petroleum industry.

The California fields may be roughly divided into three great divisions—the fields of the Los Angeles Basin, which are largely responsible for the present over production of oil in this country, the small fields of the Santa Clara Valley above Ventura which offer many interesting studies in the accumulation of oil, but which are not particularly important when production alone is considered, and lastly, the fields of the San Joaquin Valley which may be subdivided into those in the general vicinity of Bakersfield and Taft in the south, and the fields near Coalinga in the north. Coalinga lies about midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and there are no commercial fields north of the Coalinga district although oil is found in small quantities near San Francisco.

There are numerous fields in the Los Angeles Basin. One of the earliest discoveries of oil in California was made in the city of Los Angeles itself, and mention should also be made of the old Salt Lake field, Montebello, Whittier, Brea-Olinda, Coyote Hills, and Richfield. The three great fields which have affected the oil industry of the whole United States are Signal Hill, Huntington Beach and Santa Fe Springs.

The structure at Signal Hill has been known for some ten years but the possibilities for enormous production which it offered were not appreciated in view of the fact that the older fields of the Los Angeles Basin had been comparatively small producers. The land on Signal Hill had been divided into town lots and it was a very difficult matter to get enough of it together to warrant a test of the structure. The test well was drilled by the Shell-Union and was recommended by Mr. Schwennesen who formerly worked with Mr. Max Ball in Cheyenne. The enormous productivity of the field is too well known to require detailed description. The hill is a very prominent land mark and is today covered with a forest of derricks. The structure is readily seen by a careful examination of the outcrops of the very recent marine deposits which lie at the surface. It is not outlined by escarpments as are the Wyoming fields.

Huntington Beach lies southeast of Signal Hill and in line with it. The field occupies a broad flat near the ocean upon which there is no surface indication of structure.

Santa Fe Springs to the northeast of Signal Hill is on another line of folding and gives very little indication at the surface of the presence of oil below. It was developed in the midst of orange groves which in themselves were worth enormous sums. To quote our friend J. Elmer Thomas, "How God loved those people!"

The new Compton field lies midway between Signal Hill and Los Angeles and like Signal Hill is located on a high ridge. The new development at Torrance in line with Signal Hill and Huntington Beach is also on a ridge.

The general impression left in the mind of the geologist by a study of the Los Angeles Basin is that all of the fields which can be detected at the surface have been tested; that in the development of these fields geology has been of only general assistance as the accuracy of detail possible in the Rocky Mountain fields can not be applied to the variable deposits of the Los Angeles Basin; lastly, it is evident that it may be possible for the drill to discover one or more new fields in the broad flats now occupied by orange groves.

It is left to the fields of the north to restore the geologist's confidence in himself and in his science. The anticlines of the Ventura Valley are as evident as are the structures of the Rocky Mountains, and in some of the early Eocene deposits one is reminded of the Wasatch of Wyoming.

To appreciate fully, however, the size of the California fields one must see Sunset-

(Continued on page 24)

VIEWS IN CALIFORNIA OIL FIELDS

by C.H. Wegeman

Site of famous Lakeview Gusher, Sunset-Midway Field, which flowed 65,000 barrels per day in 1910. Drillers lost control of the well. Note dykes on either side built to retain the flood of oil

Signal Hill

Santa Fe Springs. Derricks among orange groves

Santa Paula Field. Surface beds resemble Wasatch. Igneous mountain in background

Miocene beds between Coalinga and Taft contain remains of minute plants called diatoms which are supposed to have given origin to the oil

California Oil Production in 1924

By E. L. Estabrook

On October 1, 1923, the State of California was producing about 850,000 barrels of oil per day, of which 550,000 barrels were coming from the Santa Fe Springs and Long Beach Fields. In those two fields there were on that date about 500 producing wells, and 350 more wells drilling on a total productive area of about 2,500 acres. Under ordinary conditions such intensive drilling would lead to an exceptionally rapid decline, but in these fields the great thickness of the productive sands, and the existence of several separate producing zones may permit the maintenance of a large production somewhat longer than is expected. The exact limit of production in the northwest end has not yet been determined in either field, and at Long Beach the bottom of the producing sands has not been reached. At Santa Fe Springs the bottom of the rich Meyer zone has been found but the possibility of another productive zone within reach of the drill has not been disposed of. This same possibility of deeper productive sands exists in some of the older fields of the Los Angeles Basin, and is being tested. In addition to these possibilities for new production existing in the older fields there are two new pools being developed—Torrance and Compton—and about 35 wildcat wells being drilled, all within an area about 40 miles long and 20 miles wide.

The Torrance, or Torrance-Redondo Pool, has been developing for a year or more at the Redondo end, and looked like a fairly shallow, small well pool until early in September when a 1500 barrel well was brought in at the Torrance end, and more recently the pool has been extended half a mile farther southeast by the Fortuna Oil Company's 100 barrel well, while others up to 3000 and 4000 barrels have been brought in. The proven area is already four miles long by one-half to one mile wide. It is more than possible that within six months Torrance will be producing 100,000 barrels per day.

The Compton area looks very promising in that there is surface evidence of a geologic structure as well as "proof of the pudding" in the shape of a 1200 barrel well brought in early in September at a depth of 4000 feet. Compton is likely to be a large producer by the middle or fall of 1924.

Out of the 860,000 barrels of crude per day, totaling 26,000,000 barrels which was produced during August 1923, some 4,500,000 barrels went to storage and 6,000,000 barrels were shipped to Atlantic and Gulf Coast points, leaving 15,500,000 barrels or 520,000 barrels per day for local consumption. This was an abnormal local consumption as will be discussed below but will serve as a basis for some calculations in which a maximum figure for local consumption is desired. The fields outside of Santa Fe Springs and Long Beach are now producing about 300,000 barrels per day with at least 70,000 barrels of production shut in. When Santa Fe Springs and Long Beach decline from their present production of 550,000 barrels down to 150,000 barrels per day the production of the State will amount to 520,000 barrels and equal the present abnormal consumption. This decline of the two big fields may be expected in from eight to twelve months. Meanwhile, the development of Torrance and Compton may be expected to provide enough oil to permit shipments to continue for months at about the present rate without seriously drawing upon storage, or possibly not even touching it.

The oil in storage in California on October 1, 1923, amounted to about 90,000,000 barrels of which approximately one-half was tops or crude above 20° gravity. Light oil and gasoline are the excess products in California at present, and this 45,000,000 barrels in storage is therefore available for shipment as soon as possible. It alone would maintain the present rate for eight or nine months even if no fresh crude was available.

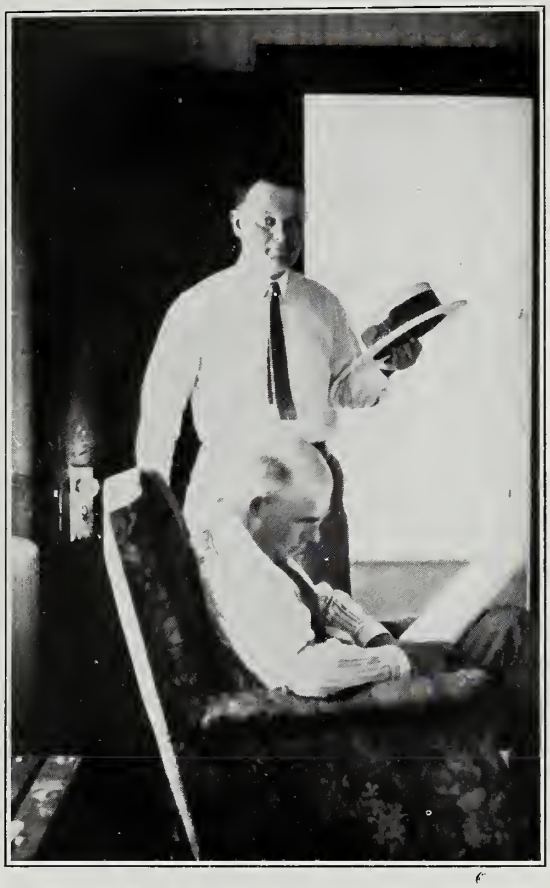
The so-called *local* consumption figures for California are misleading. During 1920 and 1921 and the first half of 1922 the consumption was truly local and averaged

about 300,000 barrels per day. In July 1922, the production began its phenomenal increase and the price of crude was cut 40c to 60c per barrel. Immediately the California consumption jumped, and by the end of 1922 was up to 450,000 barrels, the greater part of the increase of 150,000 barrels representing business taken away from the Rocky Mountain and Mid-Continent Fields. Statistically the measure of California's effect upon the oil industry is supposed to be the shipments of oil through the Panama Canal, but actually there is an additional 150,000 to 200,000 barrels per day going to consumers who have been for years past the customers of the Rocky Mountain and Mid-Continent refiners. The acquisition of this market by the California refiners was the first result of the oversupply of cheap California crude, and it will be the last they will give up as their crude supply drops and the price raises. Every reduction in the price of California crude either widens their market by rail shipments eastward or compels a further reduction in the price of Mid-Continent crude. The ownership of the oil land in the Los Angeles Basin is so largely in town lots or one acre tracts that price reductions do not have as much effect in controlling competitive drilling and reducing production as they do in the rest of the United States.

Shipments of crude oil from California to Atlantic and Gulf Coast points at a rate of five or six million barrels per month are likely to continue all through 1924. It seems certain to me that they will continue through the summer of 1924, and I believe that there is a considerable chance that oil will still be moving in that direction well into 1925. The decline of the Santa Fe Springs and Long Beach Fields will be comparatively rapid, but the two new fields now developing, together with the new discoveries and deeper sand developments in old fields will keep California production at a high level for several years to come.

The human anatomy is a wonderful piece of mechanism!

Yes; when you pat a man on the back, it makes his head swell.—Connecticut College News.



A Touching Picture

We wish to call particular attention to the accompanying picture of Mr. R. S. Ellison and Mr. H. C. Bretschneider. These two gentlemen were down in Texas and other southern states some time ago on a business trip when this picture was taken. It was a hot day in Houston, Texas, and these two gentlemen together with a number of others had indulged in a very solemn conference, which apparently wore Mr. Ellison out and he fell sound asleep in his chair. Mr. Bretschneider with that devotion which characterizes his business as well as his every day life is tenderly keeping the flies off Mr. Ellison's head.

"Yes, your honor, my husband neglects me shamefully; he is never at home," said the aggrieved wife.

"Hum!" the judge pondered. "Do you spend your evenings all by your self with no companions whatever?"

"W-well," she sobbed, "I-I have two gold fish."—The Penn State Farmer.

Brief History of the Petroleum Industry in Montana

By Ernest Guy Robinson, *Mid-Northern Oil Co.*

Ever since the area embraced within the state limits of Montana has had a white population there has been a belief that it would be a great oil producing region. It was a common saying among the pioneers that sometime Montana would be an oil state. Only comparatively recently has any attempt to secure production been made. The first actual production was brought in in 1914.

The town of Chinook drilled the first deep hole in the plains region of Montana in 1890 in an attempt to secure artesian water. The hole reached a depth of 956 feet without developing a supply of fresh water, but shows of oil and gas were reported. It should be mentioned that this is one of the very few wells in Montana which has encountered salt water. The well was drilled through Upper Cretaceous rocks. In 1892 the Quartermaster Department of the United States Army drilled a well at Fort Assiniboine, Northwest of the Bearpaw Mountains in flat lying sediments, to secure a water supply for the military organization. The well reached a depth of 1500 feet and shows of gas and oil were reported.

Two wells were drilled in the area now known as Glacier National Park in 1903 and 1904. Good shows of oil and gas were reported from several horizons, but no commercial production resulted from the tests. These wells were drilled in an area where the Geological conditions are most extraordinary. The thrusts from the Southwest which in other places along the Rocky Mountain front resulted in folding. Here developed the great Lewis overthrust fault. It is to their fault that the magnificent scenery of Glacier Park is due. A great thickness of Algonkian strata of the Belt series was thrust Northeastward over the Upper Cretaceous sediments. The wells mentioned were drilled on the shore of Sherburne lake below the point where Many Glacier Hotel has since been built. The derricks stood in mountains of very old rocks, but the holes were drilled in the Colorado shale of the Upper Cretaceous.

In 1901 a well was drilled on Big Elk Dome between the Crazy and Little Belt Mountains and in 1902 a test was made in Big Coulee 55 miles Northwest of Billings. These wells reported only shows of oil and gas. In 1905 a well was drilled to a depth of 1,000 feet at Silesia, 35 miles Southwest of Billings without resulting production.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Maurice Forth Dead

Mrs. Maurice Forth of Midwest Home Camp at Salt Creek passed away while at one of the Denver Hospitals early this month. Last services were held from the Olinger Mortuary in Denver on Saturday November 3rd and interment was made in the Masonic plot at the Crown Hill cemetery. Mrs. Forth passed away as a result of acute dilitation of the heart resulting from an operative procedure. Numerous friends in Salt Creek, unable to be present for the last services sent flower decorations that were profuse and beautiful. Maurice Forth returned to Salt Creek about the middle of the month with the new baby girl, who is doing splendidly.

Preparing for Christmas

The Midwest Management at Salt Creek will sponsor the regular Christmas festivities for the children this year and already plans are being made for a combined entertainment that will surpass anything ever done in the past. The plans this year call for a tree, decorations, Santa Claus, presents for all children, with candy, nuts and all the trimmings. A real program of interest to the children of all ages will be staged in connection with the monster event, which will probably be arranged at the Brown Hall at Home Camp, this being the largest gathering space available. The celebration is to include all Midwest Children and every effort will be made to give the kiddies the happiest kind of a time.

Easy Come, Easy Go

Ed Davis, superintendent of the Casper Field Garage, and Ray Cushman, one of the Storage Yard truck drivers, enjoyed a very successful big game hunt early in October, being absent from Casper about ten days and each returning with a fine elk. There were two others in the party besides Cushman and Davis and four elk were brought back. Their hunting was at Cottonwood River about forty miles west of Dubois. The accompanying picture shows the temporary camp in the pines with the meat hanging up in the rear. The man in the white coat is Mr. Davis. The real point of this story, however, is the tragedy that happened in Casper after the party returned home. Mr. Davis and Mr. Cushman consigned their meat to the care of the local ice house with a view to using it as they needed it and preserving the balance in the best possible manner. They were horrified about the first of the month, however, to find that someone had broken into the ice house and stolen every scrap of meat in the place. Davis in particular was very much mortified because he had been feeding himself and his family on the poorer portions, figuring that he would keep the choicer morsels for the last. The thieves, however, beat him to it.

All Doped

Man (in drug store)—"I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist—"You mean concentrated lye."

"It does notmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulfur?"

"Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well, I should myrrh-myrrh! Yet I ammonia novice at it."

Mrs. Austin's Good Garden

One of the prettiest flower and vegetable gardens anywhere in the Midwest organization, was that produced the past summer by Mrs. Bonnie Austin, cook at the Midwest Grass Creek camp.

Mrs. Austin and her mother, Mrs. Kron, commandeered a plot of ground adjoining the cook-house on the west and planted their garden. They enlisted the service of Jerry Daugherty, the general camp and stable worker, who did yeoman duty all summer. It was surprising the amount of stuff that was raised in that garden. In addition to a fine lot of vegetables, Mrs. Austin had the most beautiful dahlias, poppies, sweet peas, hollyhocks, asters, nasturtiums, gladiolas and many other sorts. Mrs. Austin also planted a number of boxes and strung them along the cook-house porch, and they added much to the cheerful setting, as the picture herewith shows.

Mrs. Austin deserves a lot of credit for her work, and we believe the men's appetites were all the better for the cheerful surroundings.

A grey whiskered old man was sunning himself on the beach at a popular resort when a nifty little flapper in a one-half piece bathing suit smiled at him and asked "How old are you, old man?" He sighed and answered, "Eighty-five, dad-burn it."

Only (?) A Scratch

"Nothing but a scratch," said Jim as he bound a slightly bleeding thumb in his soiled handkerchief. He continued with his work.

Two weeks later, Jim awoke to find a nurse holding his pulse. He found himself, as, he remembered he had been before the anaesthetic, on a hospital cot.

"You will never use that right hand again," said the doctor with a sympathetic inflection of voice.

That, briefly, is the history of "nothing but a scratch." Let Jim tell you his experiences after receiving the scratch.

"I was workin' out in the yard, at the plant. I had been carryin' scrap for the furnaces, leadin' it on the carry-all. One of the pieces was ragged and edged and when I dropped it, it sort of caught my thumb, scratching it. Didn't even hurt. You know the kind.

"I just pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket and wound it around my finger as I always had done before when I got scratched. Forgot it all and went about my work.

"Next morning, when I got up, I noticed my thumb was a little sore. I didn't pay any attention to it even then, thinking that it would be alright in a day or so. But the next day, my arm ached and that night, when the pain reached my shoulder, I went to the doctor.

" 'Blood poisoning' ", said the doctor and from the look on his face I could tell it was something pretty serious.

"Well he had to lance my arm two or three times to drain it and finally, after about two weeks, I had to have my thumb nearly cut away and new skin grafted on. My hand and arm swelled to nearly double its ordinary size. Now look at it. Besides being useless to me it sure won't help me in getting any blue ribbons in beauty con-

tests. I never saw anything so fast in my life as this blood poison when it gets you. Believe me, next time I'm going to hike for first aid immediately if not sooner."

Jim's case is only one of hundreds of others occurring daily. On every piece of material, in the air, even lurk microscopic germs, each one a potential destructive force. Their potentiality lies only in an open wound. If they gain access to the blood or even to the tissue through a scratch, cut, laceration, abrasion etc., a surgeon's attention is usually necessary.

Blood poison, lockjaw, and erysipelas, any one of which may prove fatal and any one of which is, at the least, extremely dangerous, are caused from infections of scratches, cuts, lacerations, and abrasions, left unattended.

The cuts or scratches should be treated at once. If there is no plant nurse or physician or no private physician within easy distance treat the wound yourself immediately.

Wash the part thoroughly with soap and water, flushing the abrasion out well to remove any particles of dirt. Then dry it with a clean towel or a piece of gauze and paint it and the surrounding area of skin with tincture of iodine 5 per cent. Lastly, apply a small pad of antiseptic gauze over the wound and bandage it up. If this is done carefully, it will always prevent infection and its consequences.

Life Insurance Grows

The life insurance business of the Midwest Refining Company continues to grow steadily. A glance at the statement given below will show that the Company now carries over a million and three quarters in life insurance on the lives of the employees and that a total of 1379 employees are now insured. Following is a statement of the insurance standing as of September 30th:

Total Employees insured	1379
Total Insurance in effect	$1,804,500.00
Total applications on file under six months	1026
Number of employees insured during the month:	
Original certificates 97	
Increase certificates 101	198
Insurance issued during the month	$ 81,000.00
Cost of insurance issued during the month	137.66
Number insured employees terminated during the month	25
Insurance cancelled during the month	$ 22,000.00
Credit on insurance cancelled during the month	66.18
Net cost insurance for the month	71.48
Total set-up for insurance cost for month including November 1, 1922 Renewal	1,308.88
Net cost per individual for the month	.949
Number of deaths during the month	0
Total amount paid beneficiaries during the month	0

Traveling Libraries Replenished

The Midwest Traveling Libraries, seven in number, were started out on their travels again the first of November and as a result Midwest employees in Wyoming and Mid-Northern employees at Cat Creek will be given an opportunity for the next fourteen months of reading the new books. This is the third year for the Traveling Libraries and that they are appreciated by the Midwest family is shown by the fact that during the past fourteen months the books were read nearly 4300 times. Fiction, of course, is the most popular, and the most popular book according to the number of readings was The Valley of Silent Men by Peter B. Kyne, which was read 39 times. The books this year have been carefully selected and comprise the best of the newest fiction; some excellent historical works; biographies; travel, etc. The Midwest is very grateful to the Babcock & Wilcox Co. of Denver, who donated a number of excellent books on Steam and kindred subjects for the use of these Libraries.

"If you want to win, stick! If you want to succeed, begin right, then keep it up! Don't quit! The world has no use for quitters. The failures in the world have been the quitters—those who began all right, but did not hold out."—Harold Thorpe.

Impressions of Chicago

By J. E. Redburn, *Exploration Dept.*

WELL, I've been to Chicago—

Now don't jump at the conclusion it was my first visit to Metropolitan centers. Besides Denver, I've been to Gallup, New Mexico, and Rapelje, Montana. So Chicago didn't excite me any; well hardly any. Besides, a high collar is liable to make your neck stiff any time.

I supose you are wondering how I got together enough money to reach Chicago, and climb one of those circular green stairways that rumble up and down Michigan Avenue. It was this way:

Once upon a time a bunch of Iowa, Illinois and Ohio farmers heard the echo of Horace Greeley's cry—"Go West young man and grow wheat," or words to that effect. Then began the migration of the hosts of Canaan across the dry sea bed of Nebraska and the Dakotas, to the land of promissory notes and big mortgages.

Everything was lovely until some press agent for Cook's Travel Bureau in grasshopper kingdom also began to advertise the wonderful opportunities in the wheatlands of Montana. This started the seven year battle with the modern locust. Dame nature also sat in on the deal about this time, and did a Volstead act of her own, relenting now and then when the grain was about ripe, to dump the broken remains of a few thousand "empties."

One of her favorite dumping spots was a small basin northwest of Billings, surrounded by a sandstone escarpment named after our National fowl. So liberal were the dispensations in this valley that it became known as Hailstone Basin.

A gentleman named Hancock (not John), casting a professional eye over it on behalf of the Republican Administration—or were the Democrats saving the country then—arrived at some remarkable conclusions which, boiled down, meant that the basin was formed by streams eroding away the soft Colorado shales and leaving a rim of Eagle sandstone surrounding the area. It surely didn't hail the day Hancock was there.

If you were lying down just after lunch in a sunny spot in the park, and someone dumped a load of gravel right where gravity would put it in juxtaposition to your chicken salad and corn fritters, would you call the resulting depression "stream erosion." (I must look up that word "juxtaposition") You know I used to be on the Geologic Staff, until Mr. Wegemann had a chance to hire some geologists. You'll be surprised at the big words I picked up. Max Bauer says I have a way of using them that is simply unique. that most people wouldn't think of using them just that way. But then not everyone is original, just as they are not bowlegged. I was born that way. No! original. Well, perhaps a trifle, but you can't notice it when I'm sitting down. I admire a slight curve anyway. Of course, you can't tell so much about them this year.

But to return to our Ancient History. The seven years battle dragged on into nine and when the dust settled the population of the basin had beat a retreat back to the land of corn and hawgs, leaving the land of promise, and several banks, flat on their backs. A few hardy souls, probably from Missouri, entered into a sort of "working agreement" with the grasshoppers, hail and drouth, wherein the tillers of the soil were to have full right to do all the work and get about a 20% "carried" interest, if they could find a bank to carry them.

Barley postoffice, which occupied a strategic spot in the battlefield, now looks like the pictures we used to see of Rheims Cathedral, when they were teaching us to hate the Germans—before the present surplus of wheat.

Well, after the local embattled families had agreed with "Cap" Lounsbery that there might be something under the ground, since the grasshoppers probably hadn't dug that deep yet, I went down into the land of corn and hogs, and twelve room farm houses, to pass the glad hand, compliment them on their sagacity in investing in land in Montana, assure them they were on the verge of becoming millionaires, and that we were not only will-

ing, but anxious to make them rich without a penny of cost to them,—just sign here on this line.

You know that song and dance.

I will say this for them, they were very fine people to deal with. Didn't want to hold up any development program, glad we had secured the adjoining acreage (a lease hound always has the adjoining acreage), hoped we would be successful, and assured me we could absolutely have first chance at a lease from them if we got production.

Now what could be fairer than that?

During the trip through the upper Mississippi (I must remind Irvin Cobb to use that name often, he gets paid by the inch) Valley, I stopped off at Iowa City. When it became obvious that a little cash would oil the machinery of negotiations considerably, I dropped into a bank to draw a draft. The cashier assured me that they would be glad to handle it, took the draft and told me to stop in in about a week and the money would no doubt be there. Now I realize I am young and impressionable, but I've been chasing leases only a few months and didn't suppose it would show on my face so soon. Now there's Mark Danford, he's been leasing land for years, and yet everyone in this state still swears that he's honest.

I left that financial institution with a feeling that there was a total lack of sympathy between us. Finally a competitor agreed to help out. After spending $6.00 and forty-eight hours securing identification by wire (I only had a trunkful with me), including the fact that I was stopping at the Jefferson Hotel, he took me by the hand, and looking earnestly into my eyes, assured me he knew I was absolutely honest the first moment he saw me. He also collected the $6.00. I'm still wondering what the hotel had to do with it. Maybe he was a democrat.

Above the fireplace in the lobby of the hotel was a carved legend—"Old books to read. Old wood to burn."

I'm looking for a partner to join in copyrighting this, with slight changes, for the dental trade—"Old magazines to read. Old teeth to pull."

While making a cross country drive alongside two railroad tracks with no trains, I noticed a number of large boulders partly buried in the soil. Although I had never done any geological work within 500 miles of the place, nor read any publications on the area, I felt free to give a lengthy peroration on its geologic history, beginning with the earth in its plastic stage. I feel we owe it to our fellow men to do what we can to enlighten them, and broaden their outlook on life.

The essay, in which oceans rolled back at the wave of a hand and whole continents of ice melted in a few well chosen words, ended with a suggestion of the long geologic time that must have elapsed during these great changes. After twenty nine miles of it the driver looked out across a forest of corn and said: "Yes times have sure changed. Why when my pa came here land sold at $20.00 an acre. Now look at it."

While in Chicago I met Merwin Bristol. You will remember Merwin occupied the front trench in the sector marked "J. D. Clark, Chief Council," in Denver. You may also remember Merwin absconded with one of the company's best assets. She occupied the information desk on the eighth floor. They are now delightfully situated in Evanston, but their true love is Denver. Bristol and I—me?—took a bite of lunch together at the Blackstone, overlooking the Avenue. You pay for the view. There is always a strong breeze blowing in from the lake. They are not wearing them so short now but they have surely peeled off several layers. It was a good meal. Merwin also showed me through the Standard of Indiana offices. They command a fine view across Michigan Avenue and Lake Michigan. Of course, being 10 to 12 stories up, the avenue is almost a total loss.

Between the avenue and the lake is supposed to be a park, but if that mottled strip of soil and smoked grass is a park then Montana is a garden of Eden.

Well I must close for this time. I knew you would like to have a clear and lucid impression of Chicago, as seen through the eyes of a true and simple westerner. There are a number of interesting but personal matters I would like to tell you about, but to introduce the personal element would, of course, bore you.

Oh yes, I forgot to mention,—Chicago has elevated trains, but they need oiling.

The Deserted Village

(The Secretary of the Interior has refused the granting of a homestead patent to Louis P Lavoye, upon whose land in the Salt Creek oil field there has sprung up a village of 825 inhabitants. The land is held by the Ohio Oil Co. as part of a federal lease.—EDITOR)

(Written Especially for CASPER INLAND OIL INDEX by Oliver Reismith.)

Lavoye! That loveliest village of the plain,
Of mushroom growth, its efforts were in vain.
That sunlit townsite, destitute of trees,
That camp of luxury, innocence and ease.
The never-failing bar, the merry dance,
The cowboys with their spurs and bear-skin pants;
The driller, unmindful of his smutted face,
With noisy laughter slammed around the place.
The bashful virgin, hid beneath a coat of paint,
Whose artless ways would captivate a saint.
All these are gone—at least are going fast;
They set a pace that was too swift to last.

Sweet smiling village! The tyrant hand is seen;
Land-office rulings sweep the townsite clean.
One corporation grasps the whole domain,
And drilling rigs and derricks dot the plain.
Soon must the fortunes of thy children fade;
A breath can break them as a breath has made.

Goodbye Lavoye! Thy palmy days are done.
A mighty corporation's wealth has won.
No more the loud piano's midnight din;
No mellow moonshine warming hearts within.
Where once the care-free jazz and trombone played,
The bull-wheel and the boiler will invade.
The tanks that soon will catch the amber flow
Are not the human tanks we used to know.
The squealing crown-block and the straining line
Usurps the dance-hall fiddle's plaintive whine.

Where will they go! These simple peasant folk,
Who danced and drank and took life as a joke;
Who toiled by day and sky-larked thru the night
And snatched a little sleep around daylight?
What curses they will cast upon the day
That calls them from their native haunts away.
Poor exiles, that to Casper town must go,
And there be dragged to darkest depths below,
In bondage there to landlords tyrant rule,
Degrading picture shows and Kelly pool.
Poor outcasts they, bereft of every joy,
The one-time happy natives of Lavoye.

WITH THE MID-NORTHERNERS

Due to the shutting down of the entire Sunburst field and the Dutton Test being unsuccessful, which well is now being abandoned it has been decided to discontinue the General Superintendent's office at Lewistown. This office was established on account of its central location to all operations.

Mr. Shoemaker, General Superintendent has moved his family to Billings which will enable him to keep in closer contact with the two deep test wells being drilled in the Lake Basin district.

Since the last issue the following changes in the personnel of officers have taken place:

Both G. L. Kay, Treasurer and C. B. Hickernell, Assistant Treasurer decided they liked Colorado climate better and have resigned their positions. The position of Treasurer is now being capably filled by Julian D. Thomas. Mr. William D. Pasco has also been elected Head Accountant.

Tommy Herriman, assistant to V. W. Shoemaker, has also been moved to Billings. Mr. Herriman is here in body but not in spirit. His soul rests in Lewistown.

Mr. M. O. Danford has gone to Denver where he will look after Company interests and visit with his family.

All of the Geologists were driven in by the recent snow storm except Mr. J. E. Redburn, who continues to do his usual amount of reconnaissance.

Donald Batchellor spent a few days in Billings enroute to his home in Minneapolis.

L. R. Bertram has gone to Sunburst where he will spend the winter checking up the inventory of the old wells and have records in A No. 1 shape when operations are resumed in the Spring.

We presume that the Lewistown Floral Shop was out of business for a few days due to the fact that Frank Healow made a visit to Billings from the Cat Creek Field.

Miss Flora Mendenhall returned from her vacation October 12th. Flora's slogan is "Better late than never."

Gas burning South of the Well

Lake Basin Gasser

Gas burning at Hepp Well No. 1 in the Lake Basin District. The well is making about twelve million feet in the first Frontier sand and the gas is being burned in order to reduce the pressure before shutting in.

Gas burning North of the Well

Mr. C. C. Warner has been suffering from a stiff neck. Mr. Warner sits near the window directly across from the New Grand Hotel where sites are to be seen at all hours of the day.

Mr. J. A. Carroll and Mr. J. O'Brien came to Billings to teach the Mid-Northern how to account, but were unsuccessful in their effort and returned to Casper, sending Mr. B. F. Fehlman who is making good progress in the struggle.

Rhymes of a Pen Pusher

(Billings Accounting Department)

I have delved in the art of accounting,
Long ago I sat on a high stool;
And tried to balance a ledger,
Without any reason or rule;
I've worked for most every kind of an outfit,
From Meat Packers to Plumbers and such;
But the entries George questions in my ledger,
Leads me to believe I don't know very much.

George says that depletion is figured,
On Oil extracted from the ground;
Max supplies funny curves and some figures,
And in reasoning my logic is sound;
I draw up a schedule of Depletion,
And kid myself along with a song;
Labor hard on the problem that confronts me,
And then find the damn thing all wrong.

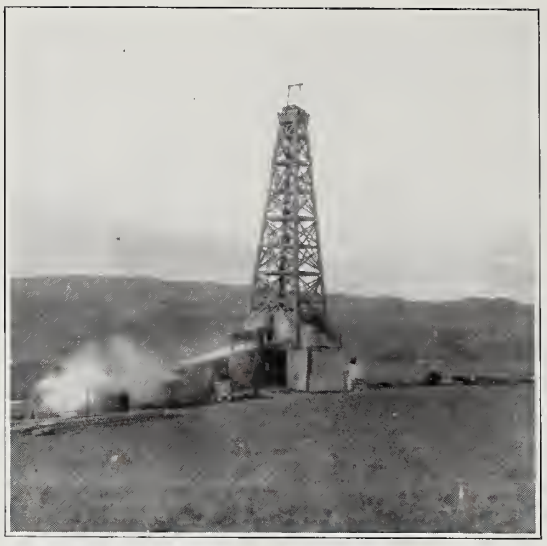
I cuss Captain Forbes when he hounds me,
And says that his statement is due;
I've just started on December in April,
God knows when the thing will be through;
Percentages, Royalties and Whatnot,
Are problems I try not to shirk;
But Percentage as applied to my duties,
Is figured 100% work.

We've all heard a lot of St. Peter,
Who guards at the gate far above;
I'm sure that he is a broad thinker,
And imbued with some essence of love;
He knows of my trials and vexations,
And has recorded the facts with Much Mirth;
And He'll say when I apply for admission
"Walk in! ! You've had your Hell upon earth."

Lake Basin District

Work is progressing in a very satisfactory manner on the two wells being drilled in this district, Hepp No. 1 and Snyder No. 1. Preparations have been made to continue work during the winter and everything is boarded and boxed in ship-shape manner.

The gas mishap at Hepp No. 1 on October 13th resulting in the gassing of three of the men, C. J. Skyles, driller, J. Jacobs, tool dresser and H. Hjelle, tool dresser slowed us down to a certain extent as it demoralized the star drilling crew which has been making excellent progress on this well. A short time before, Head Driller Garritson fractured his knee and was temporarily out of service at the time of the accident, however, when the boys were hurt Perry threw away his crutches and drove them into Billings to the hospital, a distance of 35 miles. We are pleased to report that the boys are progressing very well.



SIX SHOOTER WELL, SNYDER NO. 1
This well is located in the SE¼ of Section 17, T 3N., R. 19E.

Work on the Six Shooter well, Snyder No. 1, is going very steadily and with Charles Grant as head driller every one feels confident of a speedy completion of this test. The rig and boilers are protected against the cold weather and we should not have any particular delay from that cause.

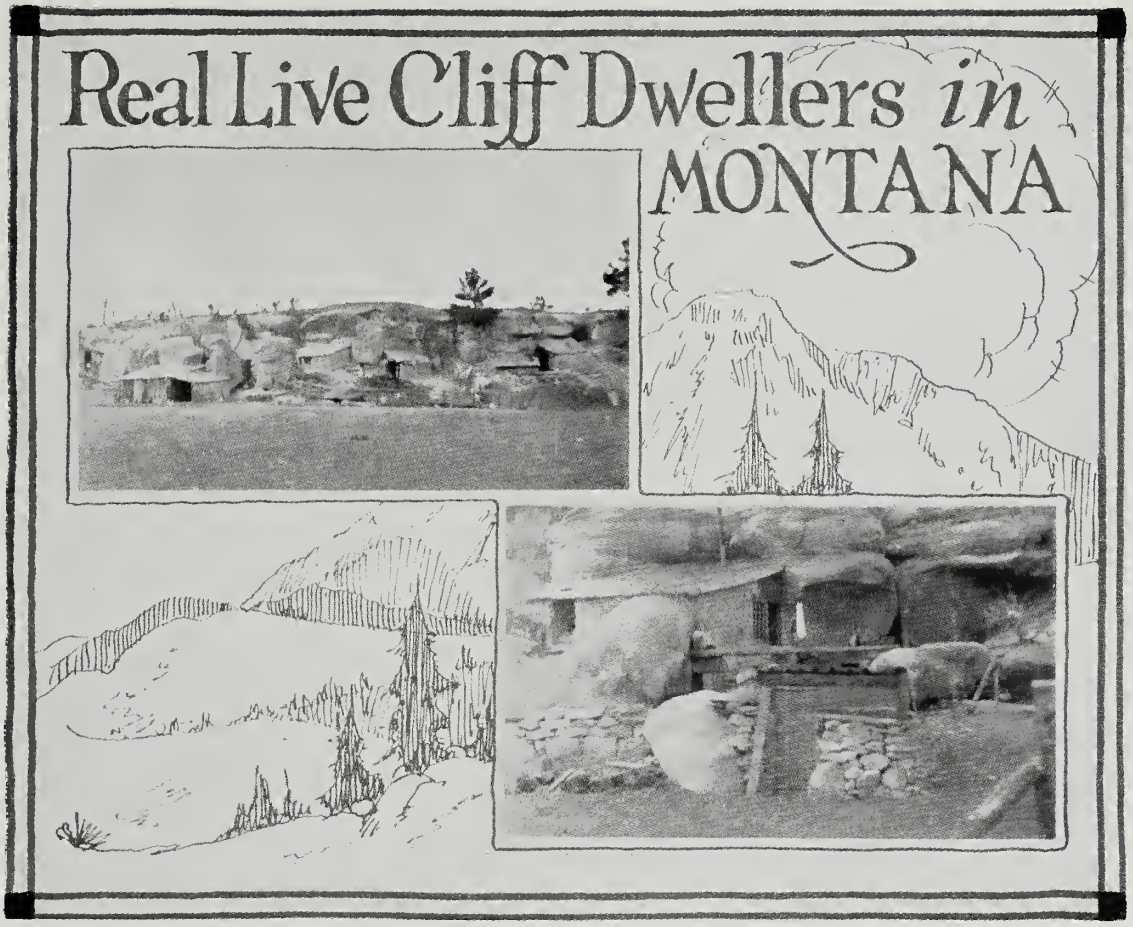
This is our first effort in the Midwest Review from this district, but we promise it will not be the last. The next issue will contain pictures giving you an idea of the Lake Basin District and the crews at the wells, all of them being "old time" Midwest employees and no doubt, whom you all know.

Liquid Gold

When I was up in
The mountains once,
I came onto an old
Prospector, who was
Standing just outside
A cave.
He told me he just
Found a treasure
Hidden inside.
"What is it?" I asks,
"Quartz?"
"Naw," he whispers,
Pints!"

—Octopus.

It's easier to do things right than wrong, and a whole lot safer.



The Exploration Department of the Midwest Refining Company operating in Northwestern New Mexico and Southwestern Colorado have laid considerable stress heretofore to the fact that they are in the vicinity of some real old "moss grown" Cliff Dwelling Relics. Montana lays claim to some cliff dwellers of more recent origin and if the Exploration Department of New Mexico can "dig up" some real fresh cliff dwellers, Montana will institute a Tug of War or a Battle Royal to see which is supreme.

First Aid Booklets

Through the kindness of the Prudential Insurance Company of America the Department of Industrial Relations this month distributed about 1500 copies of a very valuable little booklet on First Aid. This little booklet contains detailed instructions for caring for all manner of injuries and the giving of First Aid treatment. The booklet is profusely illustrated, making it possible for almost anyone to follow the directions given for use in an emergency. These booklets were furnished by the Insurance Company entirely without cost.

Crushed Under Pulling Machine

A few weeks ago, a fatality was narrowly averted at Salt Creek, when a star machine was pulled in, while running casing on the Northwestern Lease. Horace McCullen a tool dresser, was pinioned under the collapsed timbering, but was extricated in short time by the rapid and effective work of the other men on the job. He was brought into the Hospital in the ambulance and although badly mashed and bruised and suffering from internal hemorrhages, his condition, under the care of Doctor Roach, has improved so that he will be able to be back at work by probably the end of the month.

Denver Geological Department

Frank Keeley, Member of the Salt Creek Council.

Striking of oil by the Texas Production Company on Hamilton Dome in northwestern Colorado attracted many geologists from various localities and from various companies. Two of the Midwest geologists who visited the well and examined other areas in that part of the state claim they saw many of their geologist friends in that neighborhood.

Geological work in northwestern Colorado is a pleasant relief from the tiresome, monotonous work in the Four Corners County of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. It is a welcome change from the isolation of desert regions, bad water, hot weather and monotony, to farms and ranches tributary to a railroad along mountain streams, cool climate and good fishing. In fact, one of our geologists declares emphatically that while presiding at his planetable at a prominent point of vantage, he saw his companion enter a patch of timber and very soon thereafter a bear entered at the same place. Later the geologist and the bear emerged at different points of exit, unbeknown to each other. Perhaps it is as well for both. Bears in this locality are not the hand-fed kind like those that board and room in the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. C. H. Wegemann, Chief Geologist, attended the convention of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists at Los Angeles late in September and made several trips through the California oil fields after the convention. Some splendid pictures that he exhibited on his return show that he used his camera to good advantage.

Miss Enith Larson spent her vacation in southern California with a stop-over in El Paso, Texas. She, too, has the bug and is now one of California's ardent boosters. While in Los Angeles, she visited Mrs. A. E. Mastbrook, formerly of this office. Mrs. Mastbrook officiated as registration clerk at the recent geologists' convention at Los Angeles and is now working for the Union Oil Company of California, at Los Angeles.

Mr. A. C. Bierman, formerly with this department, was in to shake hands with old friends in the office. He is opening an office in Dallas.

Mr. C. B. Osborne, formerly Assistant Chief Geologist, stopped to say good-bye on his way to Los Angeles, where he will open an office.

New Positions Announced

W. R. Finney who has been general superintendent of the gas department for some time, has been given additional duties. A bulletin announces his appointment in charge of the new electric power plant at Salt Creek, with the title of General Superintendent of the Gas and Electric Departments. Mr. Frank O. Prior, electrical engineer, who has been with the company for some time, is superintendent of the electric plant. C. S. Sanders, who has been construction foreman at the Salt Creek Gas Plant for some time, has been made construction superintendent for the new electric plant.

As a result of Mr. Sanders move up, his duties have been taken over by Paul Hardie, and Mr. Hardie has been succeeded as booster foreman at the Gas Plant by F. M. Stauffer, formerly superintendent of the Elk Basin Gas plant which has been shut down for a time.

"Lavoye" May Pass into History

Lavoye, well known town located in the heart of the Salt Creek Field, may be a matter of history within a very short time if present indications materialize. It is stated on good authority that the Department of the Interior has refused to re-open the case for granting a title as a result of petitions and pleas on the part of Louis Lavoye, homesteader of surface rights of the land, and residents of the mid-field location. It is also rumored that notice to vacate will be served on all residents and business firms in Lavoye sometime during the month of November.

During the crux of the boom in the Lavoye location during this late fall, over one thousand men, women and children were either living in or directly adjoining this town, and during the evening hours and over week-ends often three thousand people were crowded into the main streets, theatres, halls, pool-rooms and business houses.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

"THE ART OF LOSING"

by
Edgar A. Guest

Lord, when I'm being trimmed at golf
  Or bridge or what the game may be,
When all my shots are slightly off,
  Please make a gentleman of me!
Teach me to fight to hold my place,
But let me lose with decent grace.
Lord, when it's not my day to win,
  Let me not whimper or complain;
Teach me, at least, to keep my grin,
  Although my very best is vain.
Let me not curse my luck or wail;
Oh, teach my spirit how to fail!
Lord, when the odds against me lie,
  Whatever goal it is I seek,
Let me look failure in the eye,
  And still be kindly when I speak.
Not victory alone I choose;
Teach me, Good Master, how to lose.
Lord, when at last the score is known,
  Let those with whom I've shared the sport
Tell no ill temper I have shown,
  Or make of me a poor report.
Hard fighter? Yes, and blow for blow,
But not too keen for victory, though.
Lord, when defeat is mine to bear,
  Let not my spirit be cast down;
Protect me from a gloomy air,
  And save me from the churlish frown.
And since it is an art to lose,
That art, before all else, I'd choose.

SAABD—DOINGS

With the close of the "Open Season" on vacations, talk naturally reverts to sports. Just at this time everything is football.

Next in importance comes the subject of Bowling. This is an individual sport mostly, and most of the story may be told like this:

Monday Morning: Resolutions adopted. BE IT REOLVED: I, Mr. A STEADY BOWLER, travel at least three times each week (not including tournament night) to the Recreation Alleys and bowl two games each trip.

Tuesday Morning: This by the same fellow. "I wonder if I can afford to go to the alleys at noon to-day. That girl on Saturday night had an awful appetite, and the car has been a regular hound for GAS this last week; and I ate twice as much as I should have yesterday. Oh, well, I guess I won't bowl to-day, to-morrow will do."

Wednesday Morning: Same Old Guy. "Well I sure got to get to the alleys today an loosen up in a couple of games." (Now he's at the alley.) "Gee the old ball feels good in my hand, bet anybody I roll 180." (After the first game) "I didn't do so bad, made 154 and only two errors. Don't think I need to go any further. Captain sure ought to be pleased with me tonight.

Thursday Morning: (Looking over the Average Sheet) Wow! What an awful average. I don't see how so-and-so can cop the "3-bucks" prize money. He's got no form, and can't bowl near as well as I can; yet he goes in and collects the "Jack" with nothing but his nerve and a lot of luck."

"Anyway, if that "Ham" I helped to elect Captain had any sense he would have had me bowl fourth instead of first. He's sure the "Bunk," and the way he thinks he can bowl. The "Bum," if I had his luck and my present form I would be the best going. Say, did you see him foul three times last night and get away with it? No? Well I did."

Friday Morning: "Sure would like to bowl a few with the boys at noon, but I'll be pretty busy and won't be able to make it. Lots of time next week anyway."

And so it goes. The **Alibi Club** always has something to blame except those to whom it belongs.

Bill Elliott and Joyce de la Gardie, two of the "Speed Boys" in the billing department came in with a nice new box of cigars apiece the other day. So far we have heard of nothing out of the ordinary befalling them (the Boys) or even about to befall unto them. But when we saw the boxes it looked like a sure announcement of a double "something" but nothing has come of it so far.

The "H" Club headed by Homer Baker, had the "Komet Klub" out to their North Denver Club rooms, and gave them an evenings entertainment. This consisted of a wrestling match, 2 boxing bouts, musical selections, including some High-Class banjo playing, and REFRESHMENTS.

Earl Barnett came in one Monday morning sporting an old time "Shanty" over his right eye. It was just after the D. U.-Boulder game and we thought for a minute that he must have gotten into the Boulder stands to root for Denver. But on closer inspection it turned out to be sty.

Bowling League Gossip

"Throw it down the center of the alley."
"Cut out the hook."

Aha, shades of the Salt Creek team bowling. But you have to hand it to Cap. Krause's men. They have lost more close games than any other team in the league. With the end of the first round, the Denver Office Bowling League is hitting its stride. The evening of Nov. 7th, Cat Creek gave the boys something to shoot at with a 967 game and a 2523 series. But the boys are all going good and getting better, and these scores should not stand for long. Derby Dome will be found in last place, but indications are that they will soon knock off some of the leaders. Pilot Butte continues to hold the lead with a very consistent bowling team. They are off to a good lead, but from now on they will have to show the goods. Rock Creek have a firm foundation, and their new man, Murphy, is the goods. Hamilton Dome is doing nicely, and capable of better bowling. Joy is coming through nicely for them. Elk Basin will throw a streak of fear in any of their opponents. Watch them closely.

Individual records have not changed much to to high individual honors. However, of late Art Hughes has regained his old-time form, so we look for records to fall soon.

The following statistics show the standings at the close of the first round, November 7th:

TEAM STANDING

Team	Captain	W.	L.	Pct.	T. P.	Av.
Pilot Butte,	W. A. Elliott	14	7	667	15,298	728
Rock Creek,	W. S. Nicoll	12	9	571	15,419	734
Cat Creek,	A. J. Hughes	11	10	524	15,323	729
Salt Creek,	O. C. Krause	10	11	476	15,602	742
Elk Basin,	F. D. Anderson	10	11	476	15,223	724
Hamilton Dome,	J. H. Izett	10	11	476	15,099	719
Grass Creek,	S. S. Stebenne	9	12	429	15,125	720
Derby Dome,	M. E. McAlpine	8	13	409	14,958	712

1st High Team Series—Cat Creek 2,523
2nd High Team Series—Rock Creek 2,399
1st High Team Game—Cat Creek 969
2nd High Team Game—Rock Creek 862

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Player	Av.	Player	Av.
Hughes	172.7	Craig	145.0
Cocanower	171.0	McNicholas	144.9
Hamilton	171.0	Tooker	143.3
Anderson	168.5	McOsker	142.1
Kirchberger	163.9	Johnson, Art.	138.6
Krause	162.8	Mooberry	137.9
Clark	161.8	Joy	137.2
Marriott	160.2	Robinson	135.1
Mauldin	159.0	Jones	134.3
Barkdull	157.7	Murphy	132.0
Nicoll	157.0	Boyd	131.3
Truby	156.4	Vervalin	131.0
Ewers	155.1	Dietler	130.0
Greiner	154.3	Grant	129.7
Izett	154.2	Wright	129.7
Stebenne	154.0	Nugent	129.1
Kaup	153.6	Russell	126.1
Elliott	149.7	Marsh	124.7
McAlpine	148.2	Stedman	117.2
Johnson, R. W.	145.1	Schwartzlose	116.4

1st High Ind. Series—Hughes 588
2nd High Ind. Series—Anderson 584
1st High Ind. Game—Anderson 225
2nd High Ind. Game—Hamilton 215

"Now, then, why did you drive your car on the sidewalk?"

"A lady came along who wanted the road, your honor."—Judge.

The Lure of the Pigskin

by
An Addict

I.

When Autumn leaves begin to fall,
And days are dark and drear;
When baseball togs are laid away,
And football time is near;
The dopesters, then, with precise mien
Produce their records queer,
And segregate statistics
They've retained for many a year.

II.

With the current season's schedule,
A much sought document,
Placed before them on the table,
They will wager their last cent
On a team which looks prospective,
One that's shown a burst of class,
Or has held a recent champion,
With a grim "Thou shalt not pass."

III.

So if you would care to wager on your
Favorite football squad,
Take a tip from one—"Yours Truly"—
Who for years this world has trod.
Lo! I hear a distant rabble,
And my duty I must shirk,
As I want to book a winner
For the dopesters are at work.

Mr. Illius Purchases Home

After spending twelve or more years in his former home, Mr. Illius moved to his new home at 2711 Fillmore street on October 27th. He has a beautiful location directly north of the Municipal Golf Links, and, no doubt, will enjoy the pleasures of a home-owner to the fullest extent.

Here and There

Joe Gareghty. "Slick I am, John."
John Veretta: "Yes, but you will never be able to slide on barb-wire."

Homer is known to have an enormous appetite, due to the fact that he cannot carry a bundle containing a baseball uniform when he has to bring his lunch.

Ray Hamilton says a non-conductor is a motorman.

One of our esteemed stenos in the Traffic Department has no use for men. She lists Pat Royce of Casper, as "Rat" Royce in one of Mr. Ballard's telegrams one day.

Speaking of football, when Paul Werth spoke of the D. U. shift, Tom May, who was listening to him, fell out of his chair.

Miles Vervalin, who gained renown and fortune as a second lieutenant last summer at the Officers Training Camp at Fort Logan, has recently been promoted to 1st lieutenant in the Reserve Officers Corps of the Ordnance Department.

"As They Were"

After being acquainted with certain people, or more especially being rather closely associated with them in business life, one often stops to wonder how they appeared in their younger days. We therefore take great pleasure in presenting herewith the portraits of the entire staff of the Accounting Division, Comptometer Department which will prove without a doubt what a past these young ladies have had.

We wonder what have become of Cecilia's beautiful golden curls and why she doesn't stand on such a delicate looking piece of furniture when having her picture taken now.

We are willing to lay a bet that Dorothy didn't let Al get a look at the above until after she was sure her name was going to be Mrs. Ohnemus for a long time, it surely must have been a terrible shock to the poor boy.

Simple Enough

"Is this yours?"
"No, it's Ewers' "
"It's not mine, it must be yours."
"Maybe it's Heuer's."
"I said it's not mine."
"Well who said it was yours. I said it was Ewers'. If it's not Ewers', it might be Heuer's. If it's not Heuer's, then it must be yours. Can't you understand United States."
"Oh Dear! What's the use."

Jingles

By A Ten-O'Clock Scholar

A steno, a steno, a quick typing steno.
We all remember how
You used to use erasers, but
You strike 'em over now.
A sleeper, a sleeper, a drowsy bookkeeper.
What makes your figures lie?
You used to close the twenty-first;
Not now—I wonder why.
A compto, a compto, comptometress.
What makes your hand so lame?
You used to make mistakes, but now
The poor machine's to blame.
Accountant, accountant, a sharp cost accountant.
What makes you work at night?
You used to balance days, I think.
You now use 'lectric light.
A Nicoll, a Nicoll, a Purchasing 'gent.
What makes you buy such junk?
You used to hand out real supplies
But now, your stuff's the bunk.
A poor clerk, a poor clerk awalking to work.
Why such economy?
You used to buy your lunch, but now
You bring your own, I see.
Paymaster, Paymaster, why don't you pay faster?
What makes my check so lean?
I used to drive a car, but now
I can't buy gasolene.

Heard and Seen

Bill Southwell and Joe Holton gave a theatre party at the Orpheum. The guests were: Dallas Osborne, Victor McOsker, John Holton, John Varetta, and Ray Hamilton. All that was required of the guests was 15c the price of their seat and 15c for a dish of Chile at Blackie's. Ham just happened along, not invited but nevertheless welcome. Bill and Joe are generous entertainers and are willing to extend their guest list to all who have the price of admission.

George Kirchberger is a natural trainer and since his pets have all died, it has been rumored that he is helping Stedman train his moustache. We'll say he needs some help and since George hasn't any of his own, his services are greatly appreciated by LeRoy.

And speaking of moustaches, Dallas Osborne and John Holton have taken off their "make-up." Perhaps I should have said "make-believe." John's consisted of side-burns and a "misplaced eye-brow." Dallas just had the eyebrow out of place. At any rate we are glad to see them natural again.

Next in line is Chubby Marriott. He made a rash statement to the effect that if the team on which he bowls lost three straight games he would shave it off. As yet there isn't enough of it to call it a moustache. Well, they lost the three games and looking across the Court we thought it was gone, we couldn't see one thing. So we made a trip to his office and it is still there but it takes a good eye to see it. No doubt he trimmed off the long ends so that he could see over it enough to bowl.

Mrs. Anne Hunt is again with the Company and is now employed in the Legal Department. Don't forget your friends on Eighth floor, Anne, and make us a visit when you can spare the time.

Stenographic Notes

The following clipping shows how necessary it is that we should all be very careful to punctuate properly in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

"PRAYERS NEEDED

The wife of a naval man handed the pastor this note:

'Peter Bowers having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety.'

The minister glanced over it hurriedly and announced:

'Peter Bowers having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety.' "

The vacation season is over for 1923, and all that remains is a memory of the past and an anticipation for the future.

Some people think as they go through this world
That whatever is, is wrong,
But there is a game that can change this thought,
And we call the game Mah Jongg.
The "East" and "West Winds" chase each other about,
And the "North" and the "South" follow suit,
With the "Circles" and "Flowers" you could play it for hours,
And then add some more hours to boot.
While the boys go in for bowling,
And they go in good and strong,
We still insist it cannot compare
With the Chinese game Mah Jongg.
We are looking, longing, hoping
When the spring rolls round again,
And banquets are in order
For the bowling team of men,
That you will all remember
When you feast and wine and dine
That the Jonggers, too, are waiting
For a banquet such as thine.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Field Garage

Our pretty Chauffeur W. N. Sellars built what he called "His Brown Eyed Baby" but when hay went up he sold same thru a broker and you can imagine his surprise to come home the following evening and find Sparky tied to the same alley telephone post and his pleasure at seeing the new owner trying to persuade Sparky to go the next morning.

If a Scotch born, Scotch bred and Scotch raised grease hound will buy a new Jewett Sport and spend his money at the rate of $48.00 an evening, (all for one little lightfoot) how long will it be before the Jews hold conversation without freezing their hands?

We have heard of fellows getting mad because some one stole their headlamp bulbs, and couldn't blame them much but can you fathom the depth of a fellows anger when he drives many miles, rides horse back many miles and kills his Elk, dresses, cleans, and nicely wraps it, hauls it home and puts same in cold storage all for naught? That was the luck of two of the Midwest Men. E. W. Davis and Ray Cushman went thru the above and upon returning for their meat someone had beaten them to it. They had hardly gotten a good taste of their own meat when it came home missing. Cush says next year he is going hunting at Bubb's Ice House instead of Jackson hole, says its cheaper and easier.

Around Salt Creek

Frank Pryor of the Casper Main Office, has been in the field several times this month in connection with the starting of work on the big Electrical Plant near Shannon in the north end of the field. Work is progressing rapidly on the camp which will be used as the base of supplies and headquarters of this new and important branch of the Midwest organization.

Oscar Hedemann, former manager of the Midwest Home Camp Drug store returned the middle of November from a several months visit in practically all of the countries of Europe. Oscar had a big time but seems to be happy in his return to Wyoming.

The Salt Creek Social Club gave a very fine dance on Thursday night, November 15th. "The Powder River Orchestra" furnished music that was inspiring and peppy enough to satisfy even the ultra modern of Salt Creek's younger set. The Social Club management is made up entirely of a group of Midwest folks and the events planned for this winter will provide a diversion that will meet with a most wholehearted response at the hands of the younger Midwesters.

A new school building has just been completed on the Northwest corner of Section 1, Midwest controlled ground, which will be used to supply school facilities for Lavoye children and also the children of Midwest Northwestern and Mountain and Gulf Camps. A teacher has been secured and it is expected that sessions will have been started by soon after the middle of November. The added building will help to solve the crowded conditions now in effect. It may be necessary to construct a second building at this same point as the number of pupils tributary, it is almost certain, now, will reach close to the hundred mark.

Mrs. Williams of the Midwest Gas Plant, who has been suffering intensely for the past two months with an infected foot, is improving and will be able to be up and around within a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Day of Home Camp announced the birth of an eight and a half pound baby boy the fore part of this month.

R. W. Young, chief chemist at the Gas Plant acted as committee chairman and was very instrumental in the big success of the joint get-together banquet held at the Henning Hotel on the evening of Nov. 24th, of former Stanford and university of California students and graduates. Mr. Young is a loyal Stanford man and will argue any point in question that any supporter of any other college or university cares to bring forward. One of the interesting features of the joint banquet held at Casper was the fact that the big football classic between the two institutions was played on that day and reports on the game were available for the two interested groups to mull over.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Brown of Home Camp are the parents of a fine big nine pound baby girl born at the Home Camp Hospital on November Fourth.

C. E. Hyatt, in charge of the Wyoming State Royalty oil interests in the Salt Creek field, has been joined recently by Mrs. Hyatt and their twelve year old son, and the Hyatts are most happily and comfortably located in their new four room house at Dutch Camp.

Charles Masten, who has been associated with the office of the Field Engineering Department at Salt Creek for the past year as draftsman, was transferred about the middle of the month to the Casper Office and will be in the Engineering Department there under Mr. Pryor.

W. J. Portis, chief clerk at Home Camp, was a Casper business visitor for a few days

early in the month. He was accompanied by Mrs. Portis who attended to shopping and visited with friends.

Chester Borsch, of the Midwest Home Camp Office force and secretary of the Midwest Salt Creek Joint Council, returned to the field the middle of the month after a thirty day trip to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn. where he underwent treatment and an operation for ear trouble.

Art Brown of the Machine Shop Office at Home Camp ran into some storms and bad roads on his way back from Denver, driving a new Cleveland Coach early in this month. It was necessary for him to abandon the car temporarily and come on home by train. "Brownie" went back to get the luxuriant glass four wheeler a couple of weeks later and is now proudly driving it around the local environs.

The new Recreation Hall at the Salt Creek Gas Plant is finished and it is expected that a date will be set for the Housewarming affair and dedication late in November. The building is large and has been finished with a fine hardwood floor. It will be available for dances, entertainments, and get-togethers of all kinds and will play a big part in the recreative and social affairs of the Gas Plant community and the Midwest Family in the field.

Mr. C. S. Sanders, formerly in charge of construction at the Salt Creek Gas Plant has been made superintendent of the new giant power plant in the field, work on which has already been started. Mr. Sanders is now busy directing a force of carpenters in building the new main camp that will be used as headquarters for the electrical project.

Word has been received at Salt Creek by friends, from Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, formerly of Midwest Home Camp, that they have moved from Whittier, California to Taft, at which point Mr. Smith has accepted a responsible position with one of the operating oil companies.

A second big White DeLuxe bus was put into service on the Salt Creek road between Casper and Home Camp the first of November, and a double schedule is now in effect with the big pullmans on rubber tires leaving Casper at 8 A. M. and 2 P. M. and leaving Home Camp on the same hours.

The Ladies Union of Salt Creek will give a big combination Bazaar, novelty sale and chicken dinner combined on the afternoon and evening of December 11th at the Midwest Home Camp Hall. The ladies are all working hard to make this event the largest scale affair they have so far attempted. Candy booths, Christmas booths and many others will be in effect, together with entertainment features of all kinds. The Ladies Union organization of Salt Creek is very much a going proposition and has gained recognition as being one of the vital factors in progressive and worth while community life in the field.

The annual Red Cross Drive for membership was launched on November 14th at Salt Creek, with the opening guns being fired at the Midwest Theatre. Home Camp and all outlying locations were worked during the balance of that week. It was predicted that the drive this year would be a great success and Mrs. Lou Scott and her able assisting committee are entitled to great credit for the effective work.

Casper Office Notes

Tracy Jr., the young son of T. N. Shaw, assistant director of Industrial Relations, has been quite ill for several weeks with typhoid fever. He is now on the mend.

Evelyn Howell, messenger on the Fifth floor, Casper office, has returned to work after a several weeks illness with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Veryl Ellison, stenographer in the office of Industrial Relations, is confined to her home for an indefinite period with illness.

A. G. Fidel, purchasing agent, accompanied A. W. Peake, general superintendent, to Chicago on a business trip early in November.

Mrs. Iris Glover has been transferred from the Information desk to a bookkeeping position in the office of the cashier.

Miss Laura Howell has been promoted from messenger girl on the Sixth floor to the information desk on the Fifth floor.

Miss Mary Cross has resigned her position in H. E. Dailey's office, and has accepted a position with a law firm in Casper.

The Casper office underwent a strenuous housecleaning the first two weeks in November. Offices were renovated, rugs cleaned, walls washed and a general spring atmosphere reigned for a long time.

Casper Storage Yard

T. S. Clayton, our time-keeper, has gone on his belated vacation to the land of his birth. He claims that he doesn't need a passport to get out of the United States and into Missouri. We hope that he has a good time and returns ready for another year of work.

R. V. Cushman and C. A. StLouis went out a little while past, armed, for the winter's meat: namely elk. Both brought home the best parts. "Cush" brought his down two hours and a half after leaving camp.

Frank Butler went out for an elk but came home disappointed. This was a severe shock to us as Frank is usually right there when it comes to bringing in the wild meat.

Bob McBurney sprung the dope on us during October that he has been married since August. We insisted that the smokes were on him. We sincerely hope that he has a long and happy married life, and extend him our thanks for the smokes.

Theo. Campbell is absent account of sickness. He was taken down with diphtheria shortly after his little sister died of the same malady. He is doing well and we hope for his speedy recovery.

The boys are getting all cocked and primed for basketball, and we hope that a strong team will result.

"Willie McQuirk has left us and joined the ranks of the "Cops". He is state highway cop. He has taken the place left vacant by Jack Glover. Willie doesn't wear his gun and we are afraid that the boys will mistake him for just an ordinary motorcyclist; then again he may have other ideas on the matter. However we wish Mac the best of luck and hope he makes good.

Walter Campbell has taken the place formerly held by Mac as greaser in the Garage.

Roy Bowman has returned from his vacation and announces "a good time was had by all."

"Dade" Wilson is having an awful time getting his house papered or painted; from the number of trips that he finds necessary to pay to John Jourgensen's paint shop. Of course there might possibly be some one or persons there that interest him. But he knows. Ask Dade he knows.

Father of Salt Creek Midwester Dies

Mr. Hugh R. Steele, a well known Colorado pioneer and one of the early mayors of Cripple Creek died in Denver the second week in the month. The sad news was received by his son, Charles R. Steele, of the Midwest Company at Salt Creek after his father had passed away and without any warning. Mr. Steele left immediately for Denver at which point funeral services were held. Final rites and interment were in the hands of the Colorado Pioneers Society. Pall-bearers and honorary pall-bearers included many prominent Colorado officials, business men and old-timers. Many of the older members of the Midwest Family, who came from Colorado will long remember Hugh R. Steele as one of the trail-blazers of that great State.

New Townsite Growing

The new railroad townsite of Salt Creek is progressing rapidly and already there are some thirty to forty buildings up. Work is underway and construction being rushed on two blocks of brick buildings, that will house, when completed, modern stores and businesses of all kinds. Salt Creek interest and speculation is turning in the direction of the new town and there seems to be a chance that by spring this budding location, at the south end of the field and the only townsite adjacent to the field with full title to ground, may be a busy, rushing, booming little city of a thousand or more inhabitants.

Buy and Use Midwest Products

(Continued from page 1)

attention the fact that the Indiana companies make some of the most beautiful Christmas candles to be found on the market, coming in as many as eighteen different shades and in all the most beautiful styles. Our candles are real works of art and are an ornament any place. When you buy your Christmas candles this year, ask for Standard of Indiana candles. Your dealer will have them, or if you repeatedly call for them, he will put them in stock.

In subsequent issues of the Review, we plan to call specific attention to the various Standard products, and we are going to ask that you use the things made by your own refineries.

Gas Plant Shut Down

The Elk Basin Gas Plant, which has been in operation for a number of years in the Elk Basin Field, was shut down about November 1st for an indefinite period. The employees at the plant were for the most part transferred to the gas plant at Salt Creek. A number went into the Producing Department and the balance left the service of the company. Only one man is left at the plant to look after the property and keep things in shape, and that is R. G. Austin, who has been in the employ of the company for a number of years and is one of the best known men in the Elk Basin territory. The Elk Basin Gas Plant has been operating under considerable difficulty for some time and the management thought best to suspend operations there for the time being at least.

Salt Creek Field Test

The Salt Creek Field Test which began on November 3rd and lasted for eighteen days, has kept every factor in the Midwest field organization running at top speed. The field was divided into six zones, and each zone was run wide open for three days. Assistant Superintendent Chandler of the Pipe line Department has been a hard man to keep track of this month and all of the men of his department have been keyed up to the highest point of efficiency and accomplishment.

General Impressions of the California Oil Fields

(Continued from page 2)

Midway, Buena Vista Hills, Elk Hills and Kern River, all of which lie in the general vicinity of Bakersfield. Operations in these fields are today in a great measure suspended due to the over production in the Los Angeles Basin, but in several of these fields the possibilities of production from deeper sands and from territory practically proven, but as yet undrilled, are enormous.

In Coalinga also the geologist from the Rocky Mountains finds himself perfectly at home. The formations are well-exposed and the structure plainly evident. The production, however, is not obtained from a closed anticline but rather on a pitching anticlinal nose and from a monocline to the west of it.

Accumulations of oil in California do not take place according to the hard and fast rules which appear to be applicable in Wyoming. The oil is for the most part heavy in gravity and of asphalt base. The sands in which the oil accumulates are often very lenticular so that in some fields we probably have accumulation taking place in sand lenses or in sand strata which are sealed by the overlap of other beds. The shales which produce the oil appear to have been marvelously prolific so that the oil is found in enormous quantities. Where the oil sands reach the surface the oil oozes out forming vast deposits of brea or asphalt which in certain fields may have effectually sealed the sand beds at the surface and allowed accumulation to take place in the same beds farther down the dip. There is not so much rainfall in the mountain areas in California as is found in the Rocky Mountain region and consequently the circulation of underground water is probably not as rapid. The beds which produce the oil in California are very much younger than are those which are productive along the Rocky Mountains, and the California fields have not, therefore, been subjected to the long periods of flushing by underground water which our fields have undergone. These various factors probably account for the accumulations found in California on anticlinal noses, on monoclines, around the heads of pitching synclines, and even in overturned synclines.

The presence of intrusive igneous rock appears to have had little influence upon the accumulation of oil, and in the Santa Paula field one sees an igneous mountain only half a mile from the derricks. The inevitable impression left by a trip through the California fields is that oil is likely to occur in any kind of structure, and the geologist from the Rocky Mountains begins to realize why his friends from California often take, what seem to him, such long chances when they begin to operate in the Rocky Mountain region.

As to the age of the oil in California, it may be stated that the oil in all the great fields appears to have had its origin in the marine Miocene, and accumulated in sand reservoirs in overlying Pliocene beds. The Miocene in the Rocky Mountain region is represented in part at least by the fresh water Arikaree formation of western Nebraska and eastern Colorado. It is very much younger than any beds which are productive of oil in Wyoming.

In conclusion, one can not consider the vast area of the California fields, the unusual conditions under which accumulations of oil take place, the enormous thicknesses of the sands involved, the wonderful production per acre, and the great depths at which successful drilling is carried on without recalling the laughing remark of the proud native son who said, "It takes a superb liar to tell the truth about California."

Dr. Loy is Mayor

Dr. S. K. Loy, chemist at the old Midwest refinery and well known to most of the Midwest employes, was elected mayor of Casper at the municipal election November 6, by an overwhelming plurality. There were four other candidates. Dr. Loy has been with the Midwest and later the Standard, for about six years. His many friends predict he will make a splendid mayor for Casper.

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

Salt Creek

Employe Representatives:

George Hoffman, Casper District
F. L. Koehler, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipe Line District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Frank Keeley
George Zimmerman

Management Representatives:

Harry Bossart, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper
Jack Moyer
T. S. McCleary

Secretary:

Chester Borsch

Grass Creek

Employe Representative:

James M. Holder

Management Representative:

L. L. Bechtel

Secretary:

R. A. Waltz

Elk Basin

Employe Representatives:

John Miller, Producing Department
Charles H. Bates, Gas Plant

Management Representatives:

P. L. Eddy, Producing Department
F. M. Stauffer, Gas Plant

Secretary:

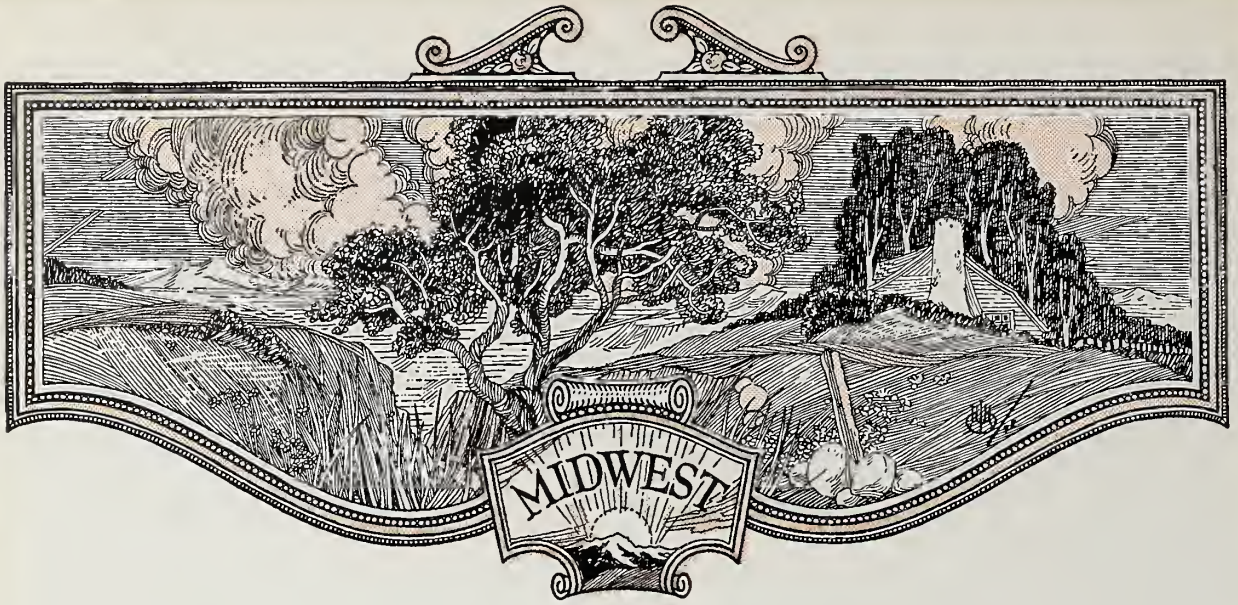
E. S. Bach

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
R. G. Austin, Elk Basin
C. S. Sanders, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Bossart, Salt Creek Camp
Charles Badders, Grass Creek District
Ray Hughes, Casper Storage Yard
H. L. Huey, Pipeline Dept., S. Ck.

M. E. Edwards, Treasurer — T. N. Shaw, Secretary



Work

I AM the foundation of all business. I am the fount of all prosperity. I am the parent of genius. I am the salt that gives life its savor. I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America, from Rockefeller down. I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful and fruitful. I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich. Fools hate me, wise men love me. I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the continent, in every newspaper that comes from the press. I am the mother of democracy. All progress springs from me. Who am I? What am I? I am Work,

—Western Retail Lumberman

Midwest
Review
Christmas 1923
Published for the Midwest Family by
The Midwest Refining Company

A Thought on Christmas

There's a tingle of frost, and a jingle of bells
And a sparkle of life in the air;
There's a tinkle of song, and a twinkle that spells
Desolation to burdens of care.

There's a frolicking zest, and a rollicking mirth
And a generous spirit of love;
There's Good Will to all, and a Peace Upon Earth
That flows from the Heavens above.

For the ages to come, 'twas a glorious morn
When the Star in the East showed the way
To the loved Son of God, to the King newly-born;
On that first sacred Christmas Day.

O the mountains of Faith, and the Fountains of Good
Have mounted to summits above
At the bidding of Christ, from the wastes where men stood
And the whole world is drenched with His love!

—*By a Midwesterner.*

The Midwest Review

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Volume IV | December, 1923 | Number 11

To the Midwest Family:

THE year just past has been one of great changes in the oil industry. The approach of the Holiday Season seems to herald the approach of better times and a return of more stable conditions in our particular line of business.

It is at the return of this season of the year that our thoughts become more centered on unselfish plans and our hearts more open to generous impulses.

Is it too much to hope that this Christmas Season will bring the Midwest Family into a closer bond of friendliness? Is it too much to hope that the Christmas spirit will mean to us all a better realization that essentially each is the other's friend and that the welfare of one is the concern of all? Is it too much to hope that this time will bring a clearness of vision so that we may plainly see the ideals for which we strive? Is it too much to hope that kindliness of spirit and tolerance will grow during the coming year and that each member of Our Family will feel a real interest in every other member?

All the happiness of Christmas, with its joyousness of children, its promise, its good cheer and merriment, falls short if it fails to leave a lasting feeling of sympathy and understanding and good fellowship for one another. All of these good things, as well as material prosperity, we wish for you at this Christmas time.

T. A. Dines.
President, Midwest Refining Company

Denver, Colo., Dec. 25th

Denver Office

John Herman Barnes, age 12
Alfred Kimball Barnes, Jr., age 9
Sons of
A. K. Barnes

Dave and Dan Murphy
age 3 years
Twin sons of
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Murphy

The Real Christmas Spirit

By T. A. Pedley,
Secretary Midwest Refining Co.

Nearly Two Thousand years ago there came into the world amidst the most humble surroundings, a great Personage in fulfillment of a prophecy. This most wonderful teacher of all times, whose life and example find no parallel in sacred or profane history, stands out as a bulwark. His teachings endure to this day undimmed and unsullied. His unnumbered followers are in all places of the earth, celebrating His coming annually with a holiday sacredly and profoundly observed.

Christmas marks a fitting climax to a series of holidays, (Armistice Day and Thanksgiving), reminding patriotic Americans particularly at this time of the love and reverence they should hold for the "Prince of Peace," whose wonderful life of devotion to this great cause proclaims a life long sacrifice.

This "Prince of Peace" rules not over a kingdom of things material, but over a domain of good cheer, kind thoughts and worthy deeds. Therefore at Christmas time one's thoughts should not dwell so much on the things he is going to give relatives, friends, deserving needy and the underfavored, as to the uplift he can place in inspiring and kindly words, a hand clasp, a smile and a real fellowship that flows from the heart. Get joy out of the act of self-expression. The world generally asks what you have given, not what have you got—Give yourself and get happiness. Just remember that the supply of good cannot be exhausted.

This is no preachment against indiscriminate giving, although it might well be, for there is usually such a great waste of unnecessary and useless gifts at this Season that when considered in the aggregate, the amount is staggering.

Marcus Aurelius offered special thanks to those of his friends who made gifts to him in terms of candor, fairness, justice, steadfastness, courage, dignity, benevolence and simple piety, rather than to those who sent him gifts in material form, because from the former he builded the stature of his character to full height.

In looking backward over the past year the managing officers of this Company are impressed by the evidences of devoted services of its many employees, whose splendid vigilance mark a record of fine achievement. We have not prospered by chance, but through the thought, care, wisdom and work of our entire force.

Therefore, it is fitting to give expression at this Season to the grateful feelings that warm our hearts to the faithful army of our fellow-workers who have contributed so largely to our achievements.

Once upon a time St. Paul boasted that he was a citizen of no mean city, and we may be pardoned if we state that we hope to continue looking after the interests of our Midwest family with the same jealous care in the future that we have in the past.

Some of the Denver Office Juniors

ROSS RATH ~ ANN ELIZABETH RATH
CHILDREN OF C.M. RATH

James Earnest Casey
SON OF W.R. CASEY ~ AGE 2 YRS. 4 MO. DENVER, COLO.

Cortland Scoville Dietler
22 MONTHS OF AGE
SON OF MR. & MRS. R.O. DIETLER

Jean Margaret Aurand
DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. HARRY AURAND

A Christmas Story

By Nina Lucile Larkin

(Editor's Note—The author of this charming little Christmas story is the eleven year old daughter of William T. Larkin of the Denver office.)

A little girl six years old, named Happy, and a little boy four years old, named Joy, were so excited because next week was Christmas, they were trying to decide what they wanted, and when they would go and see Santa Claus.

So they decided to go on Monday, because Tuesday was Christmas. Happy and Joy told all the children around them, what they wanted for Christmas. The children thought their Christmas presents were the best, and they knew that Santa Claus would bring it.

The children got together, and tried to think who was very poor, and never had any Christmas before. They all knew one so when they went down town to see Santa Claus, they told what they wanted.

Monday was here, Happy and Joy and their mother got ready to go. When they got on the street car, everybody had to ask them where they were going, because they had such a smile on their faces. I think if you had been on that street car, you would have too. When they got off the street car who could be there, but old Santa Claus, they shook hands with him, and said, "Hello," and told him they were going to the Children's Store.

They had to say good by to him because their mother was going, but Santa Claus said he would be there at the Children's Store soon.

So they went to the basement first, where the toys were.

Happy started to run, Joy looked at her to see where she was going.

He saw she was going to meet Santa Claus, so he ran too, to meet Santa Claus. Santa Claus took them to his place and their mother went too. When Santa Claus got seated, they sat on his lap, and then told him what they wanted.

Happy said she wanted a little girl that had never had any Christmas before, and Joy said he wanted a little boy that had never had any Christmas before. Happy and Joy said, there is one more thing that we want, and that is, a large Christmas tree filled with everything that he could spare.

Santa Claus said he would be sure to bring it to them on Christmas Eve. Happy and Joy told Santa Claus about the other children, that wanted to do the same thing. Well, said Santa Claus, you're the ones that want to bring happiness and joy to others.

Happy and Joy had to say good by to him because it was late, their mother said that they would have to go to bed early or Santa Claus would not come. "That's right," said Santa Claus, "you better go before it gets too dark," and then Santa Claus said good by to Happy and Joy.

Santa Claus helped them on the street car and they went home.

When Happy and Joy got home they had their supper and then went to bed happy and joyfully.

When they were asleep, Santa Claus came with their presents. Santa Claus put the Christmas tree in one corner, and filled it so full that you could hardly see the green on the tree.

Their mother gave him four stockings to hang on the fire place, and you know Santa Claus had a surprise on them, and you will see what it is very soon.

He filled the stocking from top to toe,

on the top he put a letter. He left everything he thought would be nice for them, and near the Christmas tree, sat a girl and boy asleep.

The night was silent, and the snow was shining, glistening and sparkling.

In the morning Christmas bells rang out Christmas is here!

Happy heard the bells and woke up, saying "Christmas is here." Her brother woke up, too.

Breakfast was ready, so they both got dressed, and went in the front room to get their friends who were asleep.

Happy woke her friend, and Joy woke his friend. When their friends woke up, they looked around, and said, "Where are we, in fairyland?" Happy said, "Do not get scared, because Santa Claus has brought you here for Christmas Day. Come and eat breakfast with us."

Happy and Joy, got their father to come and see their friends. Unhappy, and Never Full of Joy said that they never had such a breakfast before. Happy took them in where the Christmas tree was. Joy gazed around to see what was there. Happy looked at the fireplace, why there was four stockings hanging in a row, There were four names, the first was, Happy, then Unhappy, then Joy, then Never Full of Joy.

Happy looked at her stocking first, and on the top was a letter, she read hers to them, it said:

"Dear Happy—You have brought happiness into this little girl's heart, I hope you have a good time.

"From Santa Claus."

Then Unhappy read hers,

"Dear Unhappy:—This little girl invited you here for Christmas Day, I hope you have a good time.

"From Santa Claus."

Then Joy read his,

"Dear Joy:—You have brought Joy into this little boy's heart, I hope you have a good time.

"From Santa Claus."

Then Never Full of Joy read his,

"Dear Never Full of Joy:—This little boy has invited you here for Christmas Day, I hope you have a good time.

"From Santa Claus."

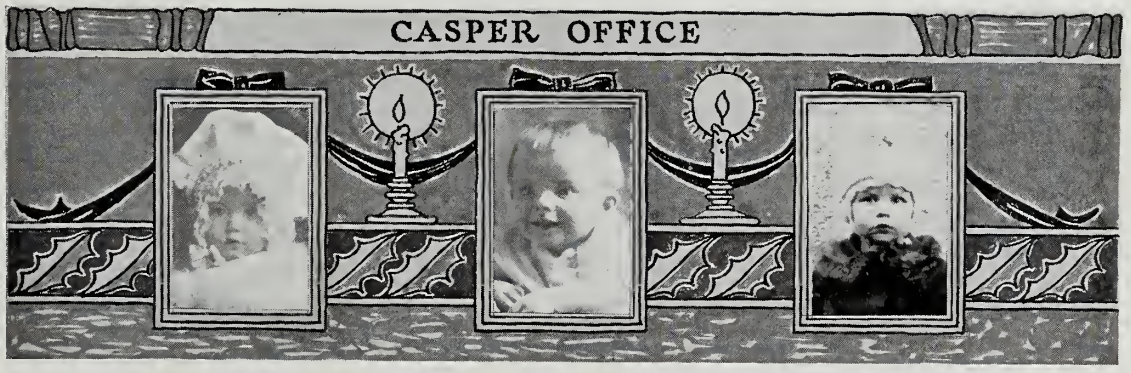
They emptied their stockings and then played with their other things.

Their father got the sled, and they went sleigh riding. They went up and down hills and fell off the sled. They had so much fun they could hardly stop. Happy said she never had so much fun in her life. The others said the same.

Do you know why they called her Happy? I think I can guess, don't you? Because she was happy, and tried to make other people happy. Do you know why they called him Joy, I think I know. Because he was full of Joy, and made other people joyful.

What do you think they called Unhappy afterwards, they called her Love, and what do you think they called Never Full of Joy afterwards, they called him Cheer.

I hope you will make somebody happy like they did.



Mary Gertrude Shaw
Tracy N. Shaw
dad
Casper Office

Marilynn Beth Reeson
father
Ben Reeson
Casper Office

Irene Krusmark
daughter of
K. L. Krusmark
Casper Office

Basin Born and Bred
Herewith: Theodore Erle and William Faulkner: Ages 39 and 16 months respectively: Born and reared in Basin Wyo., Sons of T. E. Keefer, Superintendent of Midwest Family at Notches Field

A Frigid Christmas Day

By T. E. Keefer, Supt., Notches Dome

An unusual and rather unpleasant chain of events has indelibly impressed Christmas week of 1916 in my memory. That year the winter had started early and with a severity that bespoke a long, hard winter —and it was. In fact, the first snow of the winter fell on the 18th of Oetober and the same snow with a whole lot more was still on the ground the following 15th of May.

At the time my story begins Iwas working in the Grass Creek field as roustabout, warehouseman, elerk or doing any other odd job that might eome along. In addition to this various duties I was also serving in the capacity of relief man for the two erude shipping stations at Chatham and Frannie, whieh served Grass Creek and Elk Basin. On the twenty-seeond of December Mr. Algeo, who was then district superintendent for northern Wyoming, ealled the field and said that Jerry Coons, the shipper at Frannie, wanted to go home for Christmas and for me to eateh the train at Thermopolis the next morning and go to Frannie. On the morning of the twenty-third Mr. Rhinesmith, field superintendent, and I left Grass Creek and arrived in Thermopolis just a few minutes before train-time, the train being due at 11:10 a. m., but were met with the information that the train was two hours late. So after having lunch I went back to the depot and was told that the train was reported two hours later. Thus it went through the afternoon making trips to the depot to be told that the train was later. Finally at 1:30 a. m. the following morning the train came in and I boarded it for Frannie. I arrived there about 7:30 a. m. and was met by a long-faeed young fellow who had worried all night because he thought he wouldn't get home for his turkey dinner. Jerry left on the morning train for Basin, promising to return the day after Christmas.

It was frightfully eold that day, the thermometer registering quite some distance below zero with a high wind blowing. Jerry had told me that there were several earloads of erude ready for shipment, save for the plaeards required by the Interstate Commeree Commission and that all I had to do was to mix some paste and put them on. After mixing my paste I started out to stiek on the plaeards. I guess those fellows who have worked on the loading raeks at the refinery will appreciate my efforts to put plaeards on a eold tank ear which has no plaeard board. However, I finally got the job finished but I don't believe there were many plaeards in plaee when the ears reaehed Greybull, beeause frozen paste does not hold very well.

When supper time came the train which was due in the late afternoon had not yet arrived and Guy Warren (now in the Casper Office), who was agent for the Burlington there, told me he didn't know when the train would be in. All the time it was getting colder and the wind was getting stronger. The drifts between the depot and the company house were getting so bad that by eight p. m. I had lost interest in the train rather than fight the drifts—the Denver Post could wait until morning.

Fortunately there was a good supply of coal on hand so I filled the big stove in the office and went to bed. Twiee during the night I began to get cold in bed and got up to put more coal in the stove. When I awakened in the morning I stoked up the fire, brought in a couple of buckets of coal and then looked at the thermometer. It registered thirty-five degrees below zero, the wind had increased in velocity and the air was full of drifting snow.

After battling my way through the storm to the section house about a quarter of a mile distant for breakfast I started for the depot to get some information about the train. Half way between the coal chute and the depot I came onto the train standing without fire in the engine and apparently deserted. Upon my arrival at the depot I learned what had happened—the train had arrived during the night after a hard fight with the storm and attempted to make the coal chute but went dead within a hundred yards from it. The passengers had been forced to alight from the train because all the fuel for the Baker heaters had been used, and were huddled around the stove in the waiting room. The group nearest the stove would get warm then move back and let others take their places. The only favored ones in the crowd being a woman with two children who were permitted to remain close to the stove.

About nine o'clock one of the waiters from the dining car came into the depot and told the crowd that breakfast was ready at the store. It seems that the cooks had taken bacon and eggs from the dining car and had requisitioned the use of two gasoline stoves belonging to the storekeeper and had prepared breakfast for the passengers. While the passengers were eating breakfast I secured a Denver Post and returned to the office, looking at the thermometer as I went in. When I found that it still registered 35 below I threw the two buckets of coal into the stove and sat down to wait for dinner time, but I had difficulty in keeping warm for the coal did burn out and I had to get more.

At noon I again fought my way to the section house and found that the boarding-house keeper had prepared a nice dinner but was unable to accommodate any of the passengers from the train because of her limited supplies. These unfortunate folk had a Christmas dinner of cookies and odds and ends which they were able to purchase at the store instead of the dinners which were undoubtedly being held for them at Billings and other Montana points. Finally, about three p. m. a stub train consisting of two cabooses and a passenger coach came through from Billings, the waiting passengers got aboard and started for their belated Christmas dinners and celebrations. During the night the storm abated somewhat and I was extremely relieved to see Jerry get off the train the next evening and know that I could leave Frannie on the next train.

That Christmas day at Frannie was as unpleasant a day as I have ever experienced but it is past, as unpleasant things will do, and now with the approach of another Yuletide season following a very delightful fall all of us here at Notches wish the rest of the Midwest Family a very Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Carroll to Denver; Kaup to Casper

James E. Carroll, who for some time past has been Field Auditor for the Midwest, with headquarters in Casper, has been transferred to Denver as Auditor for the company, vice C. J. Barkdull, who has been transferred to Chicago as general auditor for the Standard Oil Company, Indiana. Chester L. Kaup who has been an assistant to Mr. Barkdull in Denver, has been transferred to Casper to take Mr. Carroll's place. The changes took place the middle of the month.

"She's dumb. About as talkative as a clam, and won't pet much."

"Oh, I see. A little neck clam, as it were."

A Christmas to Remember

By W. D. Ind, Captain, Q. M., O. R. C.,
Salt Creek Gas Plant

Christmastide! What tender recollections of childhood it recalls. The day of all days, dedicated to the little children, in memory of that Child, born in the manger in Bethlehem, whose mission was to bring Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men.

But how different was our errand in this holiday time, six years ago, when we were on board the S. S. St. Louis, one of the many ships, bearing men and ammunition across the Atlantic, to increase the carnage, to desolate more homes, literally bringing the sword, as we then fondly and vainly hoped, to promote a lasting peace.

The St. Louis was a passenger vessel, but upon whose decks five guns were mounted, and carrying besides several hundred officers, a like number of marines, hundreds of English speaking civilians, which included men, women and possibly fifty small children. On the 24th we had a boat drill which seemed like an idle pastime, until those little toddlers, led by their parents, came marching to their assigned stations beside the life boats which had been lowered to a level with the deck. Bits of humanity, so tiny that the life belts covered all but their little heads. A shudder shot through every man who had left his babies at home, and he breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that his loved ones were safe and he realized that this was no game, but a grim preparation for one of the horrid eventualities of war. How we hoped for the sakes of those innocent ones that the emergency for which we were drilling, would never arrive.

Christmas morning we were awakened early by the carolers, for the crew being entirely English, they could not forego that beautiful custom. Those old familiar songs, heard more often in this country in the Episcopal Church than in those of other denominations, recalled to us all, our childhood days.

Unfortunately the tips were not all confined to cash, the musicians being the recipients of other forms of Christmas cheer, whose effects upon them and other members of the crew, became more apparent as the day wore on, and it occurred to not a few of us that in case of an accident our salvation might be attributed more to good luck than good management.

Dinner was marked by an extra feast,

Two husky Elk Basinites
Edmund & Warren Austin
sons of R.G. Austin
Recently transferred from Elk Basin to the Salt Creek Gas Plant

one of the trimmings being the traditional English plum pudding, liberally sprinkled with brandy, served in flames, something to be remembered in the light of legislation that has been enacted since. A most interesting program was rendered that night in the cabin, a repertoire of real merit, for there was an abundance of talent aboard, but having entered the danger zone at noon, we were in such a state of suspense that our enjoyment was limited. Every unusual sound caused us to start, and with every quiver of the screw we expected the explosion of a torpedo.

The deck was covered with watchers until a late hour, many sleeping in the steamer chairs all night for the weather was mild. Those of us land lubbers who did retire, did so fully dressed. Up to the time of our embarkation we had cherished the delusion that no ship crossed without a convoy, and I recall our surprise to find the first morning out that we were alone on the face of the deep.

We could see many fishing smacks, their lights being so arranged as to indicate their nationality, for the sub was supposed to respect those of neutral nations. We also saw what appeared to be the light of a great conflagration away to the north, but we never learned what it meant. It was one of the harsh, cruel measures of war that no troop-ship or passenger vessel should turn aside to render assistance to anyone in distress, for the opportunity for stratagem was too great and in any event the rescuing vessel would present an easy mark.

I arose at 5 o'clock, and found the decks thronged, for this was said to be the critical hour. How anxiously we scanned the dark waters. In such a state of suspense one can imagine anything, and every fleck of foam became a periscope.

The day was just breaking, about 7:30, when suddenly, high above our heads in the crow's nest the look-out sung, "Convoy, two points off the port bow." What a rush in that direction and we could barely discern a speck on the horizon which every second grew larger. In a few moments was another hail, "Second convoy, six points off the starboard bow." What a jostling to the rail and points of vantage. What a medley of voices.

"Oh, there it is."

"Where?"

"Can't you see it, right there."

"Oh sure."

"How do they know it's the convoy?"

"Wireless, of course."

"Let me take your glass, please,"

"Gee, but they're sure coming."

We were sailing about 16 knots an hour while they were coming towards us at the rate of 23 knots, so it was but a few moments before we could make them out quite plainly, and just at a moment when I had a glass to my eyes, they raised their flag,—our flag,—and simultaneously our boat hoisted the Stars and Stripes. As long as I continue to breath, will I never forget the thrill that went through every fibre of my being when Old Glory fluttered its folds to the breeze. And Oh, the yells that roared across the waters! The decks were jammed with passengers and they shouted and laughed and shook hands regardless of introductions or acquaintance, for we knew the good old flag spelled protection.

The danger was lessened, for though our ship might be sunk, the enemy could not shell our life-boats as they had done so many times before. With the convoy of those two destroyers, the Conyngham and Stockton, we knew our chances were much better, and without them we were well aware that the hopes of surviving would be slim, because our army uniforms made us a very conspicuous mark, and it was then the open season in those waters for all of our nationality.

Breakfast was a jolly affair and the difference between the mental atmosphere on that occasion and that of the evening before was freely commented upon. The destroyers convoyed us until we arrived at the mouth of the Mersey, and although we had several real scares later, we landed safely two days after.

The recollection of that Christmastide will remain with me while memory lasts, because our mission and the circumstances were in such jarring contrast to the traditions of that holy festival.

Christmas Reminiscences

By W. H. McCann,
Midwest Warehouse, Salt Creek

Write something for Christmas, some particularly vivid Christmas. Cannot do it because in the many years that Christmas has arrived in my life nothing lurid has happened to mark the day. Everything vivid and lurid seems to have chosen another of the remaining 364 days.

Years ago, just after the civil war, we had paper money in 3-5-10-15-25 and 50 cent denominations. They came in sheets like postage stamps do today, only larger and not perforated. The banks pasted these sheets together and hung them on rollers much as wall maps now are. You asked for what you wanted and the teller stepped to that roll and with shears cut you off the required amount. Later you used your own scissors to separate the several pieces.

Well, my father, one Christmas early in my career, concluded to give us money in place of presents and let us buy our own. The oldest received 50-cent pieces and the baby three cent ones. I was next to the last so mine were five cent pieces But as I received more acreage than the oldest I was consequently well satisfied.

That, possibly, was my most memorable Christmas, as I can still recall my joyous anticipation while using mother's scissors, and the importance with which I counted out the amounts as I made my purchases.

Years ago, when *"The Virginian"* was first written, it started a new question: "What distance is considered far in the West?" This question raged for a full six months in the eastern periodicals and was never answered. A friend of mine, an Illinois editor, passed me that question, and what I answered was hardly printable, but never-the-less he printed it. Then he wrote me again, asking me to get a few answers from typical western men and let him have the answers.

With misgivings I propounded the question, received the up and down looks of friends who considered me foolish to ask such an unanswerable proposition, and had to lay my cards on the table.

I recall three of the answers. One man from the Grey Bull country, where the Virginian was mostly located, said: "I wanted to visit a friend of mine over the mountains. It was a six day's journey each way with a day or two to visit. I could only spare ten days, so it was too far."

The second, a telephone line man, said: "When I was younger it made no difference to me how many miles I rode in a day. But now I am getting older, and I think thirty-five miles is enough."

The third, ex-cowpuncher like the others, said: "One year I made up my mind to go back east and eat Christmas dinner with my good old mother. The idea grew upon me and I mentioned it to the other boys.

Denver Office

Elmo Ballard, Jr.
Son of
Mr. and Mrs.
E. K. Ballard

Eleanor Kellogg Davis
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
E. W. Davis
taken at 9 years

David C. Jones
Son of
Mr. and Mrs.
Oscar E. Jones
age 2½ years

Maybe I rubbed the idea in upon them. Well, finally, the last train considered possible to meet the engagement passed and I had not gone. Then my fellows turned upon me in retaliation. I was a nice dutiful son to talk about eating Christmas dinner with my good old mother, and the last train gone."

"That set me to thinking, so I went to the boss and explained. He sympathized and offered me his pet horse, notably a stayer on long distance and endurance. Told me to make the train, and if possible, not to ruin the horse. I made the train with twenty minutes to spare, did not ruin the horse and ate Christmas dinner with my mother. But it was almost too far."

Spare time, advancing age, the speed and endurance of a horse or most any other consideration constitutes the answer as to what distance was considered far in the old west. So just consider what my most vivid Christmas would have been if my father had been able to furnish me with German marks at present quotations.

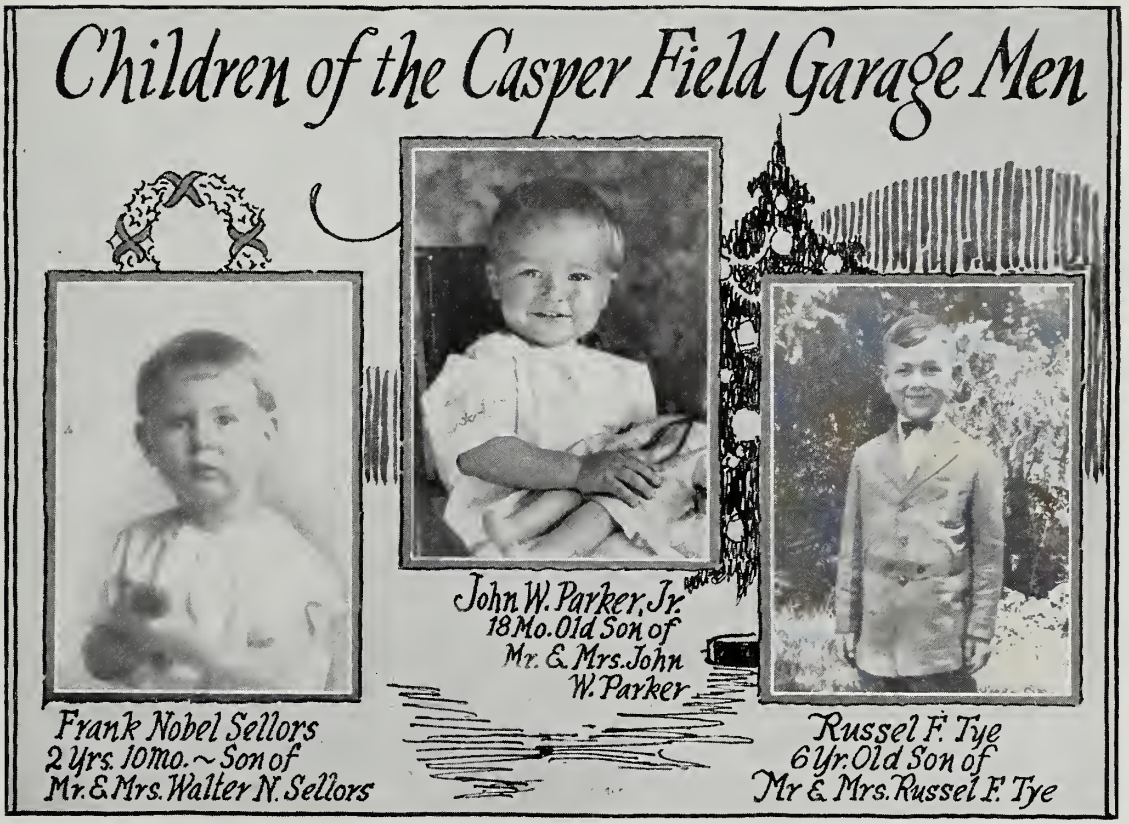
Another Boarding House Burns

The Carter Oil Company of Salt Creek lost their boarding house in a disastrous fire on the 24th of November. The blaze came as a result of an explosion due to change in gas pressure in the kitchen range. C. C. Williams the boarding house manager, died a few days later as a result of burns sustained. About forty men of the Carter Company were brought to the Midwest Home Camp for several meals at the big Midwest Hotel, until other temporary arrangements could be made.

Big Torch Is Out

Our big Salt Creek torch is out. The residue gas from the Midwest Plant, which for the past year has been illuminating the field, is now being piped to Casper through the new ten inch welded line, and is used at that point by the refineries.

"Doggone! I promised Hank I'd scatter his ashes to the four winds, and I've been waiting five hours for the wind to stop blowing south."


Children of the Casper Field Garage Men
John W. Parker, Jr.
18 Mo. Old Son of
Mr. & Mrs. John
W. Parker
Frank Nobel Sellors
2 Yrs. 10 Mo. ~ Son of
Mr. & Mrs. Walter N. Sellors
Russel F. Tye
6 Yr. Old Son of
Mr & Mrs. Russel F. Tye

Something About Christmas Candles

Supposing, about fifty years ago, one of the older members of the Midwest Family should, as a small boy, be sent by his mother to the corner grocery, or the country store—depending upon where he lived—to get some candles, and he should have stumped in, clad in copper-toed boots, red mittens and his customary other clothing, and demanded:

"Mother wants some Kalo-Chrome candles, please sir, and would like one in Batik with a Tiffany holder, and one in Pompeian in an Etruscan holder. She would like to have the first tapered and second pentagon."

The storekeeper would have stared in wonder for a moment, then have remarked to himself that "Old Man Whosis' boy is becoming a bit balmy in the garret" and would have dished out a couple of plain white candles made from tallow, collected five cents for the two and sent the lad home.

Today, however, the son of the above described lad, might be sent down to the store for the same candles that were asked for—metaphorically only—above, and might be told:

"Yes, sonny, we have those very candles and some very nice ones in the other Standard Oil Company (Indiana) styles, such as the Travertine, the Tudor Square, the Poly-Chrome, Jacobean Twist, and so on. And we have them in tapered, pentagon and square styles. We can fit you out in most anything from our complete Standard of Indiana line."

Now just what the Review wants to put across to the Midwest Family, is that we make the most beautiful Christmas candles in the world in our own refineries, and Midwesterners should call for them when purchasing for the Holiday celebrations.

We make in our refineries, not only the beautiful styles enumerated above, but we make a big line of fancy, domestic, commercial, church and holiday candles. We make the small candles for the Christmas tree; we make the tiny little birthday candles; we make the great white wax tapers that are used in churches; we make the candles for general use about the home and in manufacturing establishments.

We are particularly proud of the Holiday line, as we make some of the most beautiful and artistic candles ever put on any market. The Kalo-Chrome candles are made in fifteen styles, Batik, Beryl, Delft, Etruscan, Jade, Olivine, Oriental, Pompeian, Tiffany, Turquoise; also pastel blue, green, orchid, pink and yellow. They are made in ten sizes, and in pentagon, square and tapered shapes. To go with these handsome candles, we make also a fine Kalo-Chrome candle holder, especially designed for the fifteen styles. These holders are made of wax, with brass sockets and knobby little holders, and are fit to ornament any home.

The Travertine candles are also extremely beautiful. A new process causes these candles to resemble the basic mineral of trevertine, and an effect is produced which is not equalled in any other candle on the market.

The Tudor Square candles are made in fourteen colors, and are of the finest type of classical ornamental candles.

The Bicolor Jacobean Twist is a wonderful candle. They are wonderful for decorative purposes—used on dressing tables, pianos, tables, etc. They are dipped, double dipped and triple dipped to procure two and three color effects, and are different from anything else on the market.

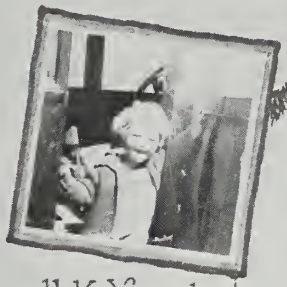
Now there is a lot more that might be said about Christmas candles, but we have given you sufficient to think about, and to surely convince you that you will be getting the most beautiful candles in the world, will be boosting your own game, and will be giving that 100 per cent loyalty so characteristic of Midwesterners, if you will demand Christmas candles made in your own refineries, when you are buying for the holiday season.

New Bridge Built

A very substantial bridge across Castle Creek has just been completed just back of the Gas Plant, by the Midwest to take the place of the former crossing at this point, wrecked by the late floods.

Young Bloods of the Casper Office

John Hool, 2½ yrs. son of Katherine Hool, telephone operator, Casper office.



Russell K. Yunck Jr. Casper office

Rodden L. Finney age 2½yrs, under trees at Salt Creek Gas Plant.

Alice *(standing)* Lucile *(sitting)* Daughters of J. H. Mudgett Casper office.

Howard Findholt, nephew of Evelyn and Laura Howell Casper office

John J. Cleary, son of Jack Cleary, Eng. dept.

Richard Eugene Vervalin, son of Henry Vervalin Casper office.

Born in Shadow of European Oil Derricks

Robert Frederick and Lottie Medira Shoemaker, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Shoemaker, were born 'neath the shadows of the oil derricks in the European oil fields. Mr. Shoemaker was employed by the Romano Americana Oil Co., in the Roumanian oil fields from October 12, 1904, till November 20, 1916.

Robert has crossed the Atlantic Ocean five times while Lottie has only crossed once. At present both are wrestling with school work and music.

Robert has not decided yet whether he will follow in his dad's footsteps or not.

Denver Office

Betty, 8 years, and Barbara Ann, 4 years
Children of
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Coffin

Patricia, age six, and Leslie the 3rd, age three and a half
Children of
Leslie A. Thompson, Jr.

This Salt Creek Baby is a Traveler

Robert Frank Black

Herewith we present a picture of Robert Frank Black, aged 17 months, who for a small kid is quite a globe trotter.

Robert was born in Paris, France, August 22, 1922. From there, he journeyed with his parents to Athens, Greece, and then to Chalkis, Greece, where this picture was taken. Then hearing of Salt Creek, he persuaded the folks, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Black, of the Pipeline Department, Salt Creek, to go there, arriving there last June.

New School House

A new School House in the Salt Creek district is about to be completed at the new railroad town of Salt Creek. Other buildings by the score are being rushed with all possible speed at the same point. Between sixty and seventy buildings, business houses, cafes, hotels, and homes have now been constructed and the rush is still very much on. The recent suit brought by the Federal Government against the town of Lavoye has done much to encourage the growth of the new town.

Perron-Clark

Miss Martha Clark, formerly associated with the Midwest Hotel at Home Camp, and daughter of Mrs. Mary Brow, known to everyone who ever stayed at the Midwest Hotel, was married in Casper, the middle of November to Michael J. Perron, who is also an employe of the Midwest at Home Camp. The young couple are at present making their home at the hotel but expect to have a place of their own for housekeeping soon.

Denver Office

Virginia Ballard
age 9
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs
E. K. Ballard

Albert Trowbridge Shaw, 7½
and
Ruth Dorothy Shaw, 6 years
Children of
Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Shaw

Eugene McAlpine
8 years
Son of
Mr. and Mrs.
M. E. McAlpine

State Fair Oil Exhibit

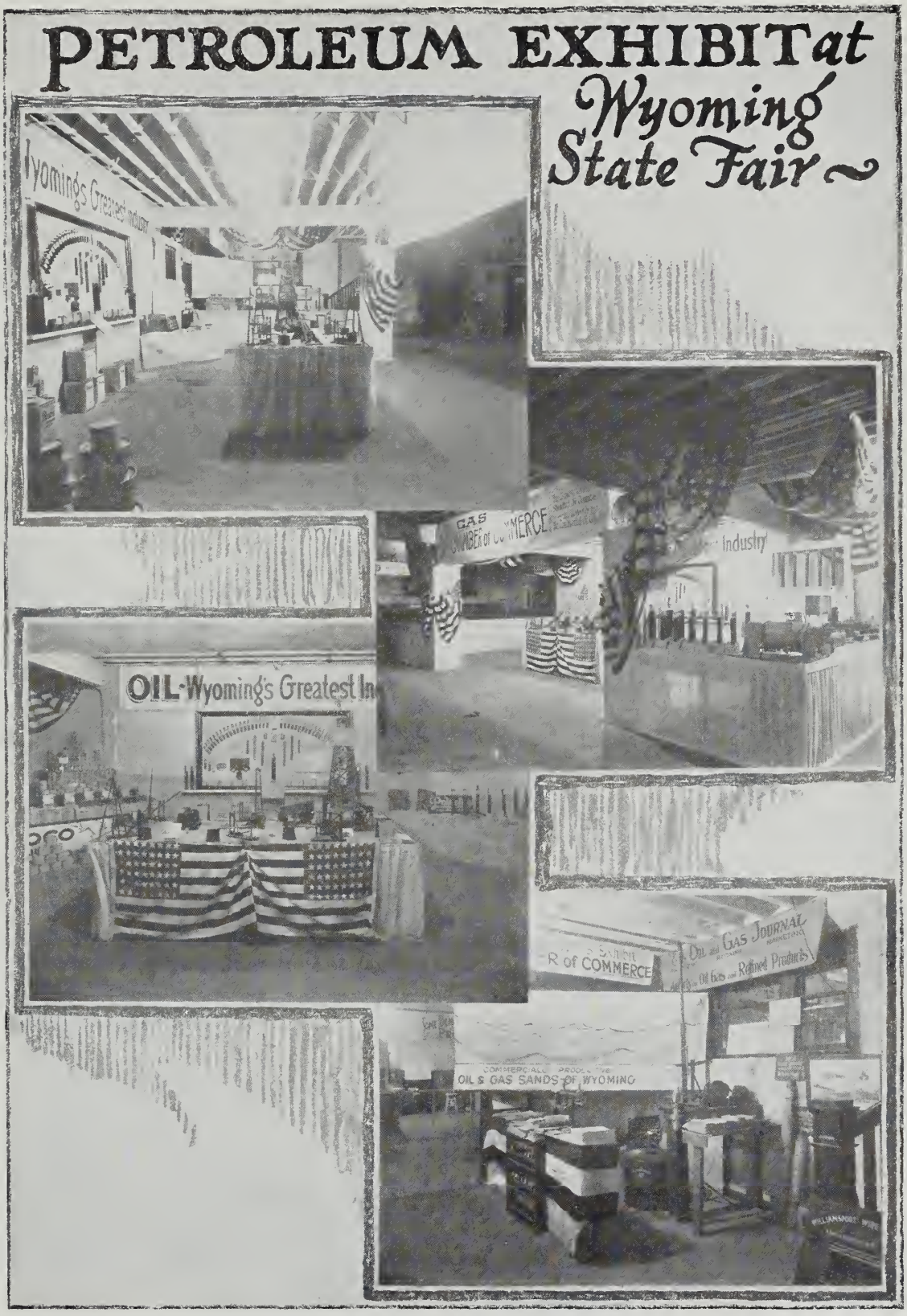
By Dr. S. K. Loy, Chemist, Casper Refinery

Wyoming has been receiving an increased amount of attention as an oil producing state during the past ten years. It is now regarded as one of the potential reservoirs of crude oil from which the future supplies will be drawn to meet the ever-growing demands for refined products manufactured from it. We do not at this time have any idea of how much oil remains in the major producing fields of Wyoming, nor is it possible to forecast the number and extent of new fields which will be discovered in the future. But we have every reason to believe that a continuation of the present unified policy of conservation as practiced by the numerous oil producing companies will conserve an adequate supply of this raw material to keep our refineries busy for many years to come.

Geographically Wyoming is located in a sparsely settled part of the United States. There are no large cities nor densely populated rural districts to consume the raw materials produced here. This same condition applies generally to all of the states forming the Rocky Mountain region and as a consequence it has been necessary for these states to supply a large proportion of the raw materials for the manufacturing western states. To illustrate this point I need only call attention to the fact that for almost half a century the large packing industries have been drawing a part of their supplies of live stock from Wyoming and adjacent states. The Pacific Northwest and the Dakotas furnish grain for the milling centers; Minnesota ships iron ore to the Pittsburgh mills and Texas raises cotton for the spindles in New England. Is it not natural then for eastern refineries to look to Wyoming and Montana for the crude oil which will eventually replace the diminishing supplies of crude oil from the Mid Continent and California fields?

But it is only in the utilization of natural resources within its own borders that Wyoming appears to be undeveloped. We have practically all of the cultural, educational and commercial facilities found in the more densely populated states. Among others the Wyoming State Fair is an institution which particularly reflects the spirit and attitude typical of this country where it has had its inception and growth. The

PETROLEUM EXHIBIT at Wyoming State Fair



fair is held annually in the town of Douglas and attracts exhibitors and visitors from all sections of the state, who travel long distances and thus spend an unusual amount of time in order to avail themselves of the information dispensed at these annual four-day gatherings at Douglas.

The nature of the exhibits as well as the entertainment features at our State Fair have naturally changed to conform with the economic transition which has and still is gradually changing Wyoming from a purely range and livestock country to a semi-agricultural state. A visit to the State Fair this year proved that the displays of field crops, dairy products and poultry were amazingly larger than five years ago. The livestock exhibits this year also indicated that dairy cattle and hogs occupied half the stalls formerly held entirely by the beef cattle and sheep.

The usual exhibits this year were supplemented by an elaborate display which was supplied by the oil industries of this state. This display had its inception with the Casper Chamber of Commerce and received the hearty co-operation of such companies as The Midwest Refining Company, The Continental Oil Company, The National Supply, Oil Well Supply, Standard Oil Company, Frick-Reid Company, Parkersburg Rig & Reel, Williamsport Wire Rope Company and Achesm Graphite Company.

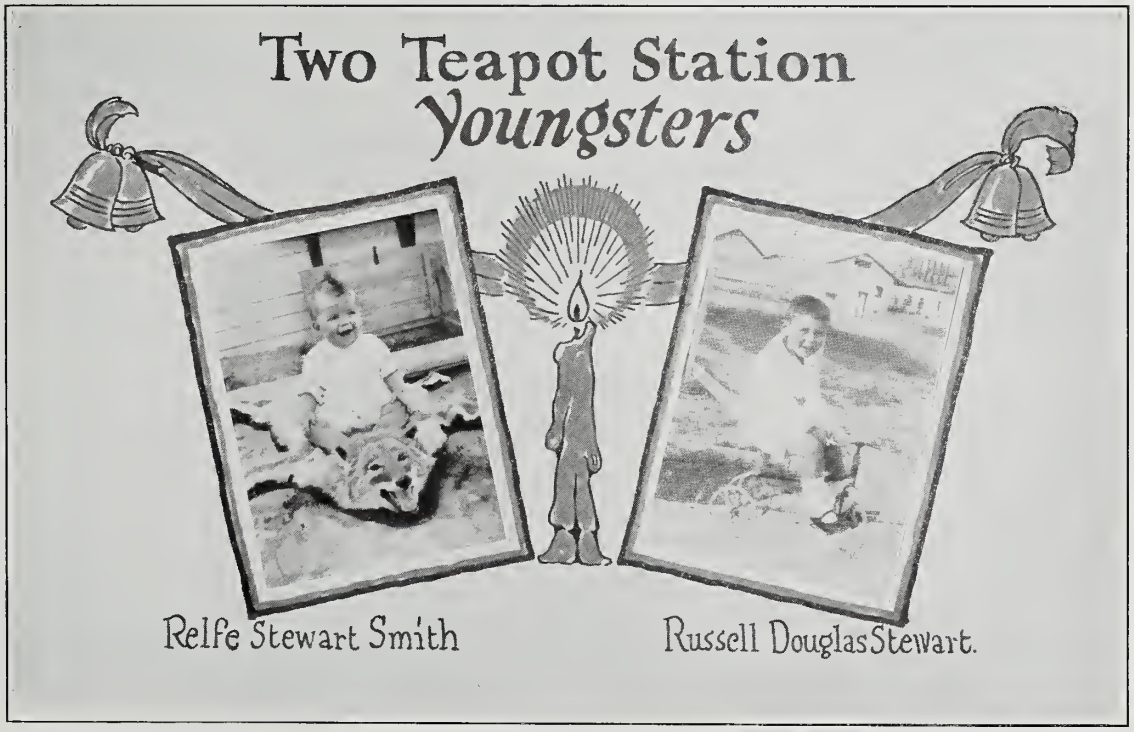
The primary purpose of this exhibit was to dissipate the more or less common belief that the oil industry is full of mystery and that the processes involved in the production and refining of crude oil were known only to a chosen few who guarded their secrets jealously. An additional reason for making this exhibit arose from the educational value it might have for the visitors to the State Fair. It is a fact that the best way to remove superstition and prejudice is through the medium of education, because to understand is to appreciate. The people of Wyoming have shown, in a general way, an appreciation of the magnitude of the petroleum industry as a whole, but this appreciation is concerned chiefly as to the size of the semi-annual royalty returns which are distributed through the office of the State Treasurer into the designated channels. There has not been sufficient opportunity for the general public to get a comprehensive idea of the petroleum industry or for the much maligned companies to disseminate intelligent information about the variety of problems and vicissitudes which constantly harass the producer, refiner and marketer of petroleum and its products. The Douglas exhibit furnished the first chance to both sides to get together on a common ground for helpful interchange of thought. The exhibits included a display of about twenty samples of crude oils found in as many parts of Wyoming; together with a well arranged chart carrying samples of about sixty varieties of

products manufactured from crude oil and illustrating vividly how they are removed in an orderly succession beginning with gasoline and ending with the coke residue. Most of these products were more amply displayed in the form of commercial cartons containing the finished articles. Samples of road oil and paving asphalt, together with a cross section of paving, enlightened those who sought information on road building.

The exhibit was arranged in great detail by Mr. H. B. Carpenter of the Denver Office, assisted by representatives of the other exhibiting companies under the direction of Mr. F. B. Taylor of the Wyoming Map and Blue Print Company of Casper. A miniature oil field with complete equipment, and pumping oil from wells under diverse operating conditions proved to be a major attraction for the children as well as their guardians. A distillation apparatus in operation showed how gasoline may be taken from crude oil. It provoked no end of comment and good-natured bantering by the crowds who saw in it an adaptation of this "still" to the making of contraband distillates for soothing imaginary parched palates.

A pleasing and necessary feature of the whole undertaking was the lecture service given by representatives constantly in attendance. The crowds who besieged our booths were handled in convenient groups and detailed explanations were given of all phases of the industry. Without doubt this proved immensely popular and contributed very much to the great success of the exhibit, because the listeners eagerly absorbed the information given and showed their further interest through the questions which were asked. A map in colors by Geologist M. J. Hopkins showed an ideal section of the earth's crust and the conditions under which crude oil may accumulate. This map proved exceedingly instructive as well as helpful.

Taken as a whole the exhibit proved to be a great success and demonstrated forcibly how the Wyoming State Fair affords the medium through which the general public can get a more adequate appreciation of the petroleum industry as it has grown up in this state. The participating companies, who made possible this complete exhibit, are to be congratulated for their generous cooperation with the Casper Chamber of Commerce in its commendable campaign of spreading wholesome information about Wyoming's premier industry.



Father of Soap Creek Field

We believe that every friend and employe of The Midwest Refining Company and its subsidiaries, has had mention in some one issue of the Review. Along with this article we send the Editor a likeness of Mr. Wm. Henrich, whom we believe should be considered even more than a mere friend.

Mr. Wm. Henrich, better known to his fellow-men as "Bill," is an old-time cow-

William Heinrich

puncher, having resided near Hardin for the past twenty years, during which time he has acquired probably better than a novice's knowledge of oil structures. In any event much credit is due him for the Western States Oil and Land Company's operations in the Soap Creek Field. He is commonly referred to by his associates as "Father of the Soap Creek Field."

During the year 1914, Mr. C. H. Wegemann made a survey and report of the Soap Creek country for the U. S. Government, Department of Indian Affairs—practically all of the land being under control of this department. While Mr. Wegemann's report was favorable, nothing was done toward development for oil. Later, through the efforts of "Bill" a detailed survey was made by Prof. Bengston of the University of Nebraska, which was also favorable for oil possibilities. Encouraged by the favorable report of Prof. Bengston, which supported Mr. Wegemann's early recommendation to the Indian Department, he succeeded in interesting the Western States O. & L. Co., through Mr. H. C. Bretschneider, President, in drilling a test well. Through the untiring efforts of "Bill" and his warm feeling toward The Midwest and its family, he was successful in aiding the Western States Company in securing leases on approximately 4500 acres of land, both Indian and patented, sufficient and favorably located to drill a test well, which was completed February, 1921, with an initial production of 300 barrels. The second well was drilled into production with an initial of 1800 barrels. Well No. 4 was completed with 1000 barrels the first 13 hours. In all, six wells were drilled. In the meantime, a 55,000 barrel storage tank was erected; this being filled with about 33,000 barrels of oil, at which time it was decided to shut the entire field down, account of no marketing facilities. The oil is of low gravity, with asphaltum base, and has never demanded a very high price. The field is about 45 miles from the town of Hardin, Montana, and the oil being of low gravity and very heavy, the expenditure of laying a pipe line and necessary pumping stations to the railroad point has not been warranted. However, it is the consensus of opinion that a railroad will be built south from Hardin, Montana.

"Bill" had an opportunity, when the first well was brought in, to sell out and retire, but like all of his other oil men associates, he was game to the last and stuck. We all join in wishing that "Bill's" dreams are realized, and that his untiring efforts are rewarded.

Grass Creek runs to generous Families *including* Twins

Four little Tots
from Grass Creek

Dale and Darrell
McClanahan–10 mo.

Lucy and Rose
Betchel–9 mo.

Billie-Donald-Laurabelle
Mottingham

Clara Gertrude
Tagley

Elsie Ruth
Arney.

Dolly Berdena
Badders

The Safety Lesson of Christmas

To most of us Christmas is the happiest time of the year and the most unselfish time. We open our hearts and our pocketbooks and find happiness in making others happy. We contribute freely for the relief and enjoyment of those who are less fortunate than ourselves. We go out of our way to perform little acts of courtesy and kindness to others. The motorist is more considerate of the pedestrian and the pedestrian is more inclined to wait for the traffic change. Under the influence of the Christmas spirit, there is less desire to get ahead of the other fellow and run the chance of an accident.

There are some who through illness or accident cannot enjoy Christmas; there are some who are too self centered to feel the joy of Christmas. Both are to be pitied.

Like the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of Safety is unselfish. If only ourselves were concerned it would make very little difference whether we got hurt or not. But a belief in safety and in the practice of it is necessary even more for the sake of those who love us and whom we love than for ourselves alone.

Perhaps you are thinking "What can I give the family for Christmas?" The best present you can give them is your own self, safe, happy and healthy. That is the greatest gift. Carry this thought with you during the coming year.

The National Safety Council joins with us in wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a safe New Year.

Gas Plant Boarding House Burns

Gas Plant Boarding House after the fire. Bake Shop on the right has only chimney standing.

For the first time in nearly a year the dread alarm of fire aroused the residents at the Gas Plant at an early hour Saturday morning, Dec. 1st, when it was discovered that the building used as bakery and men's dormitory was enveloped in flames. The fire originated in the bake-shop and was first seen by "Jerry" the night waiter, and Mrs. Sena Ritchey, the night cook, immediately sounded the dinner gong, which was followed by the whistles of the power plants.

In spite of all the efforts the building was ruined, but the men are entitled to the greatest credit for the good work they did after water was available. Parts of the charred walls still stood after the roof had fallen in. The foundations and the floor are still intact, the ice plant in the basement is unharmed, and the cold storage chambers are but slightly damaged. Several carloads of groceries and supplies were removed from the basement and in fact most of the stuff that was movable was saved although there is bound to be a big loss by breakage and water.

The bakery building and contents are a complete loss and of the tenants of the dormitory, Messrs. Delmar Harmon, Robert Hamilton, H. W. Young, Waldemar Hanson and John Critchfield, all managed to save part of their effects except Mr. Critchfield, who lost everything.

The boarders, some 200 in number, are being taken care of at the Home Camp Boarding House, which additional crowd makes about 800 people that institution is now serving at a meal. Trucks leave the Gas Plant on scheduled hours morning and evening to carry the men, but they are expected to take their individual lunches for the noon meal. Shift men are accommodated at their usual hours.

Dan Trudgen has risen to the occasion like a general, and not even a ruffle was caused in the splendid Midwest Home Camp Hotel and Boarding House organization, with the taking on of over two hundred steady boarders.

It was a stubborn fight, requiring over two hours to subdue the flames, and the cold weather aggravated the situation, but aside from several cases of frozen fingers, there were no accidents and only nine lives were lost, for the bakery cat succumbed. There was a momentary uneasiness when a thousand rounds of ammunition belonging to the Rifle Club commenced to celebrate and the machine-gun-like popping culminated in the explosion of a two and a half gallon fire extinguisher which shot high in the air.

Work was started immediately on reconstruction and the Gas Plant Boarding House will again be in action before Christmas.

KIDDIES of the SALT CREEK FIELD

Sara Jane Sanders
2½ YRS. OLD ~ DAUGHTER OF MR & MRS. C.S. SANDERS

Robert Junior Law
15 MO. OLD SON OF MR. & MRS. "BOB M. LAW"

Mildred June Maxwell
BORN JAN. 6TH 1920
DAUGHTER OF MR & MRS. JOHN H. MAXWELL

Pricilla Jane Patterson
BORN MARCH 30TH 1920
DAUGHTER of MR & MRS. H.H. PATTERSON

Lulu Mae Linder
3 YRS. OLD
DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. JOHN LINDER

Kesner Stitt Long
AGE 2 YRS. ~ SON OF MR. & MRS. K.L. LONG

Robert Cyril Welsh
AGE 6 YRS. ~ SON OF MRS. ANNETTA WELSH

Ruby Esther Zimmerman
AGE 5 YRS. DAUGHTER OF GEORGE ZIMMERMAN

Frederic Louis Koehler
AGE 1 YR. ~ SON OF MR & MRS. FRED L. KOEHLER

SOME of the GAS PLANT LITTLE FOLKS

PLAYMATES
Louis Rodda
DAUGHTER OF MORT RODDA
"Bill" Mathews
SON OF HARRY MATHEWS

Mary Andrews
DAUGHTER OF MRS. A.C. ANDREWS

Margaret Jacqueline "Reesy"
DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. GEORGE R. REESY

Flora Delores Watson
6 MO. OLD DAUGHTER OF A.E. WATSON

Gretchen Andrews
DAUGHTER OF A.C. ANDREWS
Mary Ann Moyer
DAUGHTER OF JOHN MOYER
Marjie C. Lanckton
DAUGHTER OF C.E. LANCKTON

Jean Hayden
10 MO. OLD DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. A.L. HAYDEN

Robert Hardie
SON OF P.G. HARDIE ~

Raymond Kline
NEPHEW OF HARRY CADORE OF NO. 3 COOPER PLANT

The Real Cliff Dwellers

(From the Denver Office)

The Exploration Department of the Midwest Refining Company, operating around the "Four Corners" accept the challenge of the Montana Department and submit evidence to substantiate their contention.

During the past several years, the members of various parties working in the Southwest have, after great patience, diligence, and considerable risk, been able to photograph the present day representatives of a great race, in fact one who builded so solidly that their habitations are a source of wonder at the present time, even though they were constructed some 1500 to 2000 years ago.

The United States Government, realizing the importance of preserving these habitations, that our present generation might profit by the skill shown by the ancient artisans, set aside large areas where the habitations and modes of living of these famous people might be studied.

Thousands of tourists visit the area each year, but it is very seldom that one has the opportunity to observe the fierce but industrious people in their present environment. The evidence submitted, not only shows the fierce resentment caused by the photographer's intrusion, but it shows the industrious and domesticated nature of the male members of the race when caught unawares. This ancient Aztec is shown preparing corn with a "metate" and presents a picture which we must acknowledge is contrary to the common placed conception that the male members of the race were warlike only and that the women were compelled to do the more laborious and strenuous duties in the family life.

The presence of the tourist and the guiding and protecting hand of the Government has of necessity caused a change in the mode of dress of the aborigine, but the use of modern inventions in their domestic life is unknown. The use of the small, open fire is still prevalent as a means of cooking and heating for the "ancient" has not become civilized to the extent that a stove and

stovepipe are necessary to his existence, as is apparently the case with our northern Anglo-speaking "Cliff Dweller." The cleanliness of the aborigine depends upon the amount and immediate presence of water and because of its scarcity, the clothing worn is that best suited to such a locality. Our northern neighbor has broken the time honored custom of the race and shows a lack of thrift not characteristic of the aborigine by using white garments in a habitation totally unsuited to this type of clothing. The bush and tree as a place for drying such garments has been discarded and in its place, we see the modern clothesline and similar inventions of the present day.

The southwestern part of Colorado and adjacent parts of New Mexico, Utah and Arizona offer a wonderful field for the study of the primitive Cliff Dweller, his habitations and modes of living, in contrast to the more modern dwellings of the Anglo-speaking Cliff Dwellers of Montana.

Salt Creekers Liberal

The annual Red Cross Drive was put over in Salt Creek during the week following Armistice Day and when the last committee chairman of the Midwest District had checked in, it was found that a total of eight hundred dollars was the remarkably high total attained. Mrs. Lou Scott of Dutch Camp, was the general chairman of the Midwest District, which included Home Camp and the immediate adjoining camps, together with all of the Midwest leases. All departments of the Midwest were represented on the committees and the ladies who piloted committees as well as the committee workers, each and every one, simply outdid themselves in the loyalty, faithfulness and devotion shown in bringing to so successful a conclusion the Red Cross Drive of this year.

Californians Meet

Graduates and ex-students of The University of California and Leland Stanford University, romped, argued and ate together on the Saturday night of November 24th at the Henning Hotel in Casper. W. R. Finney, superintendent of the gas department of the Midwest presided as toastmaster. Salt Creek Midwesters who enjoyed the get-together were H. M. Young, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cullen, R. L. Hamilton and E. H. Payne. Mr. Young, chief chemist at the Gas Plant, responded to a toast.

Change Postoffice Name Soon

Postmaster Frank Estes of the up-to-now Salt Creek office located at Midwest Home Camp, has received official notice from Washington that in the near future the actual transfer of postoffice names will be carried out, with the office at Home Camp to be known as "Midwest" and the name Salt Creek to go to the office which will soon be established at the new townsite on the Wyoming North and South Railroad, located at the southeast edge of the field. It is understood that full publicity will be given before the change of office names goes into effect, but at best there will be plenty of confusion.

Chester Gearhart
16 months old

Loretta Jane Fidler

Jesse Gilbert Clement

Mary Jane Henry

Rotaries in Wyoming

Rotary drilling is being given a trial in Wyoming. The Midwest Refining Company has contracted with Curtis & Graham Drilling Co., drilling contractors, for the drilling of three wells with rotary rigs. One of these is located in Salt Creek, another at the Golden Eagle Dome and the third at Grass Creek.

Thus far, fair progress has been made in the Grass Creek field. A depth of 1,026 feet has been attained and the Frontier formation has been cased and cemented off.

Whether or not the Standard Rig is to be replaced by the Rotary Rig in deep drilling in Wyoming, will be determined by the amount of success experienced by these Rotary installations.

A Rotary outfit consumes a very large quantity of water. That means that a Rotary can be successfully operated only in such regions as are well supplied with water. The water problem is easily solved in the Grass Creek field, since some of the wells pump a considerable amount of water. Well 3, on the Ridgley lease pumps approximatcly 180 barrels of water daily. Other wells pump lesser amounts.

The Rotary Rig has several advantages over the Standard. Less casing is necessary; drilling in soft strata is more rapid; less difficulty from caving is experienced: the deeper the hole becomes the more rapid is the rate of drilling; a fairly large sized hole can be carried to a great depth. The Rotary Rig also has its disadvantages. A larger crew than for a Standard Rig is necessary; drilling in hard formations is very slow; a large quantity of water is necessary, and more power and equipment must be had.

It will be interesting to note the progress made by these various rotary rigs.

Elton Raymond Dead

Elton Raymond an employe of the Midwest Gas Plant, whose home was in Denver, passed away at the Salt Creek Midwest Hospital on November 19th, during the crisis of a malignant attack of endocarditis or infection of the heart. Raymond had only been working for the Company a few weeks, when he was taken ill and sent to the hospital here. For a time he seemed to improve, but the disease had secured too strong a hold and when complications and secondary developments of peritonitis set in, his case become hopeless. He was a splendid chap and his death aroused much sadness in the hearts of all those who had been associated with him either in his work or during his illness at the hospital.

DENVER OFFICE

Virginia Rose Johns
age 3 years
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
A. B. Johns

"Jimmy" Cocanower
taken at the age of
3 yrs. and 6 mo.
Son of
Mr. and Mrs.
R. G. Cocanower

Wyoma Lee McKendry
age 3 years
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
J. McKendry

Midwest Athletic Club

This club, whose membership is limited to Midwest employes, has done a lot to relieve the steady grind of work. Of course, not all of the 84 members are taking an active interest in the activities of the club, but those who have been keeping up and enjoying its privileges have and will gain much.

During 1923, the Club has been quite active. It has fixed up and equipped a tennis court on East Second street, the popularity of which, during the summer months, is indicated by the fact that nearly every clear morning it was used from 5 to 7, and on Sunday morning—well, if you wanted to get to use the court you almost had to park there all night and wait for the sun.

Besides the tennis court, the club has sponsored two very successful dances—one in May, and a Hallowe'en carnival dance. The Hallowe'en dance was especially successful, everyone being full of pep and cheerfully carrying out all of Tracy Shaw's crazy ideas. Then we have had a smoker and stag party, which was enjoyed by all present, especially Jack Rutz's show (?). Then the Turkey Shoot just before Thanksgiving. It must have made a hit, for they are still talking about it.

For December, 1923, and the year 1924, the Club plans much. We have a basketball team in the making—which will enter the Casper Basketball League—no doubt winning the cup. Then we will have another Turkey Shoot this month, and we hope, a holiday dance Next summer, a baseball team will provide diversion. Of course, during this time, special features will be brought in, and all members will sure have a good time if they avail themselves of the opportunities.

It would only be doing the officers justice to give their names here—and especially Ed Treglown, who, as president, has had to put his shoulder to every wheel and shove it along. Besides Ed, John Parker as vice-president and Dade Wilson as secretary-treasurer, are the only officers of the Club, except the board of directors composed of R. C. Bowman, P. W. Arner, C. A. St. Louis, F. J. Kelleher, W. D. Luke, J. T. Simpson, Guy E. Show, and Miss Annetta Davis.

E. T. Stewart Killed

On the 22nd of November, one of our truck drivers met his death, while in the performance of his duties. Mr. E. T. Stewart, while driving his truck from Casper to Salt Creek, turned over; the truck caught fire. When found the truck was ablaze. We believe that he was killed instantly, and the fire which followed charred and burnt his body. The employes of the Casper Storage Yard and the rest of the Midwest Family, wish to extend their heartfelt sympathies to "Bert" Stewart, his other brothers and sister, in this their hour of great loss.

E. T. Stewart

Tegeland Is Back

Howard Tegeland, our world champion bronc rider and a real honest-to-gosh Midwest man has just returned from taking second money at the New York Madison Square Garden fifteen-day Rodeo and Stampede. He worked under great difficulty, as his foot has not yet strengthened from a broken bone, sustained while riding early this fall. Second money amounted to over fifteen hundred dollars, which will help some, though. Our Howard is also the proud father of a baby son born late in November, and who we understand is already called "Mike" after his granddad, who is also a Midwest man here.

A Brief History of the Oil Industry in Montana

By Ernest Guy Robinson

(PART II)

The possibility of commercial oil production in Montana received little consideration from 1905 to 1914. Since 1914, however, the geologists of the United States Geological Survey have examined wide areas in central and Eastern Montana to determine their petroleum possibilities. The publication of the results of those examinations and the fact that operators were looking for wildcat territory led to the examination of the state by many geologists in private employ. The work of the geologists disclosed the presence of a large number of structures apparently favorable to the accumulation of commercial amounts of oil and gas. As a result, wildcatting was undertaken both by big operators from other regions and by local stock companies. This wildcat drilling campaign which is still in progress, has resulted in bringing in three gas and three oil fields, all of which with the possible exception of one oil field are commercial. The histories of these fields are briefly discussed below.

Productive Areas

The first commercial production of natural hydrocarbons in Montana was from the Havre Gas field in Hill County. The first wells were drilled in 1914 and since that time the town of Havre has been supplied from the field. The wells are 900 to 1400 feet deep and produce from the Eagle sandstone of the Upper Cretaceous. The production from the field has always been limited and during the past year has not been sufficient to supply the needs of the town.

The gas field which supplies the towns of Baker and Glendive is only partially developed. The wells which supply the towns mentioned are 45 miles apart, but are here referred to as parts of a single field because both producing areas are on the same fold, the Baker-Glendive Anticline. The gas from the Baker area has been used for the manufacture of carbon black when state laws would permit. The gas in the Baker-Glendive area comes from sandy beds in the Pierre shale at about the Judith River horizon. A much greater production could be developed if there were a market for the gas.

The Baker-Glendive Anticline is now being prospected for oil. This will be discussed in a later article of this series.

(To be continued)

Behring Sea Storm for "Bill" Foran

Still suffering from effects of an eleven-day storm in the Behring Sea opposite northern Alaska, "Bill" Foran, formerly of the Midwest Company, at Salt Creek, and now with the United States Geological Survey, landed at Seattle the early part of this month with a harrowing tale of the buffeting, suffering and near tragedy passed through.

"Bill" spent five months in the northern interior of Alaska this summer and shipped out from Point Barrows with four companions on the five-ton gas schooner, "Teddy Bear" late in October, just ahead of the ice. They were swept out to sea, in the teeth of one of the worst storms ever experienced in Arctic waters and were given up as lost. The little crew battled against terrific odds for eleven days, life boats and oil drums were washed overboard. Finally the "Teddy Bear" was grounded on a rocky point north of Nome and the crew were able to make their escape over the rocks. They came on into Nome on the famous old barge of Rex Beach's Alaska gold rush days, the "Sea Wolf." From Nome, Foran and party came on to Seattle on the steamship "Victoria." Foran is now in Washington, D. C., at which point he will spend the winter.

Mrs. Chas. Williamson Dies

Mrs. Charles Williamson, of the Midwest Gas Plant, died on November 22, following a long siege with bone infection of the lower limbs. An emergency operation was performed shortly before her death, but the illness had been so long and so wearing that Mrs. Williamson was unable to muster strength enough to take advantage of the relief that this measure would have eventually afforded. Funeral services were held in Casper and the body laid to rest in the Highland Cemetery of that city.

Mrs. Williamson was a most charmingly sweet and sincere little lady and her friends at the Midwest Gas Plant and over the Midwest organization were legion. She is survived by her husband, who is an operator at the Gas Plant, a daughter, Miss Dorothy, formerly of the Midwest Casper office force, and a son who is also located at the Salt Creek Gas Plant in the employ of the company.

Railroad Rails Into Home Camp

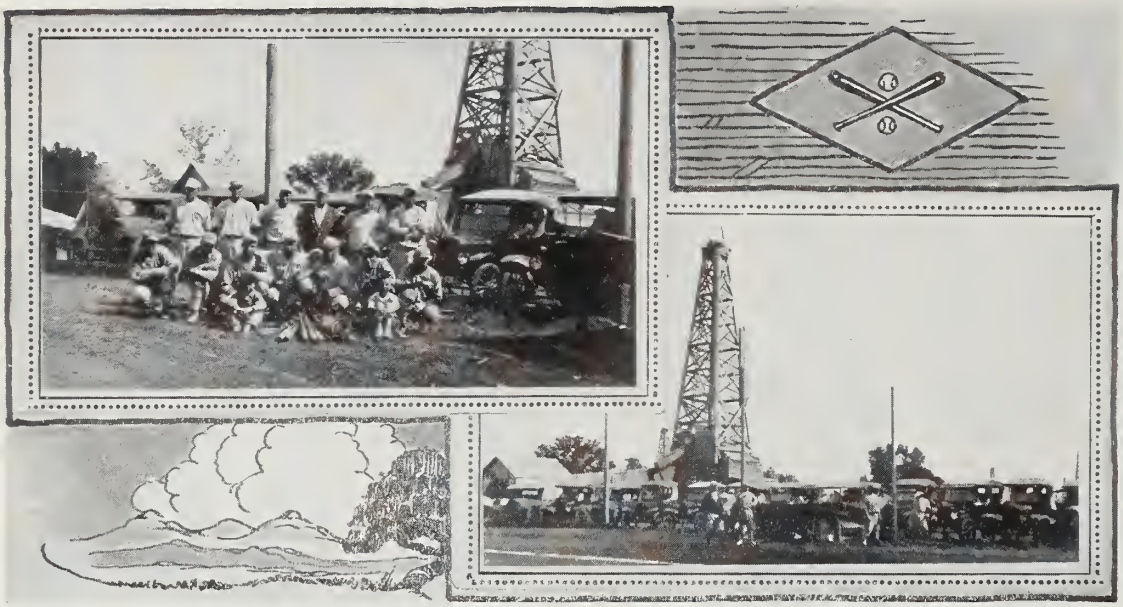
Regardless of the temporary hold-up of right of way through the Salt Creek field, the Wyoming North and South Railroad has gone forward with track laying and the main Salt Creek bridge just east of Midwest Home Camp has now been completed and tracks are down bringing the road up to the Midwest Main Camp. The work of putting in the grade for the Midwest side-track, which will connect with the warehouse and material yards, is also going forward and it is predicted that material will be shipped directly into the Midwest Camp by rail by the first of the year.

Bobby Cocanower
Taken at the age of
1 year and
10 months.
Son of
Mr. and Mrs.

Philip H. Roe, 10
Donald W. Roe, 2
Harry B. Roe, 11

DENVER
OFFICE

Oklahoma Winning Ball Team



The live organization of the Western States Oil and Land Company at Deer Creek, Oklahoma, produced one of the fastest industrial teams in that state, the past season. Unfortunately the record of their games won was lost somewhere in the shuffle, and we cannot give all the dope about the team that we would like. Suffice to say, that the boys made a splendid record, won their games, and made their organization feel proud of them. The above pictures show the team and also a scene at one of their games. The pictures were furnished by Superintendent A. V. Fletcher.

Two Promising Young Garage Men

Ladies Union Bazaar

The Ladies Union of the Salt Creek Community Church carried out most successfully a stupendous combination Bazaar and home cooked dinner at the Home Camp Hall on the evening of December 11th. The undertaking was the largest of its kind ever attempted in the field, and was put over in order to meet the Ladies Union budget for work carried on in this community in support of the church and in carrying out a great many local charity and uplift measures. Booths of every kind and description were a big feature, with every article for every booth, made or donated by the ladies of Salt Creek. Novelty booths, candy booths, flower booths and miscellaneous booths, including a very interesting departure called the Parcel Post Booth, with every package already wrapped and supposedly posted from China, India and where not, purchasable for twenty-five cents plus postage, and worth in many cases several times that amount. And was there a real old time, home cooked dinner? Yes, indeed, there was, and it was patronized by hosts of Midwest men who enjoyed the novelty of the change and were vociferous in their praise of the good things served, hot from the ovens of the best home cooks in the community. A very sizable total was realized from this big undertaking by the ladies' organization, all of which will be used in carrying out their work right at home.

Highway Railroad Bridge

Pepper and Fulton, who contracted for and built the large railroad bridges thru the field, have just completed the job of putting in the piles for the new Main Highway Bridge across Salt Creek, just south of Home Camp. The contract for dirt work has also been carried out by J. H. Ramsey, with O. L. Woodruff, engineer of the Highway Department supervising both ends. It is hoped by everyone covering road around here that this bridge will now be pushed to completion and that the job will be done in a way that will avoid the miseries of bottomless approaches, sprung supports, and broken planking. from which we have suffered from time immemorial here.

Win Thanksgiving Birds

The Turkey Shoot held by the Midwest Athletie Club on November 25th at the Central Machine Shop, was a very suecessful affair, having a total of twenty-nine events, seventeen winning turkeys, six geese and six dueks.

The officers of the elub at a recent meeting appointed the same committee to eonduet another affair of the same kind on December 16th.

Some very good seores were made. Several events where shooting from a rest was allowed earried perfect scores and it required a score of 47 or better to be a winner. Standard targets with ½-ineh bull's-eye were used at 30 foot range.

It is expeeted that at the second contest a larger erowd will be in attendanee and more events entered.

The winners and their seores follow:

10-lb. Turkey

Chas. Kear	46
Jas. Carroll	49
C. J. Riekenberg	42
J. K. Anderson	47
George Lilly	49
F. L. Work	42
George Lilly	47
Clifford Vanstone	47
Mrs. Johnnie Crawford	43
N. D. Shaw	46
Chas. Kear	49
Harold Vanstone	50
Evan Evans	50
Arthur Paige	48
B. N. Jones	44
Arthur Paige	50

10-lb. Goose

J. K. Anderson	49
R. O. Traylor	47
Ed Middaugh	47
J. P. Neilson	47
Evan Evans	50
J. N. Williams	49

6-lb. Duck

J. W. Keith	47
Ed Middaugh	47
Evan Evans	48
J. P. Neilson	48
R. O. Traylor	48
Evan Evans	49

"How did you get that cut on your head?"

"Hic—musta—hic—bit myself."

"Gwan. How could you bite yourself up there?"

"Musta stood on a chair."—Green Goat.

SOME OF THE SMALL RESIDENTS OF ELK BASIN

FRANK H. WIMER - AGE 6
THOS. WIMER - AGE 4
SONS OF MR. & MRS. VERN WIMER

ORVAL PRATHER
SON OF MR. & MRS. C. O. PRATHER

WM. L. FRANKS - 8 YRS.
JACK R. " " 2½ YRS.
JOSEPHINE A. " " 6 YRS.
RUTH " " YRS.
CHILDREN OF MR. & MRS. C. W FRANKS

HAROLD G. MARKER
SON OF MR. & MRS. L. L. MARKER

IRMA BUSHEY
AGE 12 - DAUGHTER OF MRS. ROBERT BUSHEY

ELMER EMERY BLAKESLEY - AGE 5 YRS.
SON OF MR. & MRS. F. E. BLAKELEY

IRMA SANFORD
DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. D. E. SANFORD

GLADYS E. MARKER - AGE 3
FERN E. MARKER - AGE 7
CHILDREN OF MR. & MRS. L. D. MARKER

: CHRISTMAS AND ELK BASIN :

The approach of Christmas finds Elk Basin prepared to celebrate the day most merrily and everyone will be ready to partake of the good things which will be most generously provided for by the powers that be.

Now that we have a Club House, our entertainment will be staged there and much interest is felt by all Elk Basinites. There will be a great, big, Christmas tree for the little ones, with presents galore; much to eat, music and dancing for the grown ups, and a generous good time for everybody.

We propose and expect to make this our banner event and the Ladies are working hard to secure this consummation.

The year has seen many changes. Many who were here last year are no longer with us. The Hardies,' the Stauffers', the Nustens' and many others have been adopted into the Salt Creek fold, while others are scattered hither and yon and in numbers we are not as we were. But the spirit of those remaining has lost nothing of its kindliness and good will is manifest, so that the approach of winter holds no terrors for those who will face it in Elk Basin.

We have had dances—and will have many more; piano recitals, entertainments by the Ladies Aid and functions of various kinds and we look forward to many social events.

Elk Basin looks forward to the New Year with equanimity and will accept in a spirit of cheerfulness whatever it may hold in store for us.

New Rifle Club Formed

A Rifle Club was recently organized at the Gas Plant here and is now fifty-six members strong. The following officers were elected at the organization meeting. H. W. Young, president, John Mullen, vice president, James Brown, secretary, W. E. Breeden, treasurer, and L. C. Nichols, executive officer. By thus organizing the club has become affiliated with the National Rifle Association and by act of Congress, arms and ammunition will be furnished the members. And at the rate of the using up of the first 1000 shells, it will take a lot. The first one thousand went up in smoke, with much popping during the recent fire at the bakery and boarding house and during the bombardment it was hard to keep fire fighters on the job.

Midwest Home Camp Teacherage

The new "Teacherage" built by the Midwest Company at Salt Creek to solve the housing problem for the pedagogues of Home Camp is completed and final touches were added and furnishings completed so that the building was ready for use by the first of December. The building is most happily constructed for comfort and convenience, with a big living room across the whole front, spacious and luxurious in appointments, big fireplace, rugs, pictures, dormer windows, davenports, everything to add to solid comfort and hominess. Eight double rooms are arranged on each side of the main hallway running the length of the building. Clothes closets, linen closets and many other built-in features add much. In the basement is a group dining room and kitchen and laundry all completely equipped, with dishes, utensils and all necessaries. All of the lady teachers of Salt Creek Home Camp will make their home in this building and with living conditions so well appointed it is hoped and expected that the problem of keeping the best of educators for the young minds of Salt Creek will be solved.

Aisle Tell the World

A stout woman bought two seats at the theater—to have more room.

Attendant—"Pardon me, madam, but who is going to use the other seat?"

S. W. (sharply)—"I am going to occupy both of them."

Attendant—"Just as you like, only they happen to be on opposite sides of the aisle."—The Cincinnati Bearcat.

"It's not my fault, it's the way I was raised," he wailed when asked to pay his poker debts. —Purple Parrot.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

"Merry Christmas To All."

Now that Thanksgiving day is over, and we have expressed thanks for all the bad things that might have happened to us and didn't a la Andy Gump, we find that the holidays continue to advance, and we are admonished on all sides to do our Christmas shopping early.

The Christmas Spirit is rather the antithesis of that of Thanksgiving. It should be, at least, a spirit of giving rather than receiving, or of *swap* as some of us look at it. It really doesn't matter what we give, whether in the abstract as a cheery greeting, or in the concrete as a material gift. The main thing is the spirit in which it is given, for as the poet puts it,

"It is not what we give,
But what we share,
For the gift without
The giver is bare."

Therefore, at this time of the year the employes of the Denver Office of the Midwest Refining Company wish to extend to the Officers of the Company and to the employes in all the other departments "A Merry Christmas to All and a Happy and Prosperous New Year."

Just News

In our hurry to get the Denver Office News out for the November issue we overlooked making mention that Mr. Frank Moore of the Denver Office lost his mother on October 14th. Mrs. Moore had lived her fourscore years and ten as she was in her eighties. Nevertheless, this parting called death is always sad, and the associates of Mr. Moore have already extended him their sympathy.

Another Nicoll

Our genial purchasing agent, one W. S. Nicoll, has been quite in the limelight lately in the Denver Office in more ways than one. His latest notoriety is the fact that he is a proud father of son number two. Said son was born the evening of November 12th at St. Lukes Hospital. And as it should be, he has been named after his granddaddy and thus will carry through life the name of Robert Hamilton Nicoll. He weighed seven and a half pounds at his initiatory into this world, and to date has given every indication of being as good a golfer as his daddy or Billy, Jr. The Denver Office extends their congratulations.

Visitors

Mr. E. G. Seubert, vice-president of the Standard Oil Co. Indiana, visited the Denver Office shortly before Thanksgiving.

Mr. J. A. Carroll of Casper was also in Denver during the Thanksgiving period. J. A. distinguished himself by substituting for one of the regulars during one of the bowling league sessions.

Mistaken

A stout woman drove up to a filling station and said "I want two quarts of oil."

"What kind, heavy?" queried the attendant.

"Say, young man, don't get fresh with me," was the indigant response.

One Week

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Elliot, A poor man's
SUN.
He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
MON.
"This cash," said he, won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and
TUES.
A bright thot struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
WED.
But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No
THUR.
"Alas" said he, "then I must die,"
His soul went where they say souls
FRI.
They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,
The Coroner upon them
SAT.

Particular

George Kirchberger: "I warned you, Chubby, about going to Wyoming on your vacation. So you were bitten by a rattlesnake. Did you try whisky?"

Chubby: "You bet, but the only thing we could get was moonshine, and the darn snake would not drink that."

Speaking of Vacations

A vacation always looks better while you are waiting for it than it does when you are on it. Because, when you are on it you can't help counting the days that will elapse before it is over. A vacation begins getting over just as soon as you start on it.

Epitaph On A Tombstone:

"Little Willie who tried to please us
Has gone above to live with Jesus."
Under which is penciled this unkind postscript:
"You can't always sometimes tell;
Maybe Willie has—NOT—."

Up-to-date

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had many daughters, but knew what to do.
She sent them joy riding, then blew out the lamp.
And, kneeling, praised heaven she'd taught them to VAMP.

Was It The Night Before Christmas?

A shrill scream rent the blackness of the night.

"Ed," said the Mrs. sleepily, "Isn't that the baby crying?"

"Well," reported Ed. Ewers grumpily, feeling in the darkness for his slippers, "it isn't me."

"Pug" Curran says that before he pulls the stunt of driving a golf ball off a watch, that he will borrow Les Thompson's watch, but expects to use his own golf ball.

Legal Department

The wonderful climate of California has "gleaned" Miss Hammond away from us, and she has taken up her permanent residence in that sunny land. We miss her genial presence, but wish her the best of luck in her new home. Mrs. Hunt is taking Miss Hammond's place.

Mr. Whitford is speaking with frigid politeness to Miss Gunston since he discovered she had his personal stationery in a drawer marked "Plain-Thin." He said he had never felt that the "Plainnes" was so apparent that anyone should label it; as to the "Thin," it is reported he immediately went on a milk diet.

We have no hen-pecked husbands in the Legal Department. You remember the remark that was made about a man who was especially attentive to his wife "Does he love her, or is he afraid of her." Apropos of nothing, the other day when Mr. Barnes won a prize in a drawing contest he took the prize book home before deciding on the premium he desired.

The question was raised by Mr. Whitford as to whether or not a left-handed man has his appendix on his left side. He had an uncomfortable feeling in his left side, which he was sure should have been appendicitis if it was located in the right place. Mr. Barnes suggested that the pain was probably in his right side, but being left-handed he thought it was in his left side.

Some members of the Bowling League were worried when Mr. Anderson failed to show up Wednesday morning, fearing he would be absent from the regular weekly bowling contest. However, he returned from Cheyenne at six o'clock in time for the event. He spent three days in the Wyoming city attending the opening of the November term of the Federal Court.

Mr. Whitford has recovered almost miraculously from a very serious cold, but he selfishly refuses to give us the name of his bootlegger.

Mr. Barnes was protesting against what he considered an overcharge on a bill, and Miss Gunston said "Why Mr. Barnes, you must have a little Scotch in you." Mr. Barnes shook his head sorrowfully and said "No, it's been a long time since I had any Scotch in me."

Miss Gunston asked Mrs. Hunt what she was reading, and she frostily replied "Literature." However, upon looking over her shoulder, Lenora read the following:

"There was an old man from Blackheath,
Who sat on a set of false teeth,
Oh Lord bless my heart, he said with a start,
I've bitten myself from beneath."

Bowling League Notes

Perhaps the most noteworthy item of interest in the Bowling League during the past month has been the meteoric rise of the Cat Creek Team under Captain Arthur Hughes. They have come up to within one game of first place and will give them all a hot race. Pilot Butte still maintains its lead by one game and is going strong. Salt Creek holds third place with high team average.

A number of special matches have been in order during the last month and have resulted in wins for our boys in every case. The first match with Texas company on the Recreation alleys was won by our boys by over a hundred pins. The following Saturday we again met and conquered the Texas Company on the Denver Alleys.

We then took on Mutual Oil Company and beat them by 301 pins in three games. It is now rumored that Mutual intends to hire Gocke, Lario, Hidahl, and some other star bowlers in order that they might make a better showing in the future.

Possibly the greatest match of importance was one of six games between Knuttle of the Texas Company and our own Arthur Hughes on the evening of Nov. 26th. Three games being rolled on the Denver Alleys and three on the Recreation alleys. Art. emerged victorious by 53 pins.

Score as follows:

First three games bowled at the Denver Bowling Co. as follows:

	1	2	3	Total
Hughes	167	171	201	539
Knuttle	174	160	170	504

The last three games at the Rec. Co.

	1	2	3	Total
Hughes	188	165	181	534
Knuttle	160	175	181	516

The match was based on total pins

Hughes	Knuttle
539	504
534	516
1073	1020

Hughes won by 53 pins.

		Total St.	Total Spars	Total Splits	Total Errors	Av.
Hughes	167	1	7	1	1	
	171	2	6	0	2	
	201	5	3	0	2	
	188	3	6	0	1	
	165	3	5	0	2	
	181	3	6	0	1	
	1073	17	33	1	9	178.3

		Total St.	Total Spars	Total Splits	Total Errors	Av.
Knuttle	174	2	6	0	2	
	160	2	5	3	0	
	170	3	5	1	1	
	160	1	6	1	2	
	175	4	4	1	1	
	181	4	4	1	1	
	1020	16	30	7	7	170.0

Team	Captain	W.	L.	Pct.	T. P.	Av.
Pilot Butte,	W. A. Elliott	21	9	700	22,440	748
Cat Creek,	A. J. Hughes	20	10	667	22,135	737
Salt Creek,	O. C. Krause	16	14	533	22,689	756
Hamilton Dome,	J. H. Izett	13	17	433	21,969	732
Elk Basin,	F. D. Anderson	13	17	433	21,710	723
Rock Creek,	W. S. Nicoll	13	17	433	21,707	723
Grass Creek,	S. S. Stebenne	12	18	400	21,892	729
Derby Dome,	R. E. Hamilton	12	18	400	21,547	718

1st High Team Game—Cat Creek	969
2nd High Team Game—Salt Creek	878
3rd High Team Game—Pilot Butte	877
1st High Team Series—Cat Creek	2,523
2nd High Team Series—Pilot Butte	2,462
3rd High Team Series—Salt Creek	2,444

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Player	Av.	Player	Av.
Hughes	175.9	Craig	147.7
Cocanower	174.0	McOsker	145.6
Hamilton	170.9	Johnson, R. W.	144.3
Krause	170.1	Johnson, Art	142.7
Anderson	167.7	Mooberry	140.6
Kirchberger	167.3	Joy	138.5
Clark	167.0	Tooker	137.4
Izett	161.4	Jones	133.7
Marriott	160.4	Vervalin	133.7
Mauldin	160.4	Grant	133.5
Nicoll	157.1	Boyd	133.4
Kaup	157.0	Robinson	132.7
Stebenne	155.0	Wright	132.5
Barkdull	154.9	Nugent	130.3
Ewers	153.3	Murphy	128.1
McNicholas	153.2	Marsh	125.5
Truby	153.2	Dietler	124.8
Elliott	152.0	Russell	124.5
Greiner	151.3	Stedman	122.8
McAlpine	148.5	Schwartzlose	120.9

1st High. Ind. Game—Hughes	255
2nd High Ind. Game—Izett	245 }
3rd High Ind. Game—Kaup	245 } Tie
1st High Ind. Series—Hughes	641
2nd High Ind. Series—Anderson	584
3rd High Ind. Series—Krause	582

Mrs. Doctor (to husband returning from a hunting trip—Did you kill much?

Doctor—No, nothing at all.

Mrs. Doctor—You would have done better had you remained at home.

Salt Creek Postoffice Enlarged

A change which has been pending for some time and an improvement of most vital importance went into effect late in November, when as a result of the completion of a new warehouse building for the Commissary Department at Salt Creek, the whole of the rear end of that building was thrown into extra room for the Home Camp postoffice which previously was cramped and crowded into roughly the front third of the same building. The Salt Creek postoffice, located at Home Camp, is a second class office and the volume of business done is tremendously increased over a year ago or even six months ago. The extra room is coming at a most propitious time, just as the Christmas season rush was about to precipitate such a deluge that in the former quarters the postoffice organization at this point would have been working under almost insurmountable difficulties, of lack of quarters and lack of working space. Postmaster Frank Estes has received word that a complete new set of furnishings and fixtures, suitable for a second class office, has been ordered by the Government Postoffice Department for installation here, immediately after the first of the year.

Life Insurance Standing

Following is the standing of the Midwest Life Insurance at the close of business October 31, 1923:

Total employees insured	1434
Total insurance in effect	$1,835,000.00
Total applications on file under six months	988
Number employees insured during the month:	
Original certificates 121	
Increase certificates 76	197
Insurance issued during the month	$ 32,500.00
Number insured employees terminated during the month	66
Insurance cancelled during the month	$ 65,500.00
Number of deaths during the month	1
Total amount paid beneficiaries during the month	$ 2,000.00

Some Carrier

A certain society paper notes thus: "Among those present were Mrs. W. E. Brawn in blue satin with silver overdress, carrying pink roses and Dr. R. A. Franklin."

WITH THE MID-NORTHERNERS

A Christmas Window

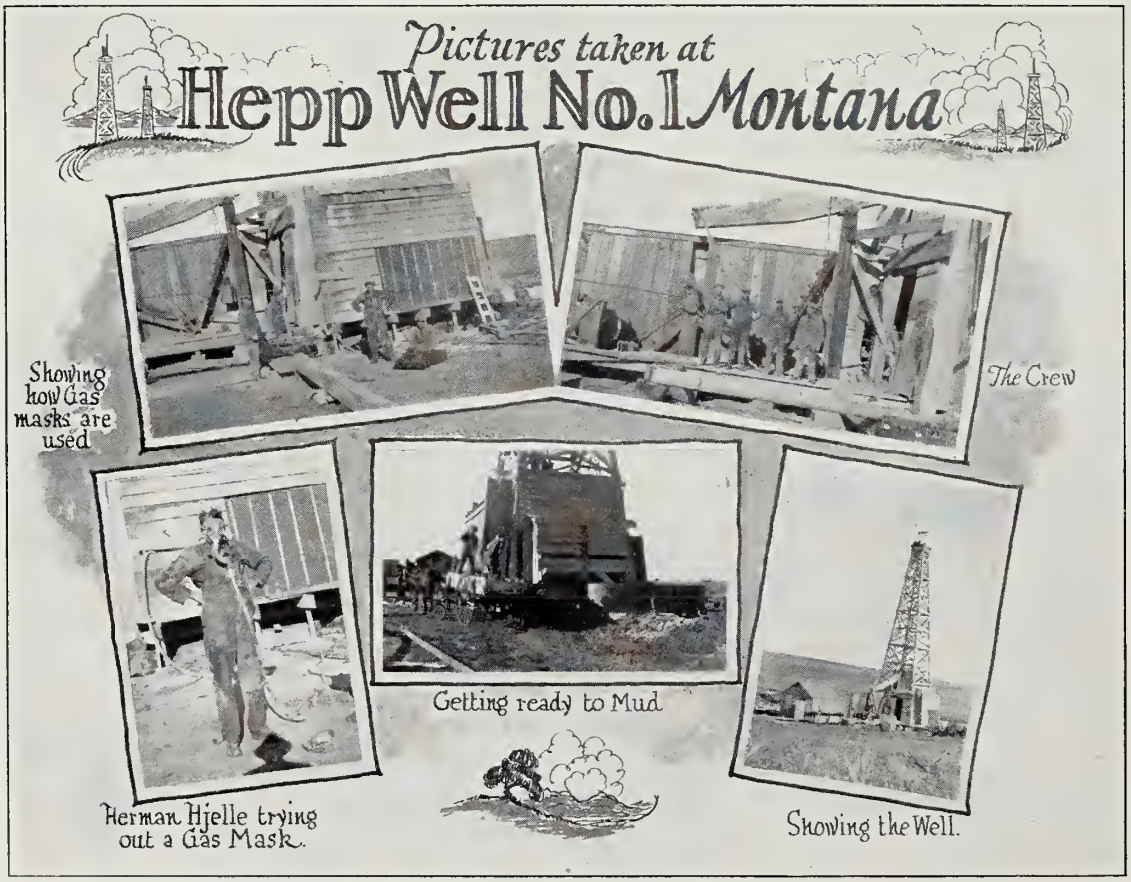
I made my Christmas candles bright,
I set them in the window-place
For one who might come by this night
With grief upon his face.
But first came by a merry child,
And next a laughing girl and boy,
And then an old priest, calm and mild,
And then—two lovers wrapped in joy.
The Night came on, too black to see,
But when I pressed against the pane,
Sudden my own face looked at me,
Stricken and stern and old again.
And suddenly, beyond a doubt,
I knew the candle-light that shone.
The little feast spread neatly out,
Not by my hands were laid alone.
I turned—who needed solace most,
I knelt before the wine and bread,
And by the candles of my Host
My heart was warmed and comforted.

Location has been made for a test well in the Hailstone Basin Anticline on the Keenan Lease, SE¼ of Section 12, Township 3 North, Range 20 East. A great deal of interest is being shown in this vicinity. The well is located about 14 miles from the Six Shooter well now being drilled by the Midwest Refining Company. A new Slater Turnbuckle steel derrick is to be used at this operation.

We expect to reach the Lakota sandstone at about 2000 feet.

Hepp No. 1 on the Big Lake Structure is running casing. The total depth of the hole is 3700 feet. At the present time they are in the Thermopolis shale, which of course, is very shaly and necessitates the running of 6¼ inch pipe.

The gas was successfully shut off with the 8¼ inch casing with considerable difficulty which caused some delay, however, we think


Pictures taken at
Hepp Well No. 1 Montana
Showing how Gas masks are used
The Crew
Getting ready to Mud
Herman Hjelle trying out a Gas Mask.
Showing the Well.

that exceedingly good progress has been made on this well. It was spudded in June 30th. It is expected that the Pay will be reached at about 4000 feet and the well should be completed within the next two months.

The Midwest Refining Company is also drilling the test on the Six Shooter Structure known as Snyder No. 1 at a total depth of the hole at 670 feet. At 575 feet water was encountered and it was decided to straight ream the 15 inch casing to bottom to shut off the water.

The well was started drilling September 1923 and it would appear that very little progress had been made, but has in no way been due to the management of the operation. During the process of straightreaming the boxes on the stems broke and in rewelding the local shops were unable to do satisfactory work as the boxes seemed to crack with very little running. The hole is now straightreaming at 585 feet and drilling should be resumed within the next few days.

Lake Basin—Hailstone District

Things are moving along rapidly in this district, and with three tests going down we are very optimistic of being "The Regular" Oil District of Montana soon.

Hepp Well No. 1 is nearing completion with quite a few of the old members of the original crew on the derrick floor every tower, under the able supervision of Bill Critchfield, whom we welcome as a valuable addition to our ever-growing organization.

At the Snyder Well No. 1 things are progressing in a very satisfactory manner and we think that we have finally got rid of the "Hoo Doo" that has caused us delay on this hole. It has been a hard fight on the part of the loyal crew to keep this well going at all and we feel that their efforts have been appreciated by the company.

Charlie Grant, the old-time contractor and driller of the Midwest organization, who has been in charge of this well has been unfortunate enough to have considerable trouble with the elbow of his right arm and has had same operated on in the Billings Hospital and we are pleased to report that he is getting along very nicely.

Bert "Slim" Riley of Big Muddy, Cat Creek and Sunburst fame, junk stover extraordinary is at present one of the crew at the Snyder well drilling against "Cash" Keeler, the drilling poet, whose contributions have been published from time to time in the Midwest Review; Kerry Grant and Arch Miller doing the tool dressing act for them.

At our very newest well, Hailstone test Keenan No. 1 "Tuffy" Shay and Marvin Olson, old-time Mid-Northern tool dressers are doing work towards the rigging up of this test. A wood and steel Standard derrick will be erected for this test. Camp has been moved in and bridges built to the location. The Geological Department apparently made a special effort to locate this well in the center of a bog, but we will forgive them if we get the grease.

Mr. Shoemaker is devoting a great deal of his time to this district and we look forward to rapid and efficient completions. Joe O'Donnell is office dog and Nipple Chaser, living in Rapelje, Montana which is the shipping point for the well. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Three Junior Geologists

In the attached picture are shown the three fine young sons of Max Bauer, geologist for the Mid-Northern Oil Company, who may some day

Bruce F. Bauer, age 11, Neil C. Bauer, age 7
Dean P. Bauer, age 9, Sons of C. Max Bauer
Chief Geologist, Mid-Northern Oil Co.
The others are Dean Lounsbury, Don Batchellor and C. Max Bauer.

follow in the footsteps of their daddy. The boys, left to right, are Bruce F., aged 11 years; Dean P., aged 9 years; Neil C., aged 7 years. The three rough characters accompanying the boys in this picture are left to right: Dean Launsbury, Dan Batchellor and C. Max Bauer.

There is but one well drilling in the Cat Creek field, that being Catlett No. 5 in the SW½ of Section 12, Township 15, Range 29 East. As soon as this well is completed there will be no more drilling activities until spring.

The Sunburst field is entirely shut down, in fact, the entire operations have shut down for the winter and there has been no pipe line runs for the past three weeks. It is not anticipated that any large companies will start operations until spring. A few of the smaller companies are still producing and carrying on minor operations, but this production is either being sold for fuel or to the local skimming plants.

W. H. Fuller, Jack Bresnahan and L. S. McAllister of the purchasing Department and Lew Merriott and C. C. Warner of the accounting department drove out to Lake Basin Saturday afternoon to view the "big gasser" at Hepp Well and also to look over the Six Shooter well.

Boys and Girls *from* Mid-Northern *Family*

Bethel Joyce, 4 yrs.
Max Everett, 1 yr.
Robert Holcombe, 6 yrs.
Daughter and Sons of J.E. Redburn
in the land department Billings office

Betty Danford, 13 yrs.
Dorothy Danford, 15 yrs.
Mark Danford, 17 yrs.
Daughters and Son of M.O. Danford
Vice President of the Mid-Northern
Oil Co.

Frankwin, 6 yrs. John Paul 2 yrs.
Thomas 8 yrs. Sons of F.A. Clark
who is employed in the purchasing department, Billing office.

Miriam Bretschneider, 14 yrs.
Ruth Bretschneider, 12 yrs.
Daughters of H.C. Bretschneider
President of the Mid-Northern Oil Co.

Kathryn Loraine Warner
age 5 yrs. daughter of C.C. Warner,
employed as clerk in the
Billings office

"Bobbie" Wilson
age 3½ yrs. son of Chet Wilson
employed at Soap Creek

Keith Edward Fuller
age 8 mo. son of W. H. Fuller
of the Material & Supply
department Billings office

Buddy Wright, age 10 mo.
son of Edw. Wright who is
employed as draftsman in
the geological department
Billings office

Barbara Jean Thomas
age 13¼ mo. daughter of J.D. Thomas
Treasurer of the Mid-Northern
Oil Co.

: OUR NEW MEXICAN FAMILY :

TO OUR CASPER OFFICE FRIENDS: GREETINGS

We're thinking of you folks, and sending
Our very best wishes for cheer;
But thinking of you isn't anything new,
We do it each day in the year.
—'Albuquerque Office'

Midwest Officials Tour New Mexico

R. S. Ellison, Vice President, and A. W. Peake, General Superintendent, from Casper, were in Albuquerque recently on an inspection trip of the Company's properties in this State.

The warmth of the radiant sunshine of our fair State appealed very strongly to those men, compared with the "Colder Tonight" and "More Snow Tomorrow," of Wyoming.

They left Albuquerque, accompanied by J. W. Stewart, District Superintendent, enroute to our Jones Dome Structure near Cuervo, New Mexico. After a brief visit they doubled back thru Albuquerque for the San Mateo and Ambrosia Lake fields. From these points they departed for the Hogback field at Farmington where they spent Thanksgiving Day with the Navajo Indians.

We enjoyed their visit and hope they will come to New Mexico often.

"Hello, There Casper!"

Yes, we have no wind in Albuquerque today, "Where Life is Better." Excuse us Mr. Marrin if we seem to tread on your copyright of the above slogan. Never-the-less it applies to Albuquerque as well as California.

It may be of interest to our Casper friends to know that Albuquerque has more days of sunshine than any other City in America, Frisco and Los Angeles are included in this, Mike. This is an authentic statement from the U. S. Weather Bureau. "NO" its not some more of that Jack Rutz bunk either!

Further evidence in substantiating this statement, is found in the fact that a large Moving Picture concern is erecting an immense Studio here. Within another few months we expect them to move the entire City of Hollywood to Albuquerque.

Let us show you around the city for a little while. No, lets not walk here's a street car. We will first visit "Old Town" which is inhabited entirely by Spaniards and Indians. This building to our right is the old Spanish Mission that you have read about. It is more than two hundred years old. Did you ask why are these streets so narrow? These streets and houses were built scores of years before the automobile, when their width served the community's needs very nicely.

Yes, it is true these homes are not the estate of millionaires as they are built of Adobe, but they are warm when its cool and cool when its warm. Those red things strung up at the gables are Chilli Peppers hung up there to dry. When they are dry we ship them to Wyoming where they are consumed during the nine months of winter in Hot Dogs, Chilli and Inchaladas.

We will now circle around from the west to the east end of the City. Yes, I should say this looks much better. This is the New Mexico State University and adjoining is the Varsity football field, on which (we are sorry to say) the Arizona Wild Cats defeated the New Mexico Lobos 20 to 0 last Saturday for the Southwestern Championship. Lobos is Spanish meaning "Wolves" but they were named wrong, "Dauben" would have been much more appropriate, the latter from the Irish meaning "Doves."

Well, but we must not tarry here too long, lets move on. These buildings surrounded by beautiful lawns and shade trees all the year round are Sanatoriums for tubercular patients. We have about fifteen or twenty of these taking care of the sick that come to us from other States. Oh! yes, we take their money too.

We are now passing the Santa Fe railroad shops where more than four thousand men are employed daily. And, this is the Alvarado Hotel built on the Mission style, as you see.

Mr & Mrs. Harry Clarke and Family
CLARK IS A TOOL DRESSER AT HOG BACK

This is a Fred Harvey Hotel. Its service and Palatial rooms can not be excelled by the Waldorf-Astoria.

You are probably tired of riding this street car so we'll get off here at this nine story building. Yes, this is the First National Bank Building of Albuquerque, the largest bank building between Kansas City and Los Angeles. Our offices are 416 to 419 inclusive. Be sure to come up and see us when ever you are in the City.

Thank you,

I. M. A. Booster.

New Stenographer

This will introduce to you Miss Pearl Hale, employed as stenographer in the Albuquerque office. Miss Hale comes from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and we extend to her a hearty greeting to the Midwest family. Her cheerful disposition is very pleasing to all those who come in contact with her.

Miss Pearl C. Hale
Stenographer in the Albuquerque Office.

Jones Dome Field

By J. A. Holmes, Supt.

A new field has been recently started up by the company, down in the land of Frijoles and Desert Canaries. Jones Dome is one of several promising structures in a district about fifty miles Southeast of Las Vegas, New Mexico, and has been selected as the location of the first test well.

Mrs. Dan Lewis
Wife of the Cook at Jones Dome
with their sons
Daniel, age ten, and Ira, age eight.

Operations were begun, with Cuervo, N. M., as a base, at a time when floods and washouts had removed bodily most of the alleged roads in this part of the country. Consequently, road-building was the first part of the program. Camp material was shipped in, meanwhile, from Santa Rosa, and hauling begun before the roads were even passable. Howard Meeker and his White truck, both late of Casper, hauled loads to the last big washout,—six miles from location, and the teams of "Uncle John" Hicks, ex-indian fighter and stockman, covered the remaining distance to the camp site. Tom Campbell contracted the camp, and in spite of bad weather soon had the three sixteen by sixteen bunk-houses and the sixteen by thirty-two boarding house completed.

When the crew stepped off the train in Cuervo on October twenty fifth, more familiar faces appeared. Jack Dart and Dick Fox, the

veteran drillers of the Midway Test, had come South for the winter, and with them came Ralph Forth and Ed Long, also old Midwesterners from Salt Creek and Elk Basin. A real wildcat outfit, from start to finish!

Under Campbell's direction they erected the 81 ft. Moore Tubular derrick, put up the special reinforcing legs, and housed in the rig. Then Campbell departed and the rigging up began. During all this time the weather had been changing from snow to rain to clear, and back to snow again,—and this "Winter in the Sunny South" business began to look as though it wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Truck, teams, and our Dodge Commercial were making it back and forth from town, but they were all having their troubles doing it. The boiler was the last thing to arrive, and "Uncle John's" wild mules and Mexican skinners pulled it through many a mudhole and creek with block and tackle before they finally unhitched from it, days after their start, in its place behind the engine house.

We spudded in Jones Dome No. 1 on November 19, and a big crowd turned out from Las Vegas for the occasion. Bill Springer, one of the men who did a great deal to get the original lessees in line for the Midwest, was there with all his friends. So enthusiastic was he, that he insisted on getting right down at the foot of the cellar runway just as the big bit began to pound, and when the boys gave the hole its first drink of water, it nearly drowned Bill with mud! Anyway, he saw his first well spud in,—real close up!

Mr. R. S. Ellison, Vice-President, Mr. A. W. Peake, General Supt., and Mr. J. W. Stewart, District Supt., came down and looked over the new field a few days after we spudded in, and spent one night with us. We were having ideal warm sunny weather for the occasion, and have been, ever since. Such visitors are always welcome, for we suspect them of having brought the good weather with 'em. Have you missed any up in Wyoming?

The attached picture is that of Mrs. Dan Lewis and two sons, the family of Dan Lewis the efficient cook at the Jones Dome camp. The boys are named Daniel and Ira, aged ten and eight years respectively.

Skinny Chorine (despondently). "Gee! I wish I was a star!"

Perfect 36 Chorine (maliciously):

"Well, you'd look better, dearie, if you was a little meteor."—Lord Jeff.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Around Salt Creek

Paul Ross, an employee of the Company at Home Camp and son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ross, also of Home Camp, left here the middle of November for California, and is now employed by a bank in Los Angeles. Paul is living in Hollywood and writes that he is having the time of his life. He expects to enter the University of Southern California for the next semester which will begin sometime in late January.

L. E. Snow of Home Camp was treated to a birthday by good old Father Time, late in November. "Les" stated that it wasn't the fact that another year had rolled around that made him happy but rather a contemplation of all the things he had to be thankful for. A group of friends helped make the occasion a memorable one and incidentally all of said guests got in on one of Mrs. Snow's real, regular, honest-to-gosh dinners.

George M. Vandaveer, head of the Pipe Line Department spent several days early in the month in Salt Creek field, busy in checking up some of the results of the big field test just completed.

Dave W. Lewis, Production Department Superintendent and undisputed Mayor and Potentate of the field is driving a fine new Dodge sedan.

J. R. Dunbar, head of the storage yards Department came out late in November for long enought to chalk up a temporary road over which, several large stills could be hauled on north and delivered to the Gas Plant and Home Camp. The new railroad bridge in mid-field over the main highway was built with such narrow piling that the big stills had to be taken over a circuitous route in order to be planted at their destinations.

Vice President R. S. Ellison, General Manager N. S. Wilson, General Superintendent A. W. Peake, and General Burke H. Sinclair, Director of Industrial Relations, were all in attendance at the regular November meeting of the Midwest Salt Creek Joint Council, held at the Home Camp Club House on the afternoon of November 16th. Many important matters of Midwest policy for welfare and improvement were taken up and definite action determined.

Frank Pryor of the Engineering Department in Casper, under whose direction the work of the new Electrical Department of the Midwest at Salt Creek is going rapidly forward, accompanied by Mrs. Pryor, spent a week in the field late in November, and admitted that it was one of the busiest weeks he ever put in.

Mrs. J. J. Hale of Midwest Home Camp, entertained a number of friends at a card party on a Saturday evening late in November. The affair was most effectively arranged and was carried out as to favors, decorations and luncheon in most dainty and artistic fashion.

"Bob" Parks, of the Midwest Haydite Plant, severed his connections with the Company late in November and left by auto for points in South Dakota. He will also make an extended visit at his former home in Missouri. Parks expects to return to the field and the Midwest Company next May.

Charles E. Wiggins, an old Midwest employee of the Big Muddy field is now located at the Consolidated Camp of the Midwest at Salt Creek, and is occupying one of the new houses recently constructed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bentley, have been telling by their faces for the past few weeks that they are happy over the arrival of a fine baby girl, born at their West Water Well Camp Home on November Thirteenth.

Frank Knudson, who until recently was in charge of the Salt Creek Gas Plant Boarding house for the Company, severed his connection with the Midwest and went into the restaurant business at Lavoye. He has since sold his interests here and is now located in California.

Harry Bossart, Dan Trudgen, "Stonewall" Hammond and G. S. Powell, all of the Midwest Home Camp, turned fight promoters, in November in order to carry thru an athletic card which had been scheduled for November 12th and the original management of which had fallen thru. Although only picking up the event from the rocks on the morning of the event, this committee successfully put the proposition over to the great satisfaction of about five hundred interested fans, all of whom had been looking forward to the affair eagerly.

E. L. Estabrook, petroleum production engineer of the Company, from the Casper office,

spent a few days in the field the early part of the month. It is understood that he enjoyed the air and the freedom after a few weeks of federal jury service in Cheyenne.

The Midwest Gas Plant bunch has organized a basketball team and have their challenge out to the world.

The Annual Red Cross Drive at Salt Creek was put across to the tune of over $1,000. Most of the drive organization was made up of Midwest folks.

M. E. Diamond, formerly of Big Muddy and an old timer with the Midwest visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Weigand and Mr. and Mrs. Trudgen as well as numerous other friends over the Thanksgiving period.

The new Union Hospital, located at the South end of the field has been opened under the direction of Dr. Lathrop and his clinic of Casper. This hospital has been constructed for joint use of the Ohio, Carter, Kasoming and Continental Companies but is also open for the general public.

Railroad track has been laid to a point north of Home Camp so that trains can now be run right up into our midst. It is understood that permission has been granted the Wyoming North and South to penetrate the field with side tracks connecting with the warehouses and unloading material yards of the larger oil companies. Work will probably be continued on the Midwest siding into the Home Camp yard and before many weeks material in car-load and train-load lots may be delivered here.

J. J. Foley, general manager of the Wyoming North and South Railroad accompanied by C. S. Hill of Casper and Robert Staley of New York, both of the latter of whom are connected with the Haskell interests, was a business visitor in the field and stopped at Home Camp for several hours on one day late in November.

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12 inch casing sunk in holes drilled to solid bed-rock and filled with cement form the piles for the new bridge recently completed by the Midwest Company just east and south of Home Camp on the road leading to the Consolidated Lease. There are 28 of these piles, with 12 by 12s across each row. 9 by 16 timbers run lengthwise on the bridge and these are floored with 4 by 12 planking. A pretty solid type of bridge and one which even Salt Creek when on the rampage will have difficulty in carrying away. This takes the place of the crossing swept out during the last flood.

A more or less temporary school building was completed just north of Lavoye on one corner of Midwest property on Section one, the middle of November. This building is taking care of the school children from the midfield section including Midwest Northwestern Camp. Such an influx of little tots arrived with the initial opening that half time sessions were started immediately. A second building is now under construction and will be ready for occupancy by the middle of December.

Mrs. R. S. Ryan, wife of our "Dad" Ryan, who is usually official spokesman for and heads any delegation of Salt Creek pumpers, left for California late in November, where she will spend the balance of the winter visiting with immediate relatives.

R. S. Ellison, N. S. Wilson, A. W. Peake and Colonel Sinclair were all in attendance at the November regular meeting of the Midwest Salt Creek Joint Council, held at the Home Camp Club House on Nov. 16th.

Grass Creek News

A five tube radio set with a Magnavox attachment has been installed in the Midwest Club House. This has been made possible through the generosity of the Thermopolis business men and through subscriptions by the various members of the Midwest family at Grass Creek.

Concerts from all parts of the country are enjoyed, even Havana, Cuba has been heard. The various stations in California, "The land of the lemon and the home of the prune," are greatly enjoyed. New York City, Pittsburgh, various stations in Canada and many others have been heard.

Even though Grass Creek is somewhat isolated among the prairie dogs and lost in the sage brush, it nevertheless manages to keep in touch with the rest of the world.

Individual radio sets are owned by Mr. Bechtel, Mr. Henry, Mr. Tagley and Mr. Austin. There is nothing slow about Grass Creek, except T-Bone's White Steamers.

A change in the name of the Midwest Post Office is being contemplated. The new name is to be Grass Creek. It is expected that the change will take place in the near future. Salt Creek being a larger brother in the Midwest family, we were compelled to surrender our name of Midwest to Salt Creek.

On Thanksgiving Day a turkey shoot was held in the Grass Creek field, and as usual, the Midwesterners copped off the majority of the turkeys. Mr. Bechtel and Mr. Henry, each won two turkeys.

Twins seem to be in vogue among the Midwesterners of Grass Creek. The most recent set of twins arrived at the Ohio Grass Creek Hospital, Nov. 10th. The proud parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Gwynne. One of the set is a boy, the other a girl, both having the extraordinary weight of eight pounds each.

Our friend Russell "Shorty" Crouse, champion rod wrencher of the Grass Creek field has taken unto himself a wife, formerly Miss Eva McDole, of Toledo, Ohio. All present indications point to a most happy married life as Shorty seems to have been converted to a home loving man, whereas formerly he was considerably at large.

Another Midwest man to be congratulated for venturing into the sea of matrimony is Earle MacIntosh, who chose for his life companion Miss Nora Atherton of Fulton, Kansas.

On the evening of Dec. 1, when the Fraternal Aid Union was holding a dance at the Midwest Hall, Earle and wife, chained together with a log chain, were led into the hall and given a rousing reception, after which they were given a ride in the No. 3 Pulling Machine chariot, behind a truck. The ride was very much enjoyed by both. (?)

"Tim" Slattery was seen smoking a cigar. It was rumored that he bought it.

Storage Yard Notes

Most of the Storage Yard is "Anticipation." You will note this by the actions of the majority of the inhabitants thereof. Shortly before our last Smoker the main fever was fighting. Tom Clayton was fighting the payroll, Ed Treglown fighting the telephone, the Labor Gang, wrestling pipe and cement around the yards. Tom Virgne, the trucks. Just before the grand turkey shoot everything was shooting. J. R. Dunbar was shooting trucks and stills, to the field. Tom Virgne shooting material on the trucks. Ed Treglown shooting trouble and "Baldy" Bowman shooting air castles. Now it has gotten down to more accurate shooting, it was even noted at the basket ball practise the other evening that Herb Ladd, Bob O'Bryan, Louie Klinzing, Frank Prior and many other "reel" basketeers were shooting baskets during basket ball practise.

The main topic of conversation now-a-days starts with the following words:

"When are we going to have another (Turkey shoot?") (Smoker?") (Basket Ball Practise?")

Even Barney Google, Spark Plug, Walt and Mrs. Blossom, and the Gumps seem to have been completely forgotten in the rush of "When we goin' to have another.....?"

Two never to be forgotten faces have appeared on the Storage Yard Mud Wallow namely Tom Clayton and Gear-Jammer Kelly. All of the boys were agreeably surprised to see those two "old home guards" make their appearance once more. They have not changed a great deal. In fact you wouldn't notice hardly any change if it hadn't been that we all were expecting Kelly to show up walking on all fours. It seemed he has been hibernating with the Bears in the vicinity of DuBois, Wyoming. He seems to be quite at home on his F. W. D. (I wonder if he has been getting good practise riding down some of those mountain torrents?)

As to Tom Clayton we were indeed surprised to see him once more as we understood that he had "to swear his wife away" to get passports to get back to Missouri so naturally did not expect him to be able to get back. Everyone seemed to notice some peculiar change had taken place in Tom. Just what the change was, was unknown, until he was seen bareheaded. THE BOY HAD ACQUIRED A SHEIK HAIR CUT.

It seems as though he went to a college football game while back in the "old country" and the college Sheiks must have wrought this terrible change in our Tom.

The word has been passed around to all of the gang to check over their pay checks closely as Tom has not quite gotten over the football scores and as most of Missouri's football scores do not run very high we are apt to find ourselves with very short checks.

The Basket ball goals have arrived and the Storage Yard basket tossers have put them up in the cement warehouse so as to have a concrete foundation for a championship basket ball team this season. The entire organization of the Midwest Refining Company are cordially invited to come down to our "hang-out" and try their luck as basket tossers.

The Storage Yard Crew are enjoying their "Indoor Sports" lately. A carload of Crane Co. Fittings arrived at the warehouse recently and the warehousemen have been "crane-ing" their necks counting fittings and the office force have been "Crane-ing" their necks to check the receiving and invoices. In fact it would be very disastrous for Mr. I. B. B. M. Crane if he would show up on the Storage Yard horizon in the near future.

Casper Cackles

Miss McKay, recently of the Department of Industrial Relations, Casper Office has resigned her position to take up teaching in the Public Schools of Muskogee, Okla.

Mr. H. E. Dailey, Land Department, Casper, has been sojourning in Cheyenne at the request of Uncle Sam. Judging from the colored dialect that Herb uses now one might think he was raised south of the Mason Dixon line. Herb says if you are fond of scandal, "just serve on Federal jury some time."

Miss Andres Terrier of the Legal Department, is on a month's leave of absence.

J. H. Mudgett recently returned from a trip to Spokane Washington and Twin Falls, Idaho, where he was looking up the tall ones. Fifty poles for the new Salt Creek Electric Plant.

It certainly looks suspicious for one handsome—**Young**—unmarried man on the fifth floor who comes to work one day with a blonde hair on his coat—the next day with a brunette hair on his coat—and the third day with a RED hair on his coat. How about it————?

New names on the Casper office payroll are Miss Iris Carroll and Miss Mattie Gerdom.

Do you understand why $1.00 is deducted each month from your pay?

In order to clear up some misunderstanding which a few members of the Midwest Family seem to have about this matter, the following explanation is made:

This $1.00 per month is deducted and paid into the treasury of the Midwest Employees Benefit Association. In return, when you get sick, or meet with an accident, and are thus unable to work, if such disability extends over a period of seven days or more, you will be paid benefits at the rate of $2.50 per day for every day that you are off work. Such benefits will be paid for a maximum of twenty weeks. In case of your death, a funeral benefit of $150.00 will be paid to your heirs or your estate.

The principal misunderstanding is due to the fact that some employees believe that this dollar provides doctor, hospital and medicines. It does not. It has absolutely nothing to do with the doctor or hospital or medicines. If you are injured while about your employment, the company pays such bills. If you are taken sick, or are injured while away from your job, you pay your own doctor, hospital or medicine bills. But you get this $2.50 daily benefits just the same, whether injured or sick.

In other words, this daily benefit that you receive in return for your Dollar, is designed to give you an income while you are unable through misfortune to earn your accustomed wage.

It is health insurance.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

(Christmas Carol)

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King";
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing!

Still thro' the cloven skies they came,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

—*Edmund H. Sears*